Saturday Review

November 16, 1963 25¢

EDUCATION

THE COLLEGES OF AMERICA'S UPPER CLASS
by Gene R. Hawes

THE CHANGING CURRICULUM OF AMERICA'S SCHOOLS
by John I. Goodlad

THE BIG STRIKE: A THING OF THE PAST
by A. H. Raskin

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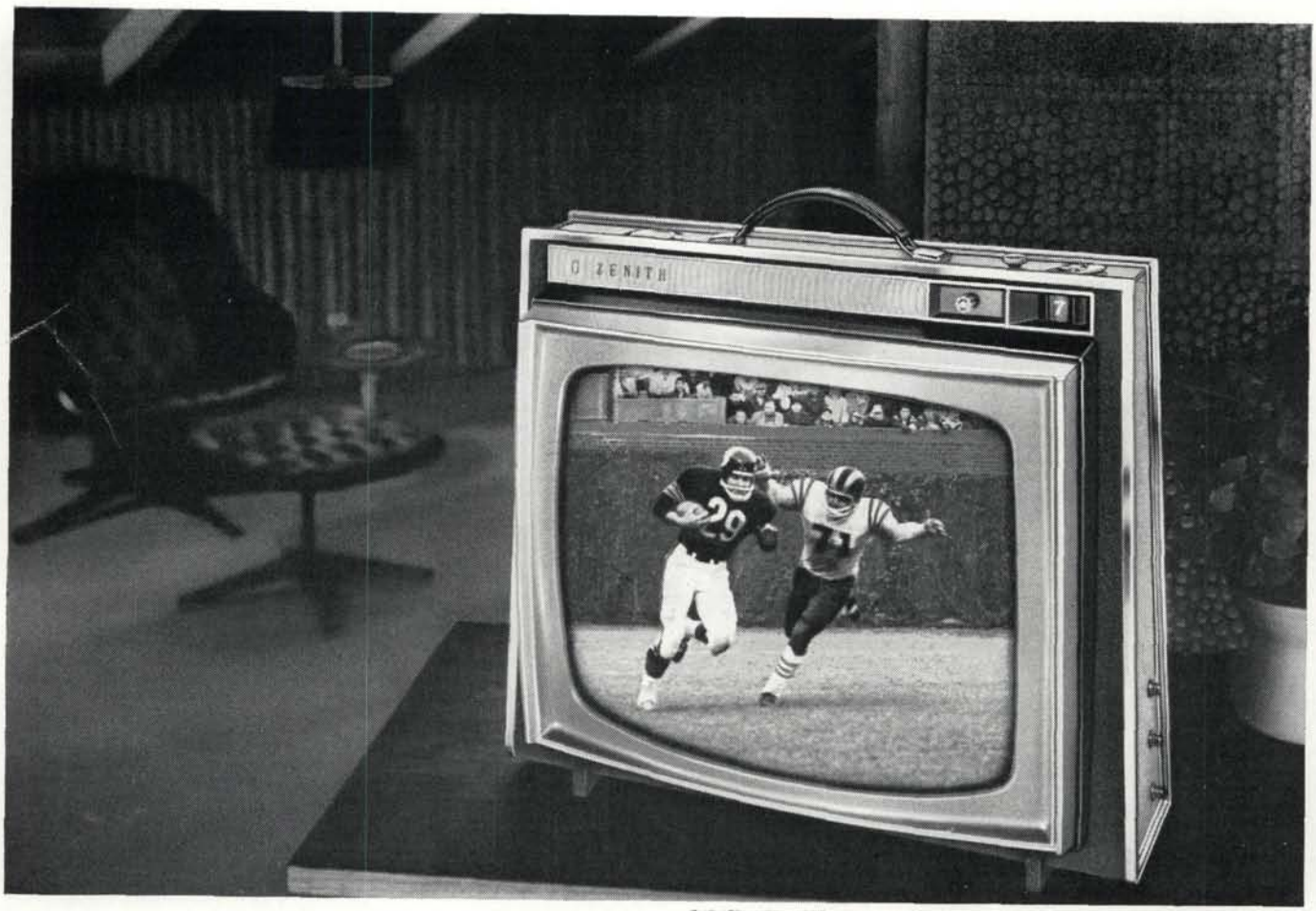

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AND IT CAN TAKE IT! The "Jetliner's" quality components are firmly fastened to a rugged metal handcrafted chassis. It's hand wired. Hand soldered. There are no printed circuits. No production shortcuts.

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*OPTIONAL AT SLIGHT ADDITIONAL COST. **PRICE AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

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Your show is one smooth, continuous performance from lights off . . . to the end, with this new KODAK PAGEANT Sound Projector.

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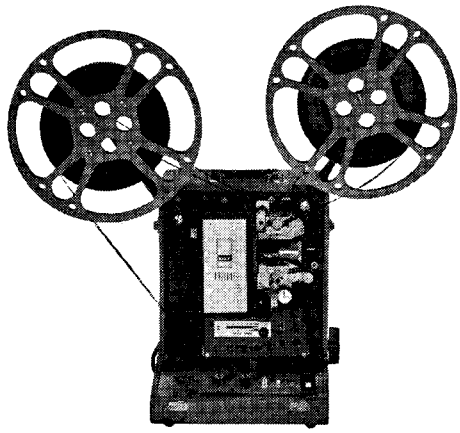
This could be the first movie projector you've ever really liked.

It's the first projector with a sound system that has no electronic tubes to burn out . . . no fragile photocells to fail . . . no touchy exciter lamp to quit on you. Not even any static, or hissing, or crackling noises.

The sound system in this PAGEANT Projector is entirely different from those in other projectors you've used. It's transistorized. Its circuitry is built to shrug off bumps and jostling. It should never require fixing. It should never cost you any money. You don't carry spare parts for it. You don't need any.



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(Model AV-126-TR)

Power? —enough to pump good sound through an auditorium P.A. system and be heard crisply from first row front to last row balcony.

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The lever you throw does everything but turn on the sound.

The button you push turns on the sound.

Instantly!

No waiting for warm-up. The sound comes on full and clear, the moment you push the button.

This projector operates so quietly it never calls attention to itself. Never distracts. Never interferes with the mood of the performance. In fact, all your audience will notice is the performance.

The brilliance of the picture, the beauty of the sound, the projector itself—all of these will be taken for granted.

The name of this new projector is the KODAK PAGEANT 16mm Sound Projector, Model AV-126-TR. We've written a booklet about it which you may have simply by writing your name and address here:

.....

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Then send it back to us at the address below. Check this box ☐ and we'll have a Kodak dealer call you to arrange for a convenient demonstration of this new machine. No obligation, of course.

KODAK PAGEANT Projector 11-76
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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(Advertisement)

Every ten years or so, a publishing house, if it is wise and lucky, publishes a work that ever thereafter comes to the mind when its editors are asked: "What have you published?" In the case of a house with a long history, such as Doubleday, certain names—Conrad, Kipling, a handful of others—spring to mind.

One such work was first published in 1956. It was Andre Malraux' *The Voices of Silence*. In that large and splendid volume, Malraux first put forth his concept of the "imaginary museum," the museum without walls. Here, in one sweep of a book, filled with brilliant reproductions, a reader is able to evaluate and compare the French, the Italian, the Chinese, the classic painting and sculpture as well as the more obscure details from the "boundless galleries of the world's heritage" of art.

Now the book is ready again in a new, popularly priced edition. How can $15 be considered a "popular" price? Simply because it is quite impossible to do the book and maintain the same standards—so scrupulously designed and attended by M. Malraux—for less. In its first edition it was $25. A companion volume, *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, is in print at $20. *Les Voix du Silence* is a great book to own and give. How often can one say of a single volume that it is merely monumental?

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Voices of Silence ($15.00) by Andre Malraux is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Connecticut.

Saturday Review

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"the listener"
by John Fifles

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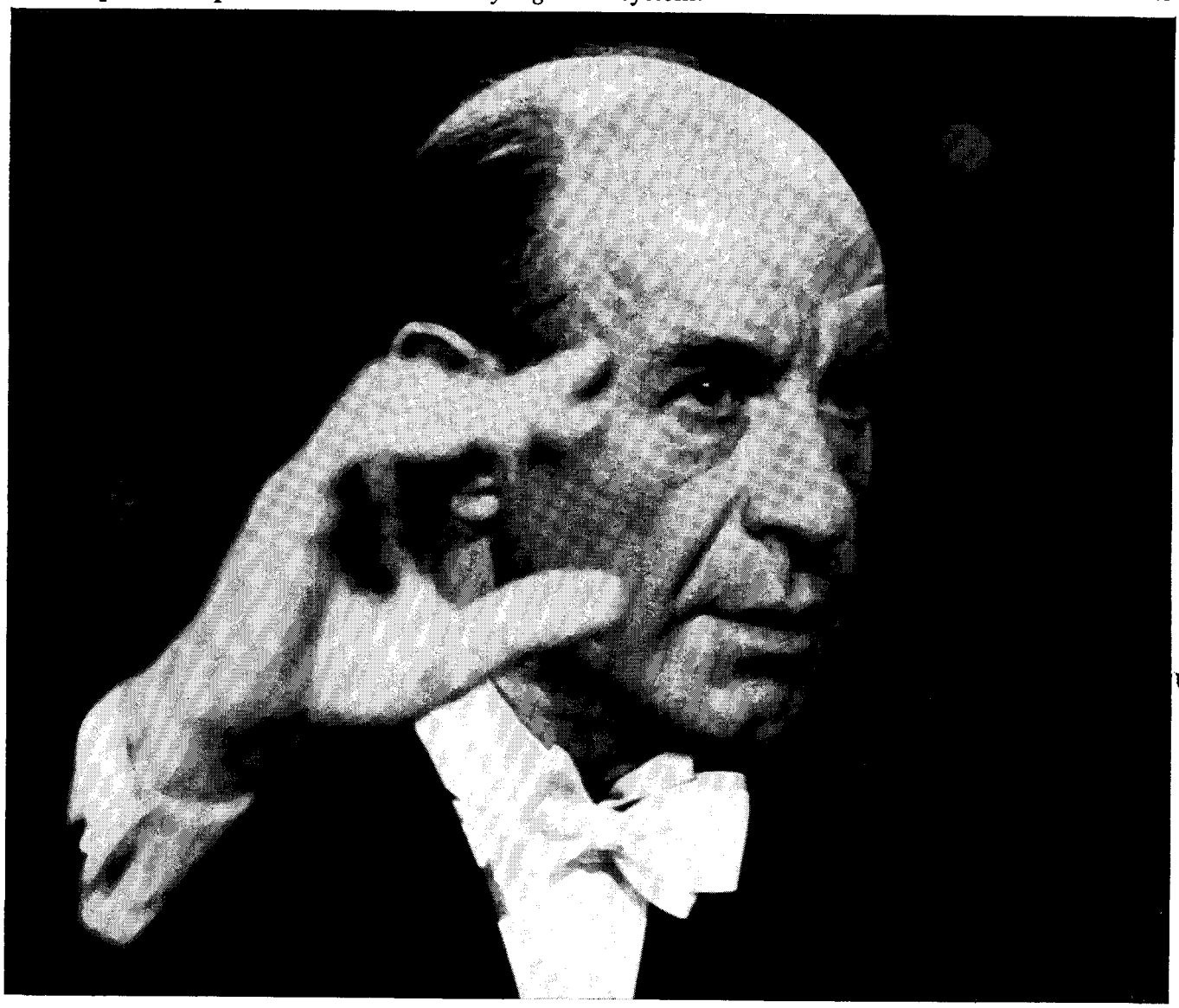
"I wish the very word 'Eroica' would disappear"

Erich Leinsdorf said it with strong conviction. He feels the word "Eroica" leads people to think you should "bang away with the first theme of the first movement." But Mr. Leinsdorf believes the vital structure of the music must never be over-shadowed purely for the sake of drama. This is the first Beethoven work Mr. Leinsdorf has recorded with the Boston Symphony, "The Aristocrat of Orchestras." Happily you will find every facet of this great performance captured to perfection in the new *Dynagroove* system. RED SEAL RECORDS



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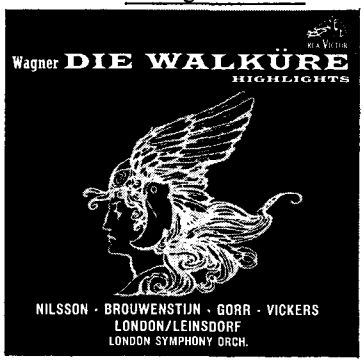
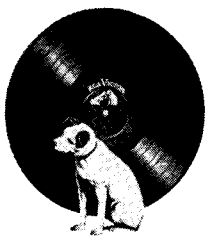
MORE PLEASURE ON RED SEAL

Highlights from the complete recording starring Anna Moffo, acclaimed by critics and listeners everywhere. Libretto included.

First *Dynagroove* recording of the symphony. Made following a performance with ". . . a surging radiance." Chicago Tribune.



Great moments from the recording starring Birgit Nilsson and called ". . . little short of stupendous." New York Times.



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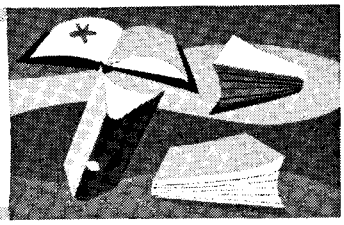
The most trusted name in sound

Trade Winds



We recently learned that Forest Lawn Memorial-Park, in Southern California, the grandiose cemetery that figures so importantly in Jessica Mitford's

The American Way of Death, has a gift shop that sells a Forest Lawn coloring book for children.

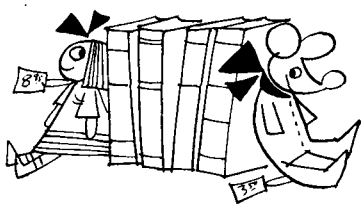
And, speaking of cemeteries, Robert Wasdon sends us the following classified advertisement from the Tampa *Morning Tribune*: "SACRIFICE. 4 cemetery lots. Garden of Memory. Owners moved."

Book publishers are sometimes not above a bit of somewhat ghoulish behavior, and Fred Kerner of Fawcett reminds us that in the past some have whipped together biographies to be rushed into print when the subject of the book dies. But now *Variety* reports something of a topper. A British television outfit, with American backing, has prepared a half-hour documentary called *Churchill, the Man*, which is to be released for public showing on television only after Sir Winston dies. And Churchill is reported to have seen the film and personally approved it.

For those who aren't particularly keen on the traditional silence of bookstores and libraries, a gentleman by the name of Robert Maxwell has opened a shop at Oxford, England, in Magdalen College's new Waynflete Building that will liven things up. Undergraduates may meet dons on equal terms at an elegant and luxurious espresso bar, enjoy non-alcoholic beverages and snacks. Music lovers may browse and listen to the latest recordings. The only place we know of in this country where such an atmosphere ever prevailed was the Peabody Bookshop in Baltimore. Here you could sit in the back room and sip wine in front of an open fire, listening to Viennese music and browsing through books. We've had no recent bulletins on the unique shop, but it does seem unfortunate that more of this sort of atmosphere is not available.

Bookstores, they say, are selling everything but books these days. Records, gifts, souvenirs, toys, greeting cards, and stationery are all squeezing the books off the shelves. But maybe the trend isn't as new as we think. Up in Brattleboro, Vermont, Stephen and Janet Greene of the Stephen Greene Press have discovered an ad in an 1821 newspaper that reads:

"For Sale at the BOOK STORE, 200 pr. Cowhide shoes. . . . 2 dozen sable skins, prime—Men's drawers—Deer-skin mittens, best kind—Bridles, Halters and Whole-hove Whips—Also, a second hand BOX STOVE, cheap."



Have you ever heard of the author whose writings are more widely read than *Gone with the Wind*, *Peyton Place*, and other best-sellers? His name is Edward P. Parker, and he is executive vice-president of the game company of that name, as well as the writer and final arbiter of the rules that govern such games as Monopoly and Sorry. The Parker company, which has been going strong since the 1880s, sells some 10,000,000 games a year. Ed Parker, a Harvard graduate and grandnephew of the late George S. Parker, who founded the company, takes his rule-writing chores seriously and finds that logic and simplicity are the most important qualifications for the job.

"The first thing to do," Mr. Parker says, "is to organize the basic ideas of the game in the proper order so that the rules can be written step by step without having to reach ahead to sections that have not been discussed, or to backtrack to paragraphs that have already been written. The rules have to cover each possibility that may occur in playing the game, no matter how remote it may be."

Once the rules are written, the officers of the company go to work on them to make sure that nothing is taken for granted. A game called Risk caused Mr. Parker the most trouble; more re-

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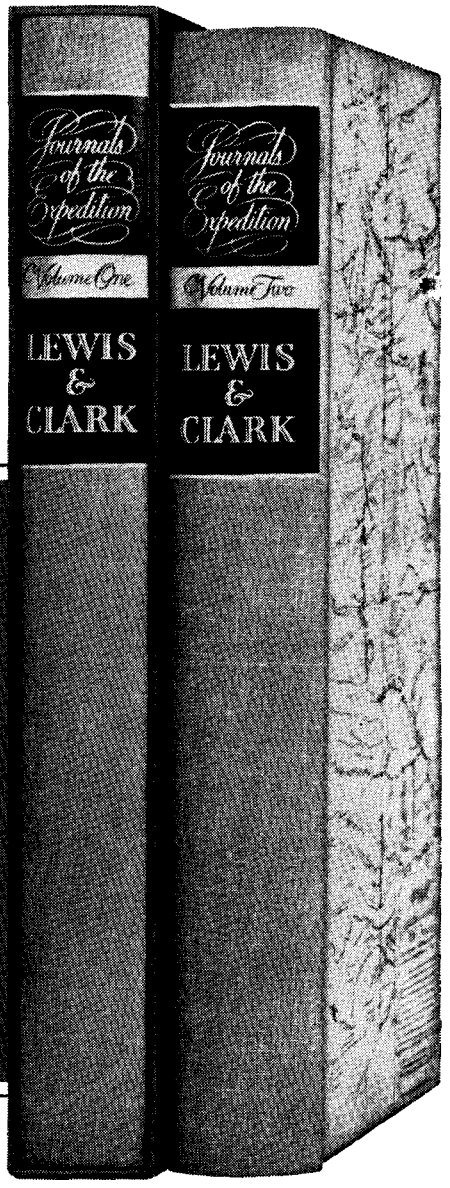

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IN ADDITION to the Bodmer paintings, this Heritage edition contains portrait studies by the famous Charles Willson Peale and paintings by George Bird King. There is also a pull-out map—two feet long!—copied from one drawn by Captain Clark.

And both volumes are studded with reproductions from the explorers' notebooks of incidental maps and sketches of animals, plants, and Indian artifacts. The total effect is to give you a sense of actually participating in the famous expedition that created a stirring chapter in American history.

WHEN FIRST ANNOUNCED last year, this unusual edition of *Lewis & Clark* caused great excitement among connoisseurs of Americana as well as among collectors of fine books. The entire printing of 25,000 copies was quickly exhausted and the book had to be withdrawn from public notice.

A new—and conceivably final—printing has now made it possible for the Club to offer this magnificent *Lewis & Clark* set to Trial Members... absolutely FREE!

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cently, the new Parker import from France, Mille Bornes, brought the added problem of translation.

As the Supreme Court of its own game rules, the company receives thousands of inquiries each year; most of them can be answered by underlining a portion of the printed rules and returning them to the anguished player.

An automatic laundry in a New Hampshire town, we're happy to report, has a sense of responsibility that goes far beyond its immediate area. A neatly lettered sign on the window reads: NO LOITERING IN OR OUT OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

A hobby of reader Harold L. Kelly is browsing through book lists, and he writes to tell us about an announcement he found in a recent Harvard University Press catalogue. The description following the title *Nerve Cells and Insect Behavior,* by Kenneth Roder, reads: "What is the effect on the male mantis when, during courtship, his head is eaten by the female?"

The life of the academician is never an easy one, whether he's dealing with the mantis or not. Reader Peter Windsor tells us about a professor whose lecture classroom was completely remodeled despite his protests. "All he did," writes Mr. Windsor, "was to go around sighing for the good old dais."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1544)

NANCY MITFORD:
THE WATER BEETLE
(From *Some Rooms For Improvement*)

Mme. de Lambert laid down two excellent rules for conversation: No anecdotes; never tell the same thing twice—not only not to the same people, but never at all. Talk should pour out quite fresh; once something has been said, the dew is off it.

Dangers of Nature in the City

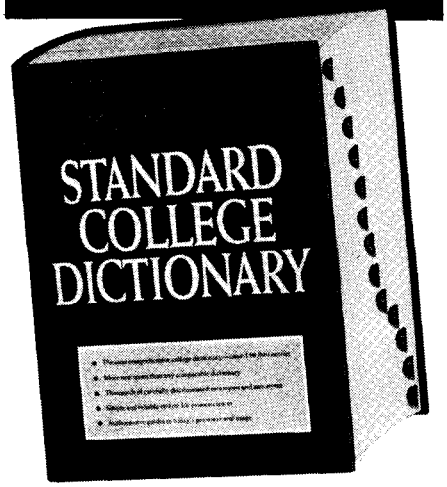
By David Cornel DeJong

THE next week this bookkeeper
was discharged; he had not lived
opulently or niggardly, he had
made no attempt at cutting work
or transcending it, he had however
looked out of the rear office
window to see girls half-dressed
paying court to summer, and expressed
a sometime need for a bit of
infidelity in July or August.

Something had to be exacted,
mores, morals and protocols avenged
with formal concern, even if
he hung a contrite head and
searched out his latent wits
as to how one can disport with
such odd desires and yet remain
sacrosanct within the walls of prudence,
for it seemed that things should
be grasped as they oughtn't to be.

Truly, at home he had a beetle
for wife and a shrill company
of children far less tidy than
an amorous affair; also a dog or two,
a mortgage and a familiar sense
of free enterprise and flummery,
still, what he had done mattered
grossly because it was from a back window
on company-time and he forgot
the tricky barbs of fusty summer.

the biggest the newest
the most complete, authoritative, and up-to-date college dictionary in existence.



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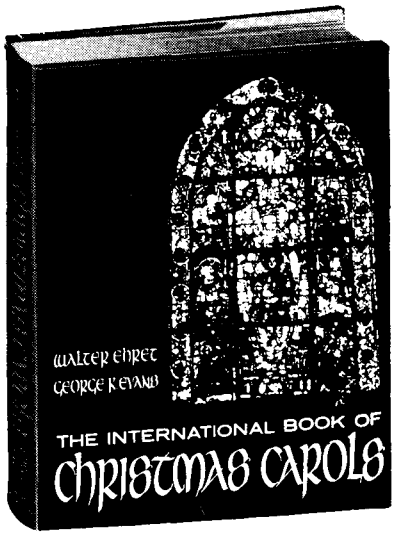

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

There's a Fort in Your Future

I AM not really a car-of-the-future designer. I am really a harried father. It well may be that I am the most harried father in the world. It follows inexorably that I am the most qualified individual anywhere to design tomorrow's family car. And I have.

The ultimate station wagon will resurrect that plate glass window that in a less democratic world segregated, in limousines, the Rich Guy from his chauffeur. The window will be between the back seat and the load deck of my station wagon. It will not roll up or down. It will just *be* there. It will be soundproof. It will be bulletproof. It will be ball, bat, doll, block, and toy tractor proof. It will protect me as I drive.

There will be no communication whatsoever between the rear area of the station wagon of the future, which may be termed the children's deck, and the front seat. Instead, my recorded voice will automatically transmit with each passing mile the essential information required by children on a trip:

"Hush, Kevin." "Shut up, Tracy." "Don't tease." "Don't whine." "One more word out of either of you and no snow cones at the gas stop." "No, I won't stop for a drink." "We're almost there." "Hush." "Stop hitting each other." "Stop that, Kevin! You too, Tracy!" "Well, bite him *back*."

You may think this is a heartless approach to the problem. You are right. This is a heartless approach to the problem. But it is based on deep motivational research into the market—other harried parents—and my design is not calculated to win testimonials from children. Children do not buy automobiles.

At that they are lucky. My original design, which my wife compelled me to modify, called for thumbscrews, tandem stocks to secure small heads and wrists, and a whipping post. I believe in stern discipline on a trip.

Which is not to suggest that children's needs are not considered at all in my projected station wagon. While I will not toady to their whims, I will provide them with the essentials. The bare essentials.

A portable bathroom. A flashlight. A puppy. Two slingshots. An encyclopedia. A kaleidoscope. TV set. Record player. Pre-broken records. A Coke machine. A sleeping bag. A sandpile. A tent. Firecrackers. A length of rope. A ball of twine. One thousand comic books. Chinese checkers. And a slave.

These items of standard equipment will keep two normal children occupied for perhaps twenty miles. Then there will be the customary crying and wailing and gnashing of small bicuspids. There will be frustration, boredom, anguish. But no sound will penetrate the plushly insulated driver control area in which the master of the ultimate station wagon will tool in utmost comfort toward his destination.

—KEITH ELLIOTT.

Car Sick

My Night with the Scott Fitzgeralds

I ALWAYS feel foolish when I tell people that I once met Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald in Paris. The ones I tell it to invariably ask what they were like and what we talked about. And I can't tell them.

It was in November of 1925. I had quit my job in New York and decided to spend the few hundred bucks I had saved on a trip to France. This was my last night in Paris. Jack T., a friend from the States, and I decided we ought to make an occasion of it so we went out on the town. After hitting several spots, we found ourselves in Bricktop's, a favorite for Americans. We'd only had a couple when a fight broke out.

Jack and I burst into the middle of it as peacemakers—it was more a shouting fight than a fist-throwing one. Then a young fellow who seemed to be in the thick of it suddenly backed off, grinned at me, stuck out his hand, and introduced himself as Scott Fitzgerald.

The fight died down and he invited Jack and me to his table. Zelda was there, but memory tells me only that she had passed out, said nothing, did nothing. I don't know what she had on or if she was beautiful.

The only other person I recall was one Robert McAlmon, a poet, who had the heaviest British accent I had ever heard, but who I later learned was an American. I have the impression he and Scott quarreled a lot.

We talked a great deal. We drank a great deal.

At some point we went to the Fitzgeralds' house. I suspect just they and I. I had a slight clearing of the head, because I remember distinctly carrying

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By all means, but there is something you ought to know: there are two schools of thought on how to open a bottle of champagne. The Convivial, or New Year's Eve method, is as shown in the illustration. You work the cork up with your thumbs and then let 'er fly. The unofficial record for distance was achieved on Mardi gras 1962 at New Orleans when the cork from a Jeroboam (four-fifths of a gallon) of Paul Masson Champagne vaulted 34 feet, or 1 foot for each glass of California Champagne in the bottle.

TONIGHT COULD BE THE NIGHT ?

The more discreet method, preferred by *sommeliers* and old family retainers is as follows: hold the bottle with one hand at a 45-degree angle and, with a napkin over the cork to firm up your grip, *twist* the bottle in one direction and the cork in the other until it comes free. There will be only a gentle, but emphatic, *shoosh*.

There's much to be said for each of these different styles, but the festive, delicious epilogue is the same in either case.

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA
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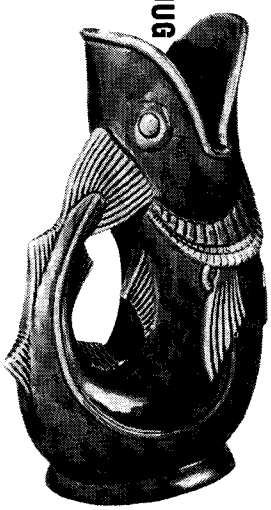

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the prostrate Zelda up three or four flights of stairs. If there was a lift in the house, it wasn't working.

We must have had several more drinks. Then I drew the most complete blackout I have ever experienced. When I came to, I found myself walking on a street in the cold, gray November dawn. I was alone and minus the cane and gloves I had been carrying.

I managed to grab a cab and went to my room in Montmartre. By noon that day I was on the train for Boulogne and I slept that night on the tourist ship *Minnekahda,* bound for home.

If it weren't for a letter I received about a month later, I'd be inclined to suspect I dreamed the whole thing. It was in answer to one I had written to Fitzgerald at the American Express, mentioning the gloves and cane I had lost. This is his answer, written in a beautiful script in deep blue ink on light blue stationery:

14 Rue de Tilsitt,
Paris, France

Dear Carl:

Thanks for your letter (and for your gloves and your cane—the latter together with Jack's cane and Zelda's opera cloak was returned next day by an honest taxi-driver. The gloves lie reproachfully, neatly folded waiting for you on our mantelpiece. I will send them some day soon. The cane I claim by right of salvage and in return will hand over to you any cane I may be carrying when we next meet in New York.) God! What a parenthesis that was.

The Grand Duke still functions.

McAlmon is still a bitch—I suppose so, anyhow.

If you read my last book *The Great Gatsby* you will understand how I happened to be so interested in Jack's Oxford gag.

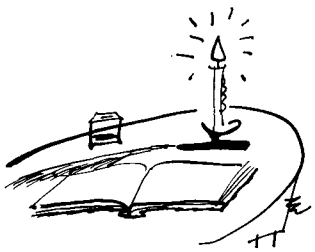
Good luck to you always.

Sincerely
F. Scott Fitzgerald

P.S. I stayed up till two o'clock next day!

What "Jack's Oxford gag" was is a mystery.

Of all of us I remember being on the party—Scott, Zelda, McAlmon, and Jack T. (who was killed as an innocent bystander in a New York holdup a few years later)—I am the only one still alive. If anyone else was there, I should like to know. —Carl Winston.



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Chess Corner—No. 87

A COMMON mistake with amateurs, particularly those bent on early attack at all costs, is overextension of a Pawn front. Hans Berliner, an American master of Bethesda, Maryland, knows how to provoke the impetuous opponent into a strategically indefensible position.

Against Theodore Pehnec, in the last Western Open at Bay City, Michigan, Berliner relies on Alekhine's Defense, 1 P-K4, N-KB3. Black's first move, frowned upon by classicists since it permits White an easy attack on the exposed Knight with consequent gain of time, was first adopted in serious play by world champion Alexander Alekhine. It was he who recognized the double-edged nature of the rash of Pawn advances. Each pawn advance gains ground but weakens its own support. Popular in the 1930s, the defense has lost favor for no technical reason.

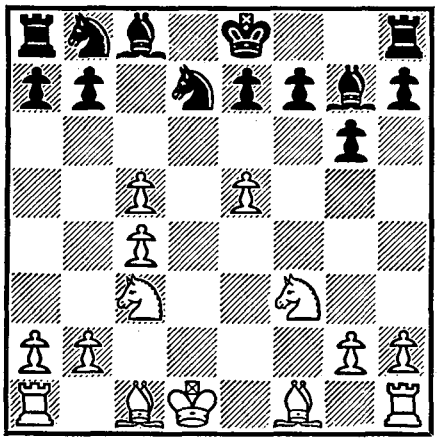
White's 9 PxP spoils the thematic significance of the game. Instead, 9 P-Q5, usurping additional central space, was indicated. Then the issue would be resolved along theoretical lines. The ensuing exchange of Queens and the insecure position of White's King defeat him.

Note that 20 N/3-Q4 is fatal. Better is 20 N/5-Q4. But Black is better off in any case.

White's 21 N-B6 is an act of desperation. If 21 NxB, PxN, a White Knight is lost. Here if 21 P-N4, N-R4ch, etc. Or if 21 NxN, NxN.

Alekhine's Defense

	Pehnec White			Berliner Black	
1	P-K4	N-KB3	6	BPxP	P-N3
2	P-K5	N-Q4	7	N-KB3	B-N2
3	P-Q4	P-Q3	8	N-B3	P-QB4
4	P-QB4	N-N3	9	PxP	QxQch
5	P-B4	PxP	10	KxQ	N/3-Q2



11	N-QN5	N-R3	18	K-N2	N-K3
12	B-K3	O-O	19	B-B3	N/R-B4
13	B-Q4	R-Q1	21	N-B6	P-R3
14	K-B1	B-R3ch	20	N/3-Q4	PxN
15	K-B2	N/2xBP	22	NxR	RxN
16	P-QN3	P-N3	23	PxP	N-K5
17	P-QR3	B-B4ch		Resigns	

—Al Horowitz

"If I have seen farther than Descartes,
it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."
Sir Isaac Newton

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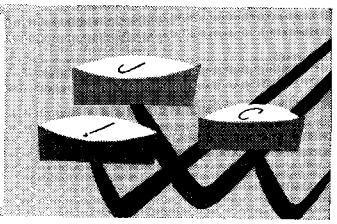

They all must fall in the round I call: Gaseous Cassius Clay, a semi-professional toe dancer and itinerant worker in coast-to-coast pillow factories, may not, as has been rumored, have begun his athletic career as an official timer for the Olympic diving team. Of late, however, there is no doubt about the fact that he has compiled a remarkable record for predicting the rate of fall of assorted bodies from the high headline into the tank, a talent for computing the predetermined that Mr. Clay has now parlayed into what is still known as "a shot at the title"—just as it was in the days when boxers were violent young types bent on putting one another to sleep in the face of vigorous protests.

With the increased efficiency that has characterized boxing since it became a cooperative venture in public relations, the new breed of young hobbyist at the pillow factory is spared the more exhausting demands of what used to be called training, and Mr. Clay has obviously taken advantage of the time thus saved from grueling physical exercise to pursue some sort of correspondence school course in press-agentry, specializing in advertising jingles with all the lyric lilt of a wet towel dropped from the second-story window of the laundry.

By some sort of mixed-metaphoric effect, of which Mr. Clay is a flatfooted master, the wet towel turns out to be made of pure brass, whereby it does somewhat make up in clang for what it lacks in bounce. What all these new developments mean to boxing is, simply enough, that the match itself, when it is not an out-and-out demonstration of what Leibnitz (a leading contender in the last years of the seventeenth century) called "pre-established harmony"—the match itself, as I was saying, is now an anticlimax. The real battle is at the weighing-in ceremony, and consists of trying out the act the winner will take into the night club circuit (now available for bookings).

Mr. Clay is obviously out to make and break all records for verbal brass, and he has just extended his range by making a new record for Columbia (*I Am the Greatest!* CL 2093, monaural; CS 8893, stereo. Declamations by Cassius Clay with supporting company. Two sides. CL $3.98, CS $4.98).

In the accompanying festivities, the aforesaid Clay recites his doggerel, shouts his way through parodies, traipses through some heavy-handed skits, offers a national program for boxing (to be pursued with "vigah," asking "not what boxing can do for you, but what you can do for boxing"), answers questions for the audience, asks questions of the audience, and generally howls his way through every possible variation on the simple theme that he, Cassius Clay, is the greatest—a claim he will endeavour to prove by undertaking to knock out one Sonny Liston in an eagerly awaited litigation over the ownership of a fictitious tin derby with turned-up brim, a piece of headgear known to the Order of the Liniment as the Heavyweight Crown.

The fact that a substantial member of the Order of the Liniment named Floyd Patterson may stand between Mr. Clay and his debate with Mr. Liston, and the additional fact that Mr. Patterson may prove to be less cooperative than some of Mr. Clay's recent playmates, seems to have no effect on the recorded festivities.

The festivities themselves open with a blare of brass and then work up to some real noise as Mr. Clay, "wearing black tie," answers the bell for each new poem and/or declamation. Mr. Clay makes it clear that he has won his last twenty fights, that in thirteen of them he predicted the knockout round, and that he will win in a similarly predictable way when he encounters Mr. Liston. The reason, of course, is that he is the greatest and, therefore, "they all must fall in the round I call."

There are other reasons for Mr. Liston's impending demise. One being, as Mr. Clay lets us know, that "He can't fight. I watched him shadow boxing and the shadow won—in the first round." The other, of course, is Mr. Clay himself: "When I finish, the President will issue a proclamation and Liston's jaw will be declared a disaster area." It is on such evidence that Mr. Clay can rhyme:

> I predict Mr. Liston's dismemberment.
> I'll hit him so hard he'll forget where October and November went.

Perhaps it was such literary flights that moved Miss Marianne Moore (a well-known Dodger fan in the days when the Dodgers were members of

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the Brooklyn local) to an enthusiastic jacket note for this recording:

> *I Am the Greatest,* if meant seriously, is comic and if meant comically is comic. It is romantic comedy, it is poetic drama, it is poetry. If it savors of diatribe, consider: "I worry not the danger; I have archly crossed the moor." These rhyming couplets are a mode of verse, the *New York Times* says, for which more has been done here than by anyone since Alexander Pope. At a crucial moment—rather often indeed—altitude is saved by a hair from being the flattest, unwariest of boastings; saved might one say with Shakespeare, by "one of Caesar's hairs."

I would have sworn Miss Moore was a teetotaler, or very close thereto, but perhaps it is some other spirits she is getting into. Perhaps the poetico-comico-dramatico-romantico-peanutico grandeur of the imagination in which Mr. Clay foresees himself hitting Liston so hard that poor Sonny is lifted out of the ring and then:

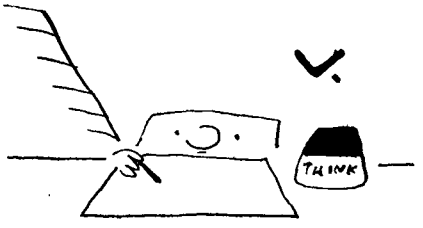
> Liston's still rising. The referee wears a frown
> For he can't start counting till Liston comes down.

—a situation that is saved when the aforesaid Mr. Liston is picked up on radar. Or perhaps Miss Moore had in mind the coruscating wit Mr. Clay displays when asked from the audience, "Mr. Clay, have you ever been in love?"—to which the answer (might one say with Marianne, that it "savors of diatribe"?): "Not with anyone else."

I am afraid I am able to report no real addition to the rhymed couplet, and very little to comedy of any sort, though the total proceedings do establish a high-decibel count. Shut off your mind for a three-minute spot on one the TV variety shows and it might work—say between the juggler and the trained animal act.

But whatever Mr. Clay's contribution to the art of the blunt-prowed couplet, most of the present proceedings were obviously put together by a hack TV writer who obviously found the assignment as uninspiring as Mr. Clay may yet find the uncooperative Mr. Patterson to be. If, that is, Mr. Clay can get out of the studios long enough to go looking for whoever it is that still stands between him and the yet-to-be-dismembered Mr. Liston.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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A Good Tale and a Bonnie Tune. Edited by Moody C. Boatright and others. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $4.50.

History of American Schoolbooks. By Charles Carpenter. Univ. of Pennsylvania Press. $6.50.

On the Trail of Negro Folk Songs. By Dorothy Scarborough. Folklore Associates. $8.50.

Walt Whitman's New York: From Manhattan to Montauk. Edited by Henry Christman. Macmillan. $4.50.

Archeology

Furniture of Classical Greece. By T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings and Carlton W. Pullin. Knopf. $20.

Art

Great Private Collections. Edited by Douglas Cooper. Macmillan. $19.95 to Dec. 31; $25 thereafter.

The Symbolic Language of Vincent Van Gogh. By H. R. Graetz. McGraw-Hill. $10.95.

Crime, Suspense

The Bridge of Lions. By Henry Slesar. Macmillan. $3.95.

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Vietnam Diary. By Richard Tregaskis. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

Dance

The Art of Choreography. By Peggy van Praagh and Peter Brinson. Knopf. $12.95.

The Book of the Dance. By Agnes de Mille. Golden Press. $12.95 to Dec. 24; $14.95 thereafter.

Education

The Blight on the Ivy. By Dr. Richard E. Gordon and Katherine K. Gordon. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Essays

Remember? Remember? By Charles Beaumont. Macmillan. $4.95.

A World More Attractive. By Irving Howe. Horizon. $6.50.

Fiction

Basil Seal Rides Again. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $15. Limited edition.

Cliffs of Fall and Other Stories. By Shirley Hazzard. Knopf. $3.95.

The Complete Short Stories and Sketches of Stephen Crane. Edited by Thomas A. Gullason. Doubleday. $5.95.

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The Richmond Raid. By John Brick. Doubleday. $4.50.

Films, Radio

It Sounds Impossible. By Sam J. Slate and Joe Cook. Macmillan. $6.95.

The Story of "The Misfits." By James Goode. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

History

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From the New Freedom to the New Frontier: A History of the United States from 1912 to the Present. By André Maurois. McKay. $5.

Great Sea Battles. By Oliver Warner. Macmillan. $19.95 to Dec. 31; $25 thereafter.

Metternich's German Policy. Volume I: The Contest with Napoleon, 1799-1814. By Enno E. Kraehe. Princeton Univ. Press. $7.50.

The Whirligig of Politics: The Democracy of Cleveland and Bryan. By J. Rogers Hollingsworth. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.

Literary Criticism

Elysian Encounter: Diderot and Gide. By G. Norman Laidlaw. Syracuse Univ. Press. $5.50.

Swifter Than Reason: The Poetry and Criticism of Robert Graves. By Douglas Day. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $5.

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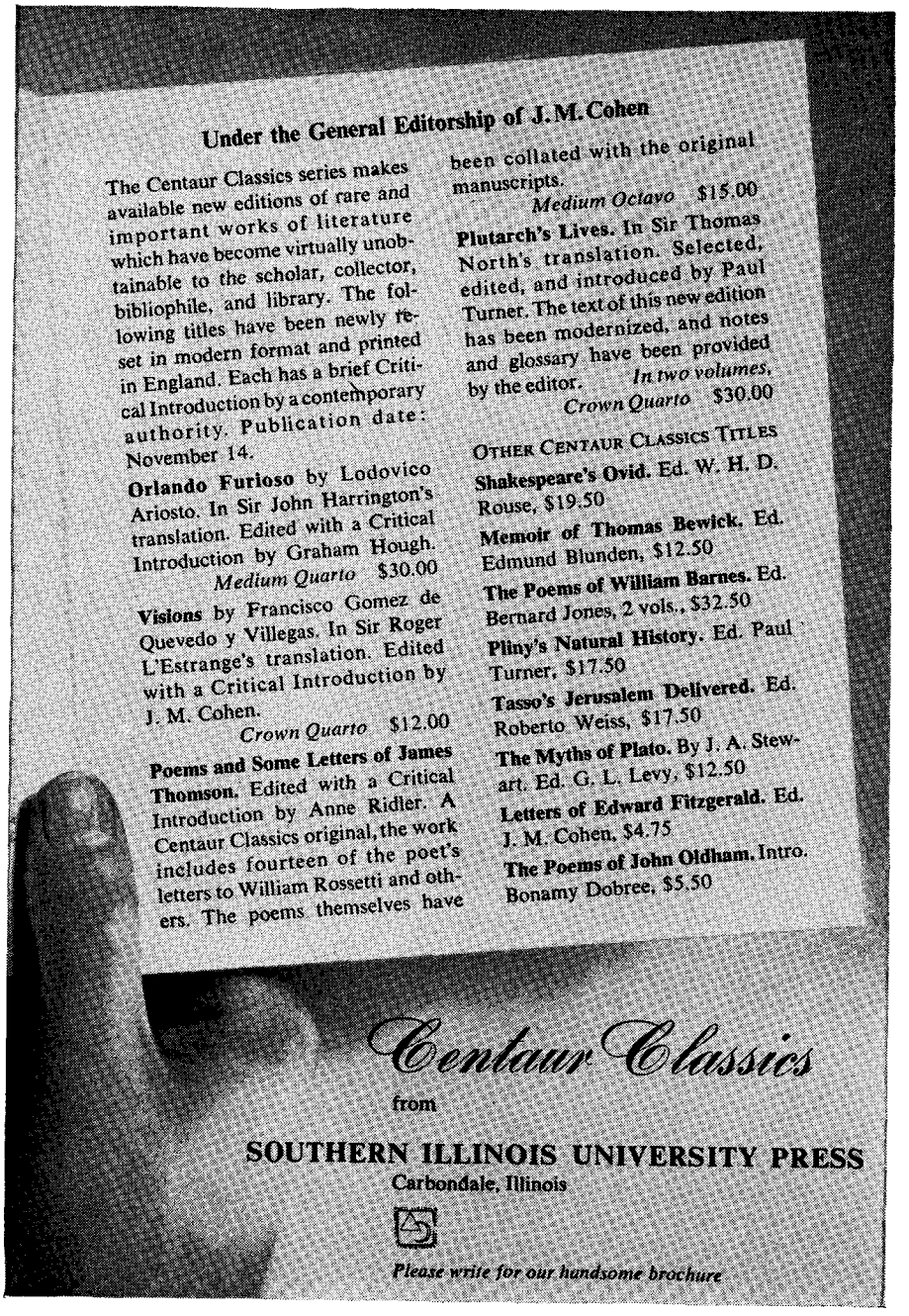
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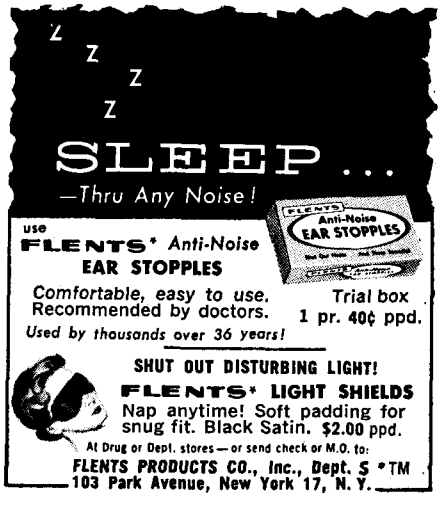
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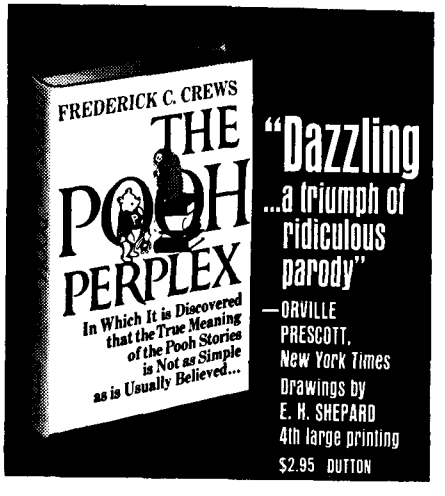
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By A. H. Raskin

THE BIG STRIKE:

THE big strike in America is fast nearing its end. Despite the headline-making work stoppages in recent months—on the waterfront and in newspapers, to mention only two—the era of major strikes may soon be over.

This is hard to credit in a year in which the prospect of a disastrous railroad tie-up prompted Congress to pass the first compulsory arbitration law in federal history and a strike blockade of Canadian ships in Great Lakes ports has caused the worst strain in a half-century in relations between the United States and its northern neighbor.

Yet the extent to which large-scale strikes are becoming an ineffective or impossible instrument for attaining union goals in many industries will be a principal topic of behind-the-scenes discussion this week when delegates representing the 13,500,000 members of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations assemble at New York's Americana Hotel for their biennial convention. For a movement born in strife and kept strong by battle, the problems of industrial peace are at least as challenging as any labor ever faced on the picket lines. If unions are to retain their vitality and independence as a countervailing force in our democracy, solutions for these problems are urgently required. In many ways the adjustments to economic disarmament will be comparable in complexity to those involved in international disarmament.

Four key factors are obliging labor to devalue the strike weapon—automation, the inability of unions to hurt big employers without inflicting even greater hurt on their own members, chronic unemployment, and surplus plant capacity in such pivotal industries as steel, and the increasing unwillingness of the public to tolerate stoppages that adversely affect the community.

Changing technology already has made some industries almost totally invulnerable to union shutdown. Notable are the Bell telephone system and the electric utilities, now so automatic that nothing short of sabotage or mechanical failure can disrupt their operations. The huge oil refinery and chemical plant of the Shell Oil Company in Houston maintained normal operations for a full year in the face of a solid walkout by its 2,000 unionized employes. As pushbuttons replace men in all factory operations from the unloading of raw materials to the packaging and shipment of finished goods, more and more companies will acquire a similar ability to perform all necessary functions with a handful of non-union supervisors, no matter how long union members stay idle.

The degree to which strikes can no longer be "won" in other industries, because of the damage they do to union morale or union work opportunities, has had several dramatic demonstrations. In steel and coal the evolution of machinery for taking the crisis element out of contract negotiations and thus seeking a foundation for durable labor amity was spurred, in important measure, by a union recognition that each industry-wide strike resulted in the permanent extinction of jobs through drastic inroads by competitive materials.

General Electric, the colossus of the electrical manufacturing industry, has pulled the teeth of the militantly led International Union of Electrical Workers by assiduous practice of a "papa knows best" philosophy of employee relations. Three years ago a strike against the company's contract proposals engendered so much back-to-work spirit in the union rank and file that the union called it off on the company's terms. This year James B. Carey, president of the union and an AFL-CIO vice-president, argued strenuously against a General Electric offer, only to be overruled by his own conference board. Instead of risking another futile strike, the union accepted the contract and almost simultaneously filed charges with the National Labor Relations Board accusing the company of bargaining on a "take it or leave it" basis.

Eastern Air Lines capitalized on technological change and inter-union rivalry to smash a strike of its flight engineers. Eastern's planes kept flying, with an extra pilot sitting in for the absent engineer, and the strikers seem doomed to permanent displacement. The closing of the New York *Mirror*, with 1,600 employes and the country's second largest circulation, six months after the strike-lockout that kept the city without daily newspapers for seventeen weeks is another reminder of the perils that attend the resolution of labor-management disputes by economic siege.

Less calculable but substantial as a deterrent to strikes is the persistence of high unemployment. For nearly six years the level of joblessness has stayed above 5 per cent, and even if Congress approves the tax cuts and the other programs for economic stimulation sought by President Kennedy there is little reason to believe that it will drop below this figure in 1964. So long as the nation has 4,000,000 idle workers and an industry like steel runs at less than two-

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A Thing of the Past?

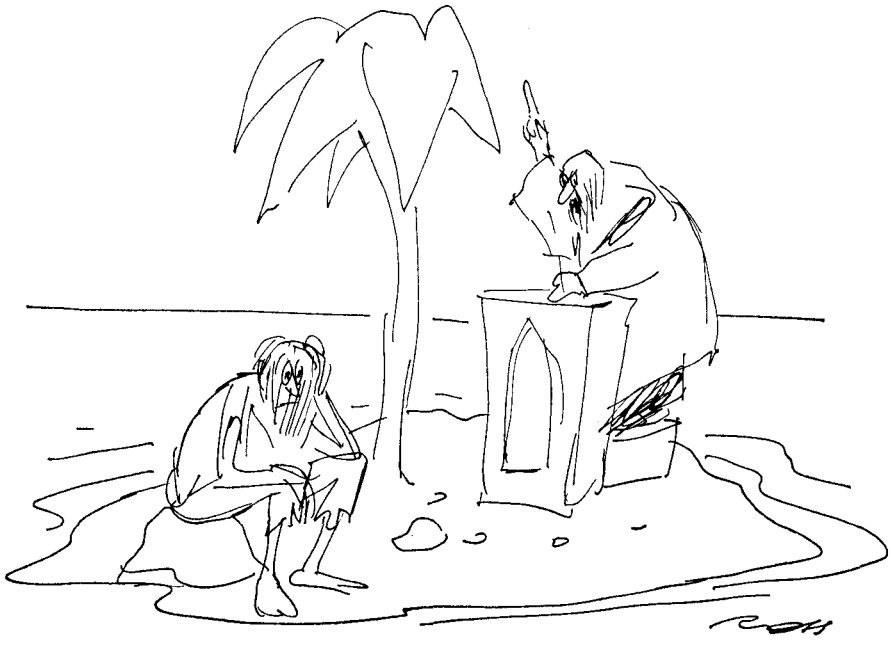
thirds of capacity despite monumental automobile orders, caution on strikes is likely to be the rule in most major unions. Not only are strikebreakers easier to find under such circumstances, but a walkout may even prove welcome to the employer as an opportunity to sop up oversupplies in the hands of customers and thus ward off price cuts.

Added to these factors is another intangible—public impatience with strikes that exert their primary squeeze on the public. The passage by almost unanimous vote in both houses of the Congressional law blocking the railroad strike was palpable evidence of how insistent the public's demand for protection has become. True, the law compels arbitration of only two key issues and leaves two open for resolution through bargaining, but if the negotiating process proves as sterile as it has up to now, Congress is virtually certain to legislate a final determination at the end of the present 180-day truce in February.

THE interesting thing is that the AFL-CIO and the railroad unions, though they issued the conventional expressions of horror about the demise of free collective bargaining, made no real fight against the no-strike law. Indeed, the union strategy was one of ducking the responsibility for agreeing to any voluntary settlement of the row over the elimination of jobs—out of fear of the intra-union political consequences—and thus making a mandated settlement through legislation inescapable. George Meany was as emphatic as anyone on the industry side that a strike would be a national calamity. In the absence of a direct accord, that assertion had all the earmarks of an invitation to Congress to do the job labor and management were incapable of doing.

Turning to government, instead of to strikes, is a spreading union pattern in other industries. The United Automobile Workers and the International Association of Machinists have just appealed to the President to establish a tripartite commission to recommend a new wage system covering 500,000 workers in plants manufacturing missiles, planes, and spacecraft. Under the plan the government, as the dominant customer of the industry, would also emerge as a dominant voice in its labor relations. One almost certain concomitant of its involvement would be a mechanism for abolishing strikes, similar to that already set up by voluntary union and management action in the construction of missile sites.

The government's expanding direct role as an employer, added to its vast indirect role as underwriter of defense industries and of three-quarters of all the country's research, inevitably broadens the no-strike band. Federal, state, and local agencies now have 9,500,000 civilian employes, or one-sixth of all American workers outside the farms, and the total is still growing. Government workers have no legal right to strike. As residents of New York know, this ban has exerted little visible restraint on the city's unionized teachers or subway workers, but the confidence that municipal politicians will crack before the strike deadline has been a ma-



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jor stimulus to their ventures in union brinkmanship.

In general, the extraordinarily complex new problems thrust on the bargaining table by automation and industry-financed welfare programs have brought a recognition that the countdown pressures of round-the-clock negotiations in a contract's dying hours ought to be replaced by round-the-year discussions, with the strike club invoked only *in extremis*. The Kaiser Steel agreement provides a four-year moratorium on strikes, plus machinery that may extend the ban forever. The National Maritime Union and the major ship operators have a contract that substitutes arbitration for strikes over wages and working conditions until 1969. The coal industry has gone without national strikes since 1950. In many other fields, devices for continuous negotiations or for arbitrating contract disputes offer promise of long-term industrial peace. Even James R. Hoffa, moving inexorably toward the first nationwide master contract in the trucking industry, is at pains to give assurance that he would never be "crazy enough" to stop all the trucks at one time.

Obviously, none of this provides a guarantee against national emergency strikes by Hoffa or any other union chief. Yet it is a fact that for the last four years strikes have been costing the nation only about one hour of productive time out of every 600—a microscopic figure when set against the five and a half hours we could add to every 100 if we had work for all the people who want it. The gravest immediate strike damage stems from battles between unions, rather than from old-line duels between labor and management. The nuclear ship *Savannah* and the luxury liner *America* were both forced into the mothball fleet by such conflicts. The great maritime war between the United States and Canada was spawned in the same senseless rivalry. The more assertive such feuding becomes, the more restrictive legislation will be enacted to curb it.

What dividends has industrial peace brought for unions? This is, of course, a crucial question for a movement that has historically summed up its goals in Samuel Gompers's one-word definition —"more." A study by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics makes it plain that the decline in militancy has been accompanied by a decline in the amount of bacon unions have been bringing home to their members. The median wage increase in the period since 1961 has been about seven cents an hour, as against ten cents in the period from 1955 through 1957.

A whole complex of elements enters into this dip in the cash returns of unionism. President Eisenhower's preachments on inflation engendered acute public antagonism to the wage-price spiral. President Kennedy has been even more explicit in urging that higher payroll costs be kept within the non-inflationary guideposts set by the general increase in labor productivity of 2½ to 3 per cent a year.

The unshrinking pool of the unemployed operates as a continuing brake on any exuberant upswing in wages. So does the growing preoccupation of employed workers with contract safeguards against being jolted out of their jobs by automation. Job security has become a much more assertive concern in negotiations than more money in the pay envelope. But even with due allowance for the expansion of fringe benefits, the total take these days is substantially less than that unionists grew accustomed to in the lush years immediately after World War II, when both strike losses and cash raises were high.

For union leaders, already under attack for clinging to office "until death do us part," the grayness of current union bargaining accomplishments presents a special kind of threat. Audacity at the negotiating table and on the picket line has been the traditional mainline to success for the chief of a strong union. The biggest headlines went to John L. Lewis and Harry Bridges when they were calling their biggest strikes and defying all government calls for restraint. Now that both have become industrial statesmen, acclaimed by the employers who once fought so bitterly against them, their exploits are relegated to the back pages.

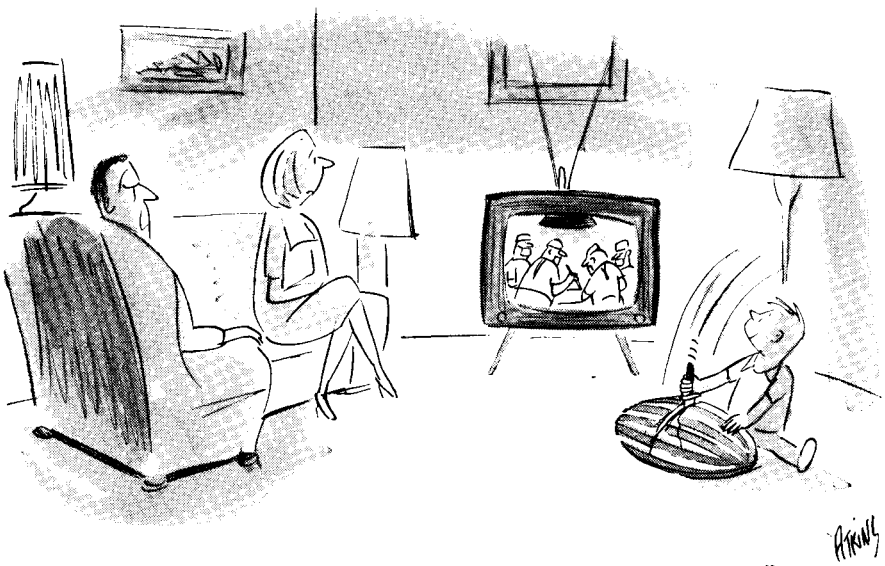
We always have rated our labor leaders in much the same manner as we do leading batters in the major leagues. How much money they delivered in each contract or, more impressive still, how much disruption they caused has always been the index of their public attention. And nothing has changed in that regard. The two unionists chosen for the cover of *Time* this year—and thus automatically installed in Valhalla —were Bert Powers, leader of the New York printers' strike, and H. E. Gilbert, president of the embattled Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. If big strikes become a thing of the past and mechanistic formulas increasingly dominate wage determination, where will labor's cover men of 1964 come from?

THE bureaucratic tendencies that afflict all power structures have never been strangers to unionism, and they certainly are not in this era of good feeling. Indeed, some union leaders have been having more trouble with their own membership and their staffs than they do with the heads of billion-dollar corporations.

Moves by union organizers and business agents to bargain through their own unions have evoked the same types of resistance the parent unions used to encounter from paternalistic employers —even to the length of contests before the National Labor Relations Board and in the courts. Rank-and-file revolts have caused the temporary upset of contract settlements recommended by international union leaders in several key industries. The most jarring setback was the defeat of the union shop in elections in three strongly organized West Coast aerospace plants.

New organization is virtually nil, despite the periodic launching of much-publicized "saturation" campaigns in one area or another. Only one-quarter of the national work force is in unions, and the percentage is going down. No key has been found to the successful large-scale unionization of white-collar and professional workers, and nearly 4,000,000 blue-collar jobs have disap-

(*Continued on page* 91)



"Dr. Kildare can get along without your sound effects, I am sure . . ."

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THE WHEAT SALE AND THE PUBLIC

By ELMO ROPER

SELDOM has the path to peaceful coexistence been paved with rubles. Rarely has the United States been offered, all at once, the chance to advance the cold war thaw, feed the hungry, get rid of a burdensome surplus, improve its balance of international payments, and make a profit besides. This is the opportunity implicit in the President's recent decision to permit the sale of American surplus wheat to Russia. It is generally agreed that the consummation of the wheat deal would benefit U.S. farmers, grain traders, and shippers, as well as reduce this country's embarrassment of surplus wheat riches to something close to a normal reserve. If the Russians pay in gold, and even if they don't, the impact on the U.S. balance of payments is bound to be beneficial. And if it has any political impact at all, it must inevitably be in the direction of reducing U.S.-Soviet tensions. Yet the wheat sale has been called "highly controversial" and a "political liability." Is it?

To find out, *Saturday Review* commissioned Elmo Roper and Associates to do a succinct, to-the-point survey of a cross-section of Americans just ten days after the sale was authorized. Had Americans heard about the wheat deal? Did they approve or disapprove of it? The answers to the first question show a remarkably high degree of awareness of the wheat-to-Russia decision, as compared with other issues on which the public has been polled in the past. This was the question:

"Have you read or heard about President Kennedy's decision to permit the sale of surplus American wheat to Russia?"

Yes	85%
No	15%
	100%

More men than women (91 per cent *vs.* 80 per cent) had heard about the President's decision. Not surprisingly, awareness was highest in the Middle West:

Awareness of the President's Decision in Major Regions

Middle West	92%
Far West	89%
Northeast	88%
South	75%

Those who had not heard about the wheat decision were then told about it, and everyone was then asked:

"How do you feel about this—do you approve or disapprove of President Kennedy's decision to sell surplus wheat to Russia?"

Approve	47%
Disapprove	27%
Don't know	26%
	100%

The weight of decided opinion, then, clearly shows that most people think the President did the right thing. This is true in all areas of the country, although the vote was rather close in the South:

Attitudes toward the President's Decision in Major Regions

	North-east	*Mid-west*	*Far West*	*South*
Approve	55%	48%	48%	38%
Disapprove	20%	27%	29%	32%
Don't know	25%	25%	23%	30%
	100%	100%	100%	100%

In view of the way the wheat deal is stacked, it is not surprising to find this much approval for it. Any number of motives—or combination of motives—might have pushed people toward approval. Humanitarians would not want to deny food to the hungry; worriers about American food surpluses would be glad to see a burden removed; fiscal conservatives, among others, would heave a sigh of relief about incoming payments from abroad; those in fields directly benefiting would be glad to see business turned their way; and, last but hardly least, those hopeful of world peace and tranquility would be happy to see the harsh accents of military threats replaced with the gentler language of commerce.

It is the opposition—and, even more, the indecision—that warrants comment. Perhaps, for some, the whole thing simply came too fast, and they hadn't had time to think out the issues involved in this new form of economic coexistence. But if there are so many reasons for approving of the wheat sale, it is hard to discover more than two major reasons for withholding that approval. The first, that the sale benefits the Russian economy and thus strengthens the Soviet government, can be disposed of easily. For the simple fact is that if we had turned the Russians down, they would have gone elsewhere for the wheat. The effect on the Russian political and economic structure would be the same, whether the wheat came from the United States or from other sources. However sincerely held, this view is simply mistaken. The other reason can only be a deep, firmly held conviction that it is evil to sell to the enemy. Although no actual evil effects could be proved, and although, as in all trading situations, we would gain as much as the other side, there are undoubtedly many people to whom the idea of trading with the Russians is morally repulsive—or at least disturbing enough to suspend their judgment between pro and con.

The belief that selling to the Russians is inherently wrong is closely akin to the belief that trying to get along with the Russians is inherently wrong, and that efforts to reduce world tensions are evidence of weak-willed liberalism if not national betrayal. This is primitive moral thinking suitable to a black-and-white world. But the real world is inescapably gray; we have to get along with our enemies—or destroy them. Exploring the path to peaceful coexistence requires, not selling out or giving in, but a patient search for ways to reduce the areas of tension and hostility and enlarge the areas of agreement and accommodation between East and West. The alternative is an ultimate military confrontation in which the loser would inevitably be the human race.

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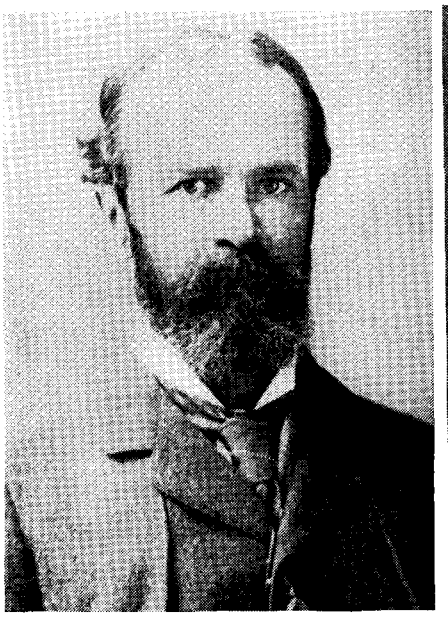
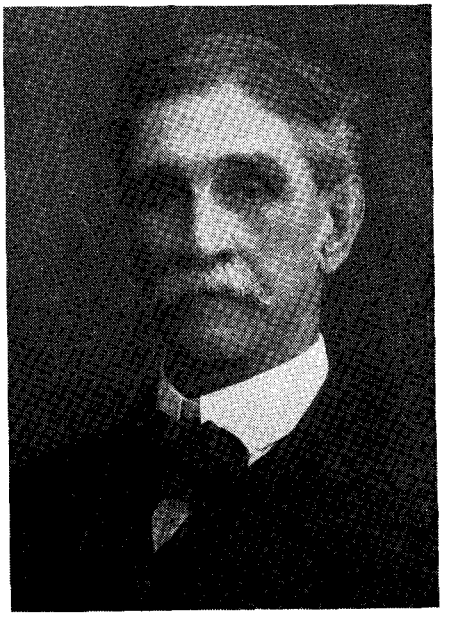
SKIRMISHES WITH A PUBLISHER

By CHARLES A. MADISON



James—"Publishers are demons."



Holt—"It's very bad business."

HENRY HOLT's relations with authors were not always smooth and sweet. He was too honest and frank not to irritate the sensitive writer. This attitude is best illustrated in his correspondence with William James.

At John Fiske's suggestion, Henry Holt in 1878 invited James to write the volume on psychology for his projected and subsequently famous American Science Series. James readily agreed, telling Holt that he had such a work in mind but "should probably have still longer postponed without this spur." He promised to have the manuscript ready by the fall of 1880.

James found the work of Herculean proportions. "Every chapter," he wrote to a friend, "bristles with obstructions that refer one to the next ten years of work for their investigation." Neurasthenic, subject to psychosomatic illness, eager to produce a book of high merit in a discipline still in its infancy, he struggled with the expression of new ideas and concepts until they emerged in his final draft with crystal clarity. The process took him a full decade. Meanwhile, he and Holt had become intimate friends, visiting each other's homes and enjoying the exchange of intellectual confidences.

In January 1890, now near completion of his major undertaking, James became anxious to see the result in print. He sent Holt 350 pages of manuscript and urged him to begin setting type at once. Holt told him he could not do this until he received the completed manuscript. "When you do the latter, we'll try and dispose all the orbs in the system to make the world roll smoothly." James's reaction was that "publishers are demons, there is no doubt about it." Holt patiently explained that if he were a demon he was made one by his inconsiderate authors, that partial composition of a manuscript almost always ended in delays—"eventually getting the work out later and after vastly more friction than would have been the case if it had not been begun till the MS. was all ready."

James came back at Holt with his choice irony: "Poor publisher, poor fellow, poor human being, ex-demon!" He now understood the publisher's point of view. "Your fatal error however has been in not perceiving that I was an entirely *different kind* of author . . . that *celerity*, celerity incarnate, is the motive and result of all my plans and deeds." With the manuscript ten years overdue and not yet ready, Holt's sarcasm was understandable. James resented it but continued to urge immediate composition—informing Holt that the book would extend to around 460,000 words. Since Holt could not decide on the format of the page until he had a close estimate of the book's length, he refused to do so. "I wonder what has destroyed your confidence in me! I told you twice and have given you long strings of reasons based on an experience hundreds of times as large as you can possibly have in such matters, that I am not going to set any of that book until I have it all."

On May 22, 1890, James delivered the completed manuscript. In a moment of self-abnegation he wrote to Holt: "No one could be more disgusted than I at the sight of the book. *No* subject is worth being treated of in 1,000 pages! Had I ten years more, I could rewrite in 500; but as it stands it is this or nothing—a loathsome, distended, tumified, bloated, dropsical mass." With the manuscript in hand, Holt proceeded to make the book with all possible speed. J. McKeen Cattell's comment expressed a common judgment: "It was a declaration of independence, defining the boundary lines of a new science with unapproachable genius."

The following year James prepared the *Briefer Course*, knowing that its sale would be much larger than that of the longer book. The volume came to be known as "Jimmy" in deference to the *Psychology* known as "James," and was for years the country's most widely used text.

James and Holt remained on intimate terms, professing their love for each other on numerous occasions. Yet James could not quite forget the forthright directness of Holt's letters. Probably Mrs. James fanned this irritation into a growing resentment, since she thought her husband was not getting a high enough royalty—even after Holt had voluntarily increased it. When in 1895 Holt asked James if he had material for another book, James replied that he indeed had some essays which he thought of publishing under the title of *The Will to Believe*, but he had already promised to show them to a Scribner representative. "I told him I would send him the MS. and then get

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Charles A. Madison has been associated since 1924 with the publishing firm founded by Henry Holt. This article is adapted from his forthcoming book *The Owl Among Colophons: A Survey of American Book Publishing*, which Holt, Rinehart and Winston plans to publish in 1965.

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a bid from you, and give it to the highest! Isn't that good business?"

Holt's response was that "It's very bad business"; that an author benefited most when he remained with one publisher, since "every new book of his gives the publisher a new chance to boom his old ones." Nor would he partake in any auctions. He would be glad to tell him about the manuscript after he had seen it, "but I shall not on account of your auction scheme, do anything different from what I would do anyhow."

Unaware of the "courtesy of the trade" practice among certain of the older publishers—which kept them from going after an author who already had a publisher—James completely misunderstood Holt's attitude. "Your veto on the auction business has roused in me all the freeman-blood of my ancestors, and makes it now quite impossible to publish this book with you, when before it was not only possible, but probable." He assured him, however, that "as *men*, we shall love each other far more after this exchange of letters than we ever did before."

On learning that Holt had written to Charles Scribner about him and that the latter had agreed not to bid for the book, James became angry and stated that in that case he would go to a third publisher. Holt's patience was getting thin. He assured James that Scribner acted "before he had exchanged a word with me on the subject," and reiterated his position against bidding for an author. Thereupon James gave the book to Longman. "As I said before," he told Holt blandly, "I don't harbor a particle of resentment, and when I have got ready a manuscript of *Talks to Teachers on Psychology* which I expect to do by next summer, I will offer the same to you."

In December 1898, more than two years later, James sent the manuscript of *Talks* to Holt and asked him to "name the most favorable contract." Two weeks later he wrote again to say that he had decided to have the book manufactured in Boston and asked Holt to "publish it on commission." Much as Holt was opposed to doing business of this kind, he decided to acquiesce in it for James's sake. "You may be edified to know," he informed him, "that your book will be the only one (so far as I can recall) that we have on commission." In the ensuing correspondence he explained the way a book was priced, the discounts on trade and college editions, the meaning of such terms as "net" and "retail," and the prospective market for the book. His candid manner troubled James, who felt more confused than enlightened. He reminded Holt of "the *Psychology* days, when you playfully danced clog dances on my sensibilities," and hoped this would not happen again.

The book sold well. It was adopted by several state reading circles for their thousands of members and was used as a text in teachers colleges. Yet the thought that Holt was getting more than 10 per cent as his commission continued to rankle in James's mind and he complained repeatedly—even after he had been told that the firm's large correspondence on the book with the office expenses on it exceeded 15 per cent of its gross income.

IN 1901 the Holt firm ordered a shipment of the book for a large adoption in the Middle West. The printer's letter-invoice for this order was inadvertently filed with the general correspondence instead of with the bookkeeper and the books were not credited to James's account. When James received the bill for the shipment from the printer without later getting royalties on it from Holt, he impulsively suspected fraudulence and wrote to Holt accordingly. Henry Holt was in Vermont, but his brother at once wrote to express shock at the oversight and offered the firm's humble apologies. He enclosed a revised statement and a check with interest added.

On learning of the error, Holt wrote to James immediately to express his "surprise and disgust." He explained the firm's bookkeeping method that made the error possible in the case of a commission book. "Fortunately," he added, "the blunder is too absurd to make it possible that any thought of intention should cross a reasonable mind." The letter only excited James's fertile and frenetic imagination to fever pitch. Impulsively, in an outburst of choler entirely unjustified by the facts, he told Holt that in the recent "accounts the *sales were falsified* to correspond to a false number of copies received. . . . Am I a baby six years old that you should write me such rubbish. . . ? Now, my dear Holt, stand up and tell the whole truth."

Holt's detailed reply was masterful in its restraint. He considered James's letter "the most inconsistent human document I ever saw. It seemed to say, 'My dear Holt, I have confidence enough in your honor to believe that you will confess yourself a damned rascal.' . . . I believe it does you and me a grave injustice." He again explained that the universal method of bookkeeping on commission books was to record books received and pay for those not on hand at the time of settlement. With the firm's own books there were "the monthly statements of the paper-makers, printers and binders." These bills appeared in conjunction for each edition, and if they didn't tally, the error was hunted up. For *Talks* there were only the letter-invoices from the printer; if he had sent monthly statements, "*Talks* would have fared as well as our other books."

In reply James blandly admitted that his previous letter "was based on a misconception. . . . My own unaided genius enabled me to escape from the misconception a couple of hours after I had mailed the letter, but I thought I would wait for your reply before I sent a postscript." In conclusion he wrote, "Well! the atmosphere is cleared, and I am glad of it!" The nonchalant tone of the letter "nonplussed" Holt. He referred to the strong charges in the previous letter and continued: "Your thinking any of these things . . . is a failure of your intelligence that perplexes me, but what perplexes me even more is that, having acknowledged such suspicions to a man with whom you have exchanged salt, and whose reputation, so far as I know, has stood without blemish during a business career of nearly forty years you should . . . content yourself, after finding yourself mistaken, with merely calling your remarks 'strenuous.'"

James's response was rueful and apologetic. "If I had only waited a couple of hours before writing that letter on which you animadvert so gracefully in your last . . . that letter would certainly never have been written, nor should I now have to apologize for it, as I hereby do. I always explode too abruptly, and I certainly did so in this case." Holt accepted the apology most graciously: "It's all right and you make it right so manfully that one can hardly regret the occasion. 'Yours as ever,' and, I suspect, a little more so."

James's Christmas greeting read: "Lets us all thank Heaven that the nightmare episode is over. I am only sorry that it doesn't appear that I have to disgorge anything." And his New Year's card stated, "Rest, perturbed spirit! and pardon a mind 'perplexed in the extreme' for stirring up so much trouble for you."

Nine years later, with James dead more than a year, Holt learned that Mrs. James continued to accuse him of having treated her husband unfairly. To set the record straight, he sent her brother-in-law, Professor Leigh R. Gregor, copies of the entire correspondence between James and himself. In the accompanying letter he stated that Mrs. James "is said never to change her mind" and implied that she had influenced James to give his later books to Longman. In conclusion Holt asked, "If the misconceptions of all this miserable business under which you have labored, have been conveyed by you to anybody, is it too much to ask that you now convey the explanation?"

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C. Amory, O. Henry, and H. Goering

CLEVELAND AMORY's articles on the use of animals for laboratory research have produced the liveliest and largest volume of mail in this magazine's history—with the exception, of course, of the Ciardi-Lindbergh controversy six years ago. The preponderance of the mail has been favorable. From many of the nation's leading university medical centers, however, have come detailed and serious protests. Many of these letters have asked for a statement of the magazine's position. We are glad to comply.

On the central question of the use of animals for medical experimentation: We believe such experimentation to be in the human interest. The incredible progress made by modern medicine in attacking major diseases has been the result not just of large intuitive leaps from theory to practice but of checking and cross-checking, testing and retesting. Before new ideas can properly be put into operation in medicine, they must be rigorously examined under varying conditions. Medicine is a science only as it observes the scientific method. If medicine is open at all to criticism today, it is not because it has tested too much but because it has tested too little.

In short, *Saturday Review* is not antivivisectionist. Neither is Mr. Amory. What troubles him is not the use but the misuse of animals for experimental purposes.

Mr. Amory raises serious questions about unnecessary duplication of experiments in different research centers. He asks whether there is adequate correlation of research. He asks whether animals are made to suffer needless pain because of carelessness and inadequate safeguards. He asks whether the same reasoning that recognizes a hierarchy in living creatures as justification for animal experimentation should not also recognize that rats rather than dogs or horses or cats or monkeys should be used wherever possible.

As a result, he asks whether federal legislation establishing proper safeguards should not be seriously considered at this time.

WE do not believe that these are unreasonable or irresponsible questions. To be sure, when Mr. Amory cuts, he cuts hard. He would rather be dead than be ambiguous. No one ever suffered a mental breakdown trying to find out where he stood. Writing is his business and satire his main stock in trade. A combination such as this doesn't produce indifference among the customers.

It is possible, therefore, that some of the objections to his articles may be the result more of his accent than of his message. Even so, we see no reason why his call for improved standards and safeguards should not be examined on its merits.

It is obviously preposterous to argue that all medical centers are carelessly or callously operated. We have no doubt that a large proportion of medical researchers do not need new laws to prescribe boundary lines in animal experimentation. But neither are we willing to assume that reasonable laws are extraneous or useless, or that *all* researchers are totally responsible. A small proportion of researchers who cut corners may mean that a large number of animals will suffer and die needlessly.

Most of the objections to Mr. Amory's articles have been strong but fair. One of them however, seems to us to be in the poorest possible taste. We quote from an editorial on Mr. Amory in the *North Carolina Medical Journal* for September 1963. The editorial is titled "Animal Worship" and says:

> . . . It is hard for a physician to understand how anyone can become so passionately fond of animals that he is more concerned over their welfare than he is with the welfare of human beings. Mr. Amory's attitude recalls one of O. Henry's stories in which a sheriff had to decide which of two men was guilty of the murder of his wife two years before. He solved the problem by kicking a hound dog and handcuffing the man who flew into a rage and cursed him for abusing the dog. When asked for an explanation, the sheriff said he had never seen a man that was overfond of horses and dogs who was not cruel to women.
>
> It is also pertinent to recall that Hermann Goering so loved animals that he ordered an anti-vivisection law for Prussia, with the concentration camp as punishment for one who violated it. The late Dr. Douglas Kelley was the U.S. psychiatrist in charge of the 22 Nazis in the Nuremberg prison. He described Goering as "protecting animals, even preventing their use in medical research, but quick to consign to a concentration camp any human being so zealous as to molest a stray cat." And Goering did not object to the barbarous experiments on human beings conducted under the Nazi regime, nor to the mass murders of six million Jews. . . .

The professor of medicine who sent us this editorial would like our opinion. We have no reluctance on this score. If this editorial in the *North Carolina Medical Journal* is his idea of fair comment, we want no part of it. The story from O. Henry and the reference to Hermann Goering are more than just foul play; they destroy any semblance of reasonable debate. Nothing in Mr. Amory's articles argued against service to mankind. His argument was for a little more humaneness in the effort to serve humanity. If there are weaknesses in what he says, let them be stated. But his position is strengthened rather than challenged by the kind of comment quoted above. We are certain that the medical profession as a whole will not be content to invoke analogies from O. Henry and H. Goering, who go together poorly in any event, in support of their case. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Revolution and Reaction

JOSEPH P. LYFORD, in his "Proposal for a Revolution—Part I" [*SR*, Oct. 19], paints a gloomy picture of the present and future for the uneducated and unemployed in the U.S. and calls for a massive attack on the problem, using government compulsion. But he fails to do more than hint at the most constructive activity that could be undertaken —a forthright program of population control.

BRUCE WATHEN.

Muskegon, Mich.

JOSEPH LYFORD'S article in your October 19 issue is one of the best I have ever read. We must, indeed, redefine as urgent and necessary "jobs that promote the general welfare even to the exclusion of private profit." If we can do this in time, America will have a future as well as a past.

MRS. GEORGE BEGUN.

Oak Ridge, Tenn.

IN THE SECOND PART of Mr. Lyford's "Proposal for a Revolution" [*SR*, Oct. 26] he only lightly touches upon a too long overlooked phase of the dilemmas that confront most Negroes in America. Mr. Lyford states that "the Negro 'revolution' is a limited action carried on within a stagnating economic and political system that is incapable of letting the Negro live like a free man. . . ."

This is something that has needed to be said for a long time. Americans are not sensitive about recognizing where our political system falls down. They are free in their criticism of politicians and bureaucrats and are not too disturbed when dishonesty and irregularities come to public attention. But for some strange reason, critiques of our "free enterprise system" are often regarded as attempts to undermine our country.

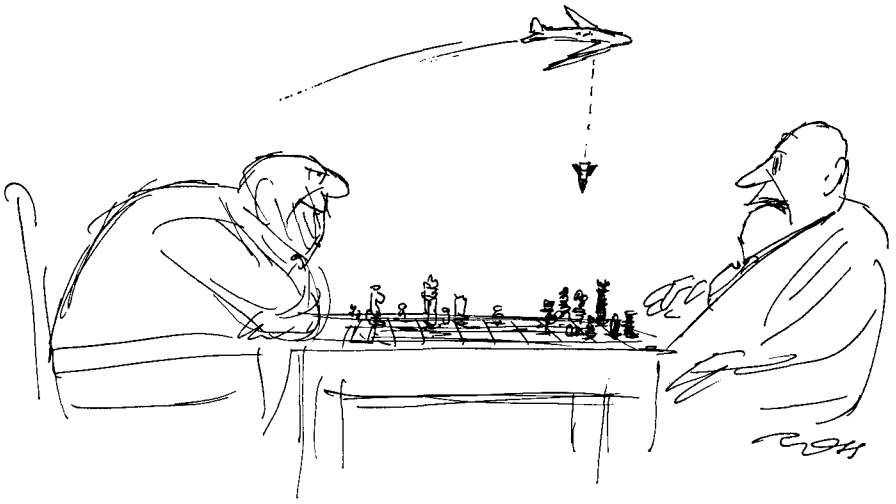
What Mr. Lyford's statement suggests to me is that there would be a therapeutic value if our government and our people openly admitted that our economic system needs constant adjusting to ever-changing developments; that admitting this implies no disenchantment with our "American way of life"; that the "stagnant" elements of our economy come into being as a result of many processes, which nobody could have been wise enough to foresee, rather than through the folly and machinations of "evil" men.

Why not admit that our present economy is kept going by colossal defense and space projects; by relentless "obsolescence" campaigns; by vast "make work" operations of labor and management? Why not admit that these things must go on while we're trying to devise ways to make them unnecessary? In doing this we can remove a national mental block that refuses to face up to a malady by not uttering the name of the disease.

Yes, our economic system needs constant fixing. Let's get on with the job.

SAM WHITMAN.

Long Beach, Calif.



Looking Ahead

IN YOUR REVIEW of my book *Free Men and Free Markets* [*SR*, Sept. 28], the argument of the reviewer, Karl Schriftgiesser, was apparently distorted at two points.

First, the clarity of his description of my proposals to deal with a world in which jobs would not be available for all was destroyed by what appeared to be intrusive phrases. I have, therefore, set out briefly the basic elements of the plan proposed: Basic Economic Security would guarantee an income adequate for human dignity to every member of society through payments from the federal government; Committed Spending would guarantee payments from the federal government to prevent abrupt declines in middle-level incomes following elimination of jobs by cybernation; and the two, taken together, would comprise the Economic Security Plan.

Second, the reviewer points out that I argue that "the gap between potential supply and effective demand will continue to widen and bring about three dangerous reactions." The sense of the first of these, "a greatly increased drive for consumer seduction," was distorted by the misprint "reduction." Later, the substitution of the word "employment" for what should read "unemployment" further distorts the sense.

ROBERT THEOBALD.

New York, N.Y.

The Grating Outdoors

JOHN G. FULLER'S column for November 2, in which he describes the Selway Bitterroot Wilderness Area, reveals the gigantic contradictions in the attitudes of Americans toward their natural resources. On the one hand, Mr. Fuller's column tells of the efforts of men like Ranger Jim Hickman to preserve our forests. On the other hand, there are the easily verifiable experiences of anyone who has ever gone camping and witnessed the wastefulness and unconcern of his fellow campers.

I speak from experience. Last summer, as I have for a number of previous summers, I took my family on a camping trip at a state park in the Catskills. The park is filled with tents during the summer months, and it is essential, if everyone is to enjoy it, that each camper consider those who will come after him. But any camper who was present when my family and I were there could witness these sad signs of our lack of concern for the outdoors:

A stream, once one of the best trout streams in the area, is littered with beer cans and garbage.

Limbs, and in fact whole trees, have been cut down for firewood and tent supports.

Fires are started in unauthorized areas, even in dry periods when the risk of despoiling large areas of forest is great.

And there are also other indications of the fact that, despite wide publicity about our vanishing wilderness, people simply do not care. It may be that, when the entire U.S. has been paved with asphalt, we will deserve exactly what we have got.

ERIC MASTERS.

New York, N.Y.

Bunny-Tailed Utopia?

THE PLAYBOY CLUB isn't that way at all! I strongly protest the allegations in the November 2 MANNER OF SPEAKING column, which was obviously written by someone who is not at all well acquainted with Mr. Hefner's night spots. If the writer of that column would give the Playboy Club a fair trial, I am certain he would want to reconsider his statements. I have visited several of the clubs and found them not at all the "Bunny-tailed Utopia" your magazine calls them.

E. P. ROGERS.

Chicago, Ill.

Case for the Defense

THE NUMBER OF recent letters roundly denouncing John Ciardi and promising nonrenewal or cancelation of subscription (O threat of threats!) if he is not immediately removed amazes me.

For the life of me I can't see what his numerous vocal critics find so "grating" about his tone. I for one find his style very pleasant and enjoyable, and there is very

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little he has ever written with which I have not been in almost perfect agreement. . . .

LINDA K. DUNCAN.

East Haddam, Conn.

I REGRET THAT my budget limits me to but one subscription to *SR*; otherwise I would cheerfully replace those of readers tempted to cancel theirs because of Mr. Ciardi's unruffled serenity as its poetry editor.

Such zeal and zest, devotion and detachment inevitably beget their quota of irritants—proof that his voice is not a voice in the wilderness. And if Ciardi has weathered seven years of barrage and bombardment, he is good for seven times seven. And what fun watching Samson among the Philistines!

HARRY R. RICHMOND.

New London, Conn.

FOR SOME YEARS NOW I have been reading harsh, outspoken, and sometimes vulgarly phrased attacks on John Ciardi. I have also been reading John Ciardi's column and his articles. I do not always agree with his point of view, but I am most grateful for the thinking he has stimulated and to *SR* for giving me the privilege of being so stimulated. . . .

ELIZABETH W. GARRETSON.

Roanoke, Va.

OH, THAT I COULD stimulate such violent feelings as John Ciardi from people who profess never to read my articles!

FRANCES T. THOMSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

On Guard

I APPRECIATE John Pearson's review of my latest book, *Operation America* [*SR*, Oct. 12], because he gives me credit for what now appears to have been clairvoyance on what might happen to Juan Bosch in the Dominican Republic and why.

I regret, though, that he failed to document what he glibly describes as "distortions and oversimplifications" in my eager search for Reds, etc. He has a perfect right to his opinion but I challenge him to cite the distortions.

He also asserts that in my presentation I mistake "a part for the whole," apparently overlooking the fact that in presenting the parts I built them into the whole while not ignoring the local roots which the Communists exploit in their efforts to appeal to the nationals.

I believe his criticism of my chapter on Peru can best be answered by submitting the informed opinion of a distinguished and highly respected Latin American statesman. He is Pedro G. Beltran, former Prime Minister and Minister of Finance of that South American nation, who is again editing his newspaper, *La Prensa* of Lima. On October 3, 1963, Señor Beltran wrote to me: "In particular, I have not yet congratulated you on *Operation America*. Coming from you I am not surprised to find what a contribution this book makes to the understanding of our problems in this part of the world. You have included there a wealth of detail which is most convincing and shows the result of long and continued research. I am sure that anyone who reads it will be aware of the dangers and more on their guard against communism."

JULES DUBOIS.

Chicago, Ill.

Crucial Difference

IN HIS FIRST OF THE MONTH column for October 5, Cleveland Amory says, in speaking of "the Administration's failure" in the Birmingham bombing: "After all, an Administration that could, in a matter of hours, bring the entire steel industry to its knees would seem, after two long years, to have some powers somewhere when it comes to one Governor."

Roger Blough was overcome because he stood alone. A nation was shocked by his seeming bad faith. The steel men realized that Blough was condemned by popular opinion. It was this that potently added to the power of the Administration that compelled surrender.

But Governor Wallace does not stand alone. Plainly he has the majority of the voters of Alabama behind him. This majority of voters cannot be dealt with as Blough was. The Civil War gave this area a stinging defeat, deeply wounding its pride, from which this majority has never recovered. They still cherish the state of mind of 1850. On the slightest provocation, they bring out and wave in defiance the Confederate flags of 100 years ago. It is this fact that suggests the danger.

A too autocratic treatment of Wallace could easily make him a political martyr, replacing the fading picture of Jefferson Davis and thereby delaying the recovery from the political psychosis that has for so long prevented advancement. A combination of forces—the South's own white moderates, world opinion, federal pressure, and most of all rising Negro resistance—is prodding this recalcitrant voting majority into a reluctant, step-by-step policy of concessions.

Let us not delay the recovery by prematurely taking their crutches from them before they are able to walk into this present age.

BENJAMIN H. KIZER.

Spokane, Wash.

The Male Manner

THE ARTICLE BY Ira Wallach in the PHOENIX NEST column [*SR*, Oct. 26] was delightful. It is true that all the things he mentioned are held as articles of faith by most women, whether they have been raised on a farm in Kentucky or in a penthouse apartment in New York. However, there are quite a few things men do that just as completely baffle women. Consider these examples:

1. If a man understands something, he thinks it is perfectly all right to ignore it. He will blithely take a shower or fix the electric stove while there is a horrible thunderstorm crashing about the house, assuming that as long as he *understands* electricity it will not bother him.

2. Men are inconsistent. They will drool over the recipes in *Gourmet* while eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

3. Men never get sick. They grandly ignore wounds and lacerations that would have their wives laid up for a week. Unless a man gets a cold. Then it takes the immediate and constant attention of his wife, a doctor, a day nurse, and the sympathy of all his male friends and neighbors to effect a cure. Lack of any one of these might result in serious complications, such as pneumonia.

4. Men believe in the complete indestructibility of matter. A man will knock the ashes out of his pipe on your best Spode plate, and will wonder why the cat's server twisted while he was trying to unscrew the back of the television set with it. The fact that he has a workshop completely equipped with about $2,000 worth of new (and unused) tools will not keep him from using knives as screwdrivers, and doorstops as hammers.

To paraphrase Mr. Wallach, I would not like anyone to conclude from this that I believe men are inferior to women. I do not! But they are certainly just as unpredictable.

RUTH DIXON ALLISON.

Utica, Ky.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Women and Children First

OF the twenty-two films covered in the most recent *Green Sheet*, an industry-sponsored service that seeks to rate films in terms of suitability for various audiences, exactly one is listed as acceptable for a general audience. The remainder are, for the most part, recommended either for adults or "mature young people." Not a single picture was suggested for children unaccompanied by adults.

This trend of the industry, bucked only by an occasional release from the Disney studios, unfortunately signifies less a growing maturity on the part of our film makers than an increased predilection for pseudo-sophisticated dialogue and risqué situations within a conventional frame. As the hero of *Under the Yum Yum Tree* woefully insists, after experimentally sharing an apartment with his chaste fiancée, "But nothing has *happened*." The truth is, in most of the sex comedies that crowd our screen today, nothing does happen; but all sorts of wickednesses are implied. Like the hero of *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, the film makers can assert their innocence (and get their Code seal); but their intentions are strictly dishonorable.

In *Yum Yum Tree*, based on Lawrence Roman's play, the intentions are amply apparent. Not only does Dean Jones move into Carol Lynley's chic apartment with every intention of seducing her, but the screenplay quickly lets it be known that her landlord, Jack Lemmon, has rented it to her dirt cheap with precisely the same end in view. Indeed, much of the comedy centers about Lemmon's efforts to keep Jones too weary to pursue the girl; more of it consists of Lemmon's own attempts in that direction; and the remainder has Lemmon as a kind of super-Peeping Tomcat, keeping a prurient eye upon his delectable tenant. Paul Lynde and Imogene Coca, as Lemmon's servants, provide a comic Greek chorus, Miss Coca bristling with righteous indignation, Lynde chortling over every new conquest of Lemmon's, real or imagined.

Despite his indubitable proficiency, despite his ineffable charm, however, Jack Lemmon is unable to conceal completely the true scurrility of the character he plays—and punching up each scene for forced farcical values is hardly a help. In a *Playboy* world, the *Moon Mullins* style is singularly inappropriate. Nevertheless, there is no question but that Lemmon carries the film, and carries it precisely in the direction that its authors, Roman and David Swift, intended—as close to the border separating the risqué from the downright lewd as they could possibly get without risking the Legion of Decency's "C" rating. The fact that "nothing happened" makes it all the more unsavory.

If *Under the Yum Yum Tree* is presumed to be entertainment for everybody, *Stolen Hours* represents a return to that simpler day when the studios produced movies that were specifically designated as "women's pictures"—or, to be more precise, to the day when Bette Davis had the ladies fumbling for their handkerchiefs as they watched the final reels of *Dark Victory*. Hard as she tries, Susan Hayward is unlikely to produce the same effect in this newer version. For one thing, times have changed. The imminent death of a woman apparently noted merely for the lavishness of her parties may sadden us, but hardly to the point of tears—not even after she has found love, and has begun doing nice things for children in the few months that she knows remain to her. For another, Susan Hayward, despite her Academy Award status, is no Bette Davis. She is one of those actresses who insists on reminding you that she is giving a performance, turning on the emotions as automatically and efficiently as a rheostat provides varying voltages of power. One can admire her ability, while feeling little for the character she portrays. For the rest, *Stolen Hours* moves smoothly under the direction of Daniel Petrie, introduces an attractive new English star named Michael Craig, and has some breathtaking color shots of the Cornish coast. Diane Baker is effective as Miss Hayward's sympathetic sister, although she disappears incomprehensibly in the middle of the film, then reappears for the finale. Jessamyn West wrote the screenplay.

For the kiddies, Walt Disney this month provides *The Incredible Journey*, the heart-warming saga of a 200-mile trek through the Canadian wilderness undertaken by a bull terrier, a Labrador retriever, and a delightful Siamese cat—all based on Sheila Burnford's fine novel of the same name. If I stress for the kiddies, it is because adults might object to the stiffish dialogue and performances of the humans in the cast, and to the ridiculously anthropomorphic commentary provided by James Algar. "Instinctively" appears to be his favorite word.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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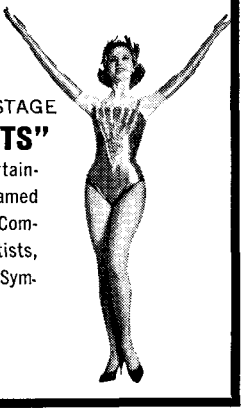

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

At Home on the Range

I HAD, I suppose, long looked at Florida as a sort of winter funhouse where one could, upon paying admission, watch monkeys flit through the trees, see porpoises dive through the water, observe trained parrots, and marvel at trained Indians who have learned how to wrestle an alligator successfully. Those who don't learn how to do it successfully are not usually around to explain their mistakes.

But the other day, in the course of a pre-season inspection, I felt suddenly that I owed Governor Farris Bryant a second evaluation. For all the fabricated side shows it displays to keep the winter doldrums from the door, Florida also offers some fascinating social side glances. For one thing, it ranges from the pure cracker country of the mid-state to the sophisticated, even cosmopolitan air of its southeastern megalopolis, which stretches from Palm Beach to Miami. From Ocala to the Fontainebleau is as far as Schenectady is from Shubert Alley, and as Milan is from Molfetta, near the bottom of the boot.

From Tallahassee, which reminded me of a soft-aired city of the mid-South, I flew in a small plane south and east over the flatlands that stretch just inboard of the Gulf of Mexico where the Gulf pushes a bulge into the north Florida panhandle. We crossed the Suwannee River, came over the metropolis known as Hardee Town, and headed into central Florida. We came down on a moth-eaten airstrip near Williston, where I was to have a look at a new Florida side show, a hunting preserve.

THE scene was a great opener for a television potboiler. As the city slickers taxied up in their racy transport, a truck came alongside and a man in overalls emerged. He lives nearby and is the caretaker of the airstrip. Behind him came a lanky cowhand in wide hat, curled at the sides, long sideburns, jeans, boots, and a rangy walk. He needed a dog at his heels and a piece of grass in his teeth, but the rest was all there. The cowboy had nothing to do with cattle. He was from the Dixie Lily Ranch, which calls itself "The South's Finest Hunting Preserve," a title I am not here to dispute. The term "hunting preserve" might seem an anachronism to some, me included. For hunters it means a place where game, dogs, guides, and real estate are all provided. For the people of the humane societies, it is a concept that has

Hunting at Florida's Dixie Lily Ranch—"a good life until the moment of truth."

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John North is a reservations system analyst for BOAC. This winter his machine will be busy finding seats on Rolls-Royce 707 jets to Britain from seven U.S. cities.

For kicks, John North builds miniature transistor radio sets. For a living, he helped develop an electronics reservations machine. Ask it if there's a seat on a BOAC jet from Rome to Nairobi, or Tokyo to Hong Kong (in fact, anywhere to anywhere), and it will answer you in New York in just four seconds. John, you're a genius.

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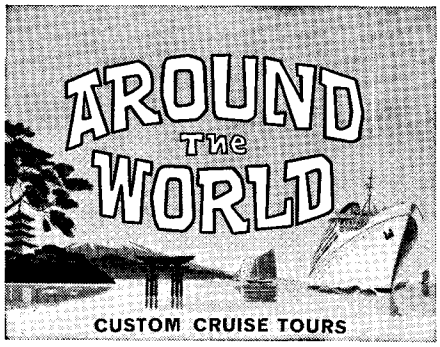

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removed everything from the sport of hunting except the killing.

The Dixie Lily Preserve is not merely the finest layout of its kind in the South; it is probably the largest of the 2,000 shooting enclaves now doing business in the U.S. It has set aside one bird to one acre of land, and it nurtures them, watches their eggs, encourages their growth, feeds them the tastiest of bird foods, and then releases them to the hunters. For this sport the hunter pays four dollars a day for a room, plus $5.75 for meals. He must add to that $35 a day, which gives him the right to assassinate ten quail, male or female. Such accomplices in the pursuit of this murder as dogs, guides, and jeeps are included.

Hunters who come to the Dixie Lily Ranch are responsible for the demise of 12,000 pheasants every year, but the ranch also raises, for the same purpose, a sizable quantity of quail, turkeys, and ducks. While in residence, hunters are stored in air-conditioned rooms in their choice of ten cottages sprinkled over the vast acreage of the ranch. Two cottages have swimming pools, and most have outdoor picnic tables with the view sweeping off to feed patches as far as the eye can see.

A hunter's life is not a hard one. He rises about 7 A.M., and is off for the shoot by about 8 o'clock. If the day threatens to be hot, the waking hour may be pushed back an hour. The acceptable dress is red for those after turkey, quail, and pheasant, brown for those in quest of duck. Meals are served mess-hall style by the cooks and waitresses assigned to each bungalow, and once the men are out with their shooting irons, a housekeeper moves in to make the beds. Still the clients are not alone, for they are passed from the hands of the housekeeping staff to one of the seven resident guides who will oversee their activity in the fields.

For a large party of hunters en route to the fields and not the blinds, the ranch employs a jeep-pulled caravan, a sort of safari wagon with high seats for the hunters, a kennel for the dogs, and racks for ice and water. The ice is for the killed game, the water for the hunters; no intoxicating beverages are permitted in the shooting fields. Dead game is immediately given a tag with the hunter's name on it. When the hunt is over the birds are run through a mechanical feather plucker, then eviscerated and placed in the temporary crypt assigned to every hunter. There the stiffs will remain frozen, awaiting final instructions.

Even though quail eggs are a delicacy in some parts of the world, none is eaten on the Dixie Lily Ranch, where they are considered tomorrow's prey. They "set" some 36,000 quail eggs a year, enough to send any French cuisinier into pirouettes of ecstasy. About 30,000 of these are raised to shooting size. Although the normal life span of quail is perhaps five years, those at the Dixie Lily shooting works have a life expectancy of about eight weeks. The only reprieve—and it is temporary—is awarded to layers whose sentences are delayed if not commuted. When they lay themselves out, usually at the age of two, they are at last consigned to execution. About one bird in five escapes immediate extinction from Dixie Lily's fusillades. If they fly the limits of the preserve they may be mowed down by public hunters, or, that possibility failing, they may indeed go free to live out their life span. One pheasant was so frightened by the barrage, or so entranced by the sudden freedom, that he flew clear to Tampa, a matter of 104 miles, only to drop dead from overexertion.

When birds are first hatched they are kept under heating lamps for four weeks, and fed carefully. Then they are transferred to a "game long barn" where they live until they mature. They are then kept on the ground under wire, learning to poke and peck for their food. Every Monday morning during the hunting season, ranch hands release the same number of birds as have been pronounced dead the previous week. Once in the fields, as long as they stay alive, the game lives in the Ritz of birdland, the quail lunching on benne, the grain that produces sesame seed, or on cattail millet; the turkeys pecking after cowpeas and corn. The ranch also raises peanuts which are rooted up by pigs and eaten by birds. It's a good life until the moment of truth.

Perhaps the best insurance prospects of the ranch are the turkeys that are released a quarter of a mile from the hunters. The assailants wait in a blind

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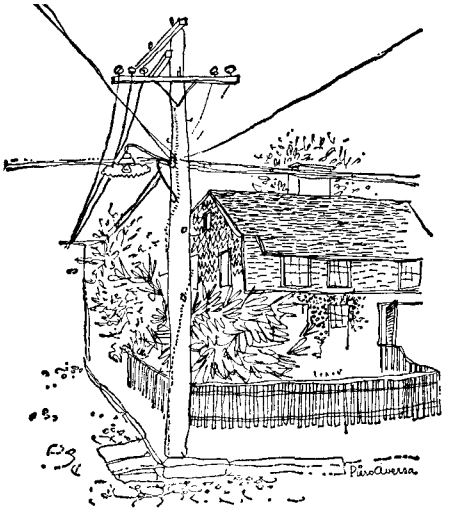
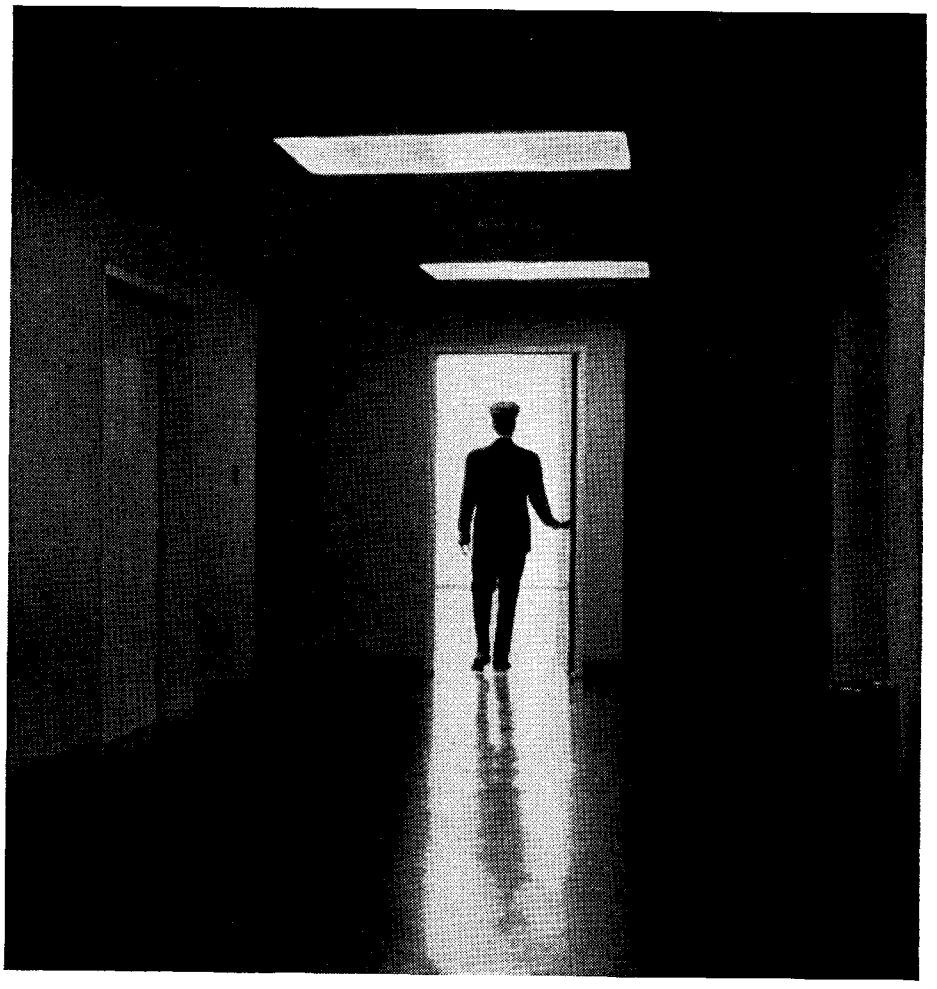
for the big birds to be flushed. When the guns go off, so do the birds. The gunners get a shot, but the turkeys are smart enough not to pass themselves a second time. It is for that reason that the ranch imposes a fee of $25. Ten dollars is marked for registration, and fifteen for the turkey if killed. If the hunter misses, he pays only for registering. Being wild turkeys, the birds have a huge wingspread, and quickly disappear downrange. If they are bagged, they make a tastier dish than domesticated turkeys, which are built along the lines of a truck. They also are said to contain, upon proper roasting, less saturated fats than the normal Thanksgiving turkey.

The blinds at Dixie Lily Ranch can provide good hiding places for 100 turkey hunters or 100 duck hunters. A duck would have a hard time getting an underwriter at Dixie Lily's layout. When the ducks are eight or nine weeks old



they are encouraged to walk up a wire chute that rises from the ground floor of the duck house toward the top of the live oak trees. When the ducklings reach the lip of the chute, they dive off into fluttery flight. Spying a friendly lake, the ducks head for it, flying around for a watery landing. During the peaceful weeks of their life they make several such flights, nestling on the friendly waters before being returned to the security of their feeding pens. Then one day, when they are good-sized ducks, three to five months old and fed till they are fat, they are walked up the chute two to four at a time. They fly up sixty to ninety feet, clearing the trees. They are mallards, three generations out of the wild. Spying the lake, they make their usual turn around it. Suddenly a fusillade rings out as the hunters hidden in the blinds around the lake pull triggers. The ducks panic and fly around and around until the last duck is a dead one. Then the retrievers go to



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work fetching the bodies out of the water.

In these and similar ways, great pleasure and many birds are brought to 4,000 hunters every year at Dixie Lily Ranch. The whole plant, which costs better than $300,000 a year to operate, is the product of a Tampa miller named Cecil M. Webb. He mills grits, flour, meal, and rice; sells table syrups, cooking oil made from orange and grapefruit seeds, dried beans, and peas. He sells his flour in twenty-two states, operates the only grits plant in Florida. While grits are not a big item in the environs of Miami, they are served all over northern and central Florida. Webb began as a professional ballplayer, broke into the milling business when his arm went dead in 1925. He sold meal for a Georgia company, started the Dixie Lily Milling Co. in

1940, and last summer bought the mill that gave him his first job.

Today he has 3,000 employees and a 15,500-acre ranch near Williston. Two thousand acres are set aside for his shooting gallery. General Van Fleet and Ambassador Stevenson are two of the notable hunters who have visited his controlled hunting preserve. He almost had General Eisenhower as a guest, but a Presidential medical emergency intervened. Even without the Presidential visit Webb, when chairman of the State Road Department of Florida, was able to propose a federal highway system to Eisenhower in 1954. In honor of that plan, whose basic tenets were accepted, Interstate Highway 4 is to be known henceforth as "The Cecil M. Webb Highway." By resolution of the House of Representatives and the Senate, no less.

It is Webb's great pleasure, at autumn's approach, to move himself and his household from Tampa to Williston. There he rolls over the shooting acres in his air-conditioned Cadillac, making sure that the condemned birds are getting the best of care. And what does he do on Sunday? Why, he climbs the pulpit to preach the gospel. He's a lay preacher besides. —HORACE SUTTON.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Love's Labour Logged

SINCLAIR LEWIS and Dorothy Thompson were married in London on May 14, 1928. Lewis at the time was the most famous, at home and abroad, of living American novelists, and within a little more than two years was to become the first American to be awarded the Nobel Prize in literature. Miss Thompson seems to have been regarded as a very good foreign correspondent—for a woman.

In the spring of 1937, when the Lewises separated—they were not divorced until 1942—his reputation had begun to decline, whereas she was, as Vincent Sheean puts it, "an American oracle, one of those very few who have the corporate, general permission to tell people what to think." Her newspaper columns, radio broadcasts, and lectures had given her an influence on American opinion second only, Sheean thinks, to that of President Roosevelt.

In between lay nine years of some happiness and the deepest misery for both of them—years, as she said, of "intense pleasure and blackest pain." This is the story that Vincent Sheean has told in *Dorothy and Red* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95). As he related in *Personal History*, published in 1936, Sheean met Dorothy and Red—and from here on it will be simpler to use his names for them—in Berlin in 1927; he spent some time with them in the early Thirties in their home in Vermont; and he continued to see both of them intermittently in the later years of their marriage and afterwards.

His friendship with them is, of course, important for his book, but more important is the use he has made of Dorothy's letters and journals, which she gave to the Syracuse University Library—she was a graduate of Syracuse—before her death in 1961. She had permitted Mark Schorer to consult these papers for his massive biography of Lewis (*SR*, Sept. 30, 1961), but he, for his purposes, could make only a limited use of them. Sheean, however, has reproduced whatever he thinks is relevant to the understanding of either Red or Dorothy during the entire period of their relationship.

Schorer and Sheean differ a little about the details of the first meeting of the pair, but they agree—and Dorothy herself told the story—that on this occasion Red asked Dorothy to marry him. She had just been divorced from her first husband, and he was separated though not divorced from his first wife. He pursued her ardently, and they spent some time together before his divorce was arranged and they could be married. For their honeymoon they traveled about England in what the English call a caravan.

As both should have known, and as Dorothy did fear, the marriage was from the first a calamity. They had had bad times, as well as good ones, before they were married; on September 21, 1927, for example, Dorothy recorded in her journal what she rather mildly called "a dreadful night." Red was impossible when he was drinking, and he was drinking most of the time when he was not working on a book. After the marriage his periods of dreadfulness became more and more frequent, and, though Dorothy was careful to commemorate the happy moments, the balance fell heavily on the unhappy side.

From what little I saw of them in the period of their marriage, and from all that I heard about them, I was convinced that the responsibility for the failure of their marriage was more or less evenly divided; but Schorer began to convince me and Sheean has wholly convinced me that this is unfair. Dorothy, to be sure, was in many ways a difficult person, but she was in love with Red and, especially at the beginning of their marriage, tried, as he did not, to make a satisfying relationship possible. Many letters and passages from her journal are intensely moving, none more so than the letter in which she sets forth her emotions at the moment of their final separation.

Indeed, I am afraid that I, along with a lot of other people, have misunderstood Dorothy Thompson's character and underestimated her importance in American history. On the latter point Sheean is emphatic and probably largely right. She was one of the first Americans to recognize the seriousness of the Nazi threat, and after Hitler made her a public figure by having her expelled

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from Berlin in 1934, she had a larger and larger following. As Hitler's successive acts of aggression fulfilled her predictions, she spoke with increasing authority, and both President Roosevelt and Prime Minster Churchill testified to the extent of her influence.

At the same time she was a more sensitive, self-analytical, and generally complicated woman than her intense preoccupation with foreign policy made her appear. She not only wrote perceptively and intimately of her relations with Red; she set down in an extraordinary series of entries in her diary an account of her feelings towards another woman. Her effort to understand and come to terms with what can only be described as a homosexual inclination is a remarkable illustration of her determination to know herself. (Sheean is convinced that, if she had not been willing for this matter to become known, she would not have given the diary to the Syracuse University Library.)

Because of the nature of the sources, the book contains less about Red than about Dorothy, and what it does tell us about him is mostly not new. It simply confirms the impression given by Schorer's biography that he was one of the most abysmally unhappy men who ever lived. Of Lewis at the time of his marriage Sheean writes: "Red was fundamentally insecure about his own value in life (even about his work, at times) and above all about his person. . . . In his heart of hearts, he had an awful involuntary humility which came from the conviction that he was unfit for, and perhaps even unworthy of, love in its fullness. His sexual nature suffered, to the very brink of impotence, through this physical humility." Red's "gruesome civil war with himself," as Sheean puts it, is one of the book's central themes.

Sheean is not a particularly good editor. He sometimes repeats himself, and I think he gives too much space to his discussion of Dorothy's syndicated columns. Some names that should be identified are not, and he is negligent in little ways. (For instance, trying to date a letter, he writes, "The next example must be either from a month earlier or a year later, depending on when Wells passed his entrance examinations at Harvard." A good researcher would have found out about those examinations.)

Yet the book as it stands has great value and great interest. It tells an intensely dramatic story about the marriage of two conspicuous and important persons, who were both almost frighteningly articulate. For obvious reasons, truth *is* stranger than fiction, and it is sometimes more fascinating.

—Granville Hicks.

THE REAL THING

The Move Toward Immobility

Murray Kempton, I. F. Stone, and Norman Mailer have each published a new book within recent weeks. All three deal with the period that ended when a candidate for the Presidency said that he would get America moving, was elected, and didn't.

Eppur si muove. A little. And to the extent that it moves at all, from the inside, it moves in response to the Negro revolution. Give me a lever long enough, said Archimedes, and solid purchase, and I shall move the world. Now we wait to see if the Negro revolution has the arm and fulcrum to shift this nation back into that dizzying orbit in which once, at least in intention, it was the light of all the world. The historians may say that it was never really different from what it is in the dingy present. They may remind us of the Alien and Sedition Acts, which disgraced the early Republic, the "peculiar institution" that was the basis of the South's economy and the support of the textile mills of Old and New England alike, the Mexican War, the anti-Irish riots that enlivened the Northeastern states a hundred years ago, the long plundering of the Indian that proceeded by means of solemn promises not to plunder—just as it does today. These reminders are all true, and damning. Yet we know that our fathers were better men than we are, and that the problem of our hunched generation is to straighten up till we fill again the name and notion of Americans.

Murray Kempton, by his own admission, is a man who hasn't voted since 1956 and isn't looking to vote in 1964. Indeed, I heard him say at a public meeting a year ago that the government had the power to draft him and collect taxes from him, but no moral claim to his loyalty or sympathy: a government that could not protect Negro schoolchildren from the mob—or the police—was contemptible; a government that *would* not protect them was his personal enemy.

Radical and irresponsible talk, no doubt. And some weeks past, at another public meeting, a respected journalist said of Mr. Kempton, affectionately, "Murray is a poet, and the worst political reporter in the country." I don't know about the last. It depends on what one imagines politics is all about. If politics is merely a question of how many states Goldwater can carry, then the dean of political reporters is the IBM machine consulted by the pollster of your choice. But if, as I would rather believe, politics is the relation between our private hopes and our public actions, Mr. Kempton, handicapped as he may be by poetry, is not the worst political reporter in the country. At least, the pieces collected in *America Comes of Middle Age* (Little, Brown, $6.50) are strangely convincing, and, considered simply as documents of the American scene these last ten years, they provide reasonable justification for Mr. Kempton's curmudgeonly refusal to join in the quadrennial shell game.

All of these essays appeared in the *New York Post* between 1950 and 1962. They are the best thing I know about the *Post* during that period. The labor militants turned labor fakers; the United States Commissioner of Education who *had never heard,* not even at a cocktail party, of Huxley's *Brave New World* or Orwell's *1984,* politicians of both great parties in quest of the Holy Grail—the principals and supers of our official national comedy are described here with easy artfulness. Those portraits persuade the reader that he and Mr. Kempton are superior to the century in which they have been called to play their parts, and thus far the collection has a certain social utility.

But the heart of the book corresponds to the heart of America's political life; it is to be found in the pieces carrying Southern datelines, and telling of men and women, mostly young and mostly black, who are reminding the country, by the things they endure and the things they refuse to endure, what America is supposed to be about. Respectable white opinion has been patient with the Negro movement for all of fifteen minutes now, and it is beginning to grow restless before the bad manners of the people who say, Freedom now, and then say it again. I commend to respectable white patience Mr. Kempton's dispatches from Southern cities and villages. I suppose it is possible to read them without being moved to weep, but in that case one must have a very clear conscience or a very hard one.

Mr. Kempton has some odd enthusi-

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asms—they include Westbrook Pegler and Carmine De Sapio—and some odd gaps in his information, like the one reflected in his assertion that Cuba hasn't any cultural heritage worth mentioning. No matter. On the big question of what it is that is alive in our otherwise moribund republic, Mr. Kempton is in the right. His dispatches from bus terminals, jails, and beleaguered churches tell us where the action is.

The Haunted Fifties (Random House, $5.95) is a selection of the essays and reports that appeared in *I. F. Stone's Weekly* (now a bi-weekly) during the first ten years of its life. That one-man journal was founded in the days when Senator Joseph McCarthy was making the rules around here, and I suppose it is one of the reasons that McCarthy's triumph was not more complete in his lifetime, nor his heirs more firmly in power now. There is a sense in which McCarthyism is inseparable from government, and will be until the advent of democracy or the millennium, whichever comes first. The Senator's indifference to truth and his fund of readily available hostility were useful social emollients, and will continue to be so until government is founded, not on the consent of the governed—for that can always be bought or extorted—but on their voluntary participation. When men develop sufficient self-respect, government will grow respectable; until then, McCarthyism, under one name or another, will be the way in which men are ruled. So Mr. I. F. Stone, who has made a career of exposing the public lies that subserve private interests, is assured of tenure.

Mr. Stone's reportorial prose is beautifully clear, and, without much in the way of stylistic flourish, manages to express a lively and engaging literary personality. His essays are at their best when read as they are designed to be read, in the pages of the *Bi-Weekly* itself. In that context their style is clean as good French, and besides they carry the freight of moral purpose that Mr. Stone has inherited from the great tradition of British and American pamphleteering. As commentary on events as they happen, these pieces are first-rate; I am afraid some of them suffer when collected in a book. Their very appositeness and topicality work against them. After all, we have survived many of the follies and villainies chronicled in these pages, and we do not love to be reminded how we looked when we were committing them.

But if the collection does not give us what the *Bi-Weekly* does—an intellectual and moral tonic for the present hour—yet *The Haunted Fifties* is a valuable book. What we can discern in it are the larger outlines of a principled and honorable political position. It is far from being programmatic, and in great part, as a response to encroachments on freedom and civil decency, it is cast in the negative. Nevertheless, it is clear enough what Mr. Stone stands for: a humane polity in which greed and fear are no longer the springs of social action, in which money is not the definition of virtue nor the secret police the monitor of thought and conduct. A polity, clearly, vastly different from the one we now enjoy, whose alpha and omega are the credit card and the loyalty investigation. Admittedly, Mr. Stone's preferences do not yet amount to a program for political action. But it seems to me that his book, read in the proper spirit, affords some useful hints in that direction.

What are we to think of Norman Mailer, the Peck's Bad Boy and Stupor Mundi of our time? Does a nation always get the authors it merits? Mr. Mailer is far more, and something less, than we deserve. Cowardice is the vice of the age, and Mr. Mailer is brave to the point of recklessness. The task of this generation is to invent and reestablish humane standards, and here Mr. Mailer's courage is better than his judgment. First of all, let us agree that the instinctive audacity of one Norman Mailer is worth a whole tribe of fops got between asleep and awake. All by himself he constitutes a natural resource, one for whose exhaustion no depletion-allowance can compensate us, and whose place cannot be supplied by barge-loads of more decorous, more mannerly, better-spoken, and worse-intentioned writers. That being the case, it may be allowed that the public has a particular interest in the state of his soul; the country has a grievance when Norman Mailer permits himself to run out in sands and shallows. Mr. Mailer is an embodiment of the revolutionary sensibility and the revolutionary will—qualities of which we stand in need right now, do we not? But with these he combines the trivial preoccupations of all the *anciens régimes* of history, and those preoccupations have always turned out boring and irrelevant. Self-aggrandisement is a bore, sensation is a crashing bore, and the program of *épater le bourgeois* has ever afforded the tired businessman the distraction he needs in order to go back refreshed to his task of pure ablution round life's shores. That Nor-

"Is it still possible to catch a garter anywhere on Broadway?"

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man Mailer should willingly play patsy for the people and forces he despises most is one of those ironies that are more instructive than amusing. It would certainly be a lot more amusing if he were not gifted with what this column is looking for—the real thing.

Thomas Mann said, "In our time the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms." To which Yeats answered,

> How can I, that girl standing there,
> My attention fix
> On Roman or on Russian
> Or on Spanish politics?

A fine poem, but in the context a Know-Nothing poem and a Copperhead poem. Mann did not say, "Let all writers cease to write, all lovers leave off love-making." He said that in this age the public life impinges on the private as never before, and, precisely for the sake of "that girl," Roman politics is become important. What is now less important than ever is being popular with the audience (which really means having access to publishers and booking agents) at the price of exhibiting one's quirks and crochets. The artist as sideshow freak is an invention of our era: unfortunately, the audience at a sideshow is usually a fairly depressing sample of the citizenry. Mr. Mailer, then, is ducking his political responsibility when he consents to play Wild Man of Borneo before their bumpkinships.

It is hard to tell whether the failure is one of intellect or of taste. A particularly puzzling case is Mr. Mailer's latest phase of religious mysticism—as it were, the Hassidic Manichaeism of the Harvard Yard—in which I swear and declare he really seems to be patronizing Jehovah, and a thoroughly putative and hypostatized one at that. When Pascal proposed, in the seventeenth century, to make book on the existence of God, the offer was theologically preposterous and morally offensive. Say what you will about the secularization of Western culture since that time, at least it has spared us the ingenuous hypocrisy of this kind of theological speculation. And now Mr. Mailer undertakes to revive it, in the pages of *Commentary*, no less. Forbid it, almighty God!

Here is a first-rate mind and talent trying out poses—as unbecoming and ill-assorted as those of the pugilist of letters, Rabbi Ben Ezra, and the kingmaker of the New Frontier—for all the world like an adolescent trying to improve his personality. You'd never know he was a man of genius with serious work to do in the world. Take *The Presidential Papers* (Putnam, $5). Their premise is that they concern

(*Continued on page* 92)

BOOK IN THE NEWS

Straight from the Elephant's Mouth

The Winning Side: The Case for Goldwater Republicanism, *by Ralph de Toledano (Putnam. 189 pp. $3.95), traces the GOP's troubles to the "Eastern Liberals," who, the author charges, spread the idea that "a conservative can't win." A veteran political reporter and onetime Washington correspondent, Harold Lavine is now with Forbes Magazine.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

A SPECTER is haunting Ralph de Toledano, the specter of Robert A. Taft. "Mr. Republican" was the darling of the GOP rank-and-file; yet the leaders of the party four times rejected him for the Presidential nomination. As they did so, they wept; but, much as they loved the Senator from Ohio, they loved power more. And they were convinced that as a conservative, he could not win.

De Toledano clearly fears that a similar fate may befall the man he calls "Mr. Conservative," Barry Goldwater. That is his reason for writing this book —to prove that, no matter what anyone says, a conservative candidate for the Presidency can, too, win.

Now, it's quite possible to make a convincing if not a compelling case for the idea that Goldwater *could* defeat John F. Kennedy in 1964, given a break or two. Richard Nixon almost defeated him in 1960. Moreover, the South now hates Kennedy as the South used to hate That Man's wife, Eleanor. And there is widespread resentment against President Kennedy's civil-rights program in the North as well as the South.

Though business is good, unemployment remains troublesome. And Cuba not only remains Communist; it's still only ninety miles from Florida, as Republican geographers never weary of reminding us. The Alliance for Progress, designed to strengthen relations with Latin America, is hardly a success, and the outlook for the Western Alliance scarcely a cause for rejoicing.

Unfortunately, de Toledano is not content merely with saying this. For some weird reason, he seems impelled to prove that not only can Goldwater win in 1964 but that Taft could have won in '40, in '44, in '48, and in '52. Nixon could have won in '60, he declares, except for one thing: he betrayed conservatism in the midst of the campaign to mouth the mealy phrases of the "Eastern Liberals." The United States is, basically, a conservative country, de Toledano argues; it's the metooer who can't win; the true-blue Republican conservative can always win, barring an unfortunate phenomenon like the Great Depression.

The "Eastern Liberals" are the villains of Toledano's book. It was they who spread the big lie that "a conservative can't win"; it was they, he complains, who convinced Nixon to make like a New Dealer. Goldwater once suggested that if the Eastern seaboard could be sawed off from the rest of the United States and left adrift this would be a much happier place to live. De Toledano feels the same way about the "Eastern Liberals." The party's troubles all began when those dreadful "Eastern Liberals" grabbed control, he says. As long as the Midwest dominated the party, it remained in power, because the Midwest, unlike the East, is conservative.

THIS, of course, is fantasy, not history. In the days of Republican power it was the East that controlled the party, and for a simple reason: that's where both the votes and the money were. De Toledano's beloved "conservative Midwest" actually was the stronghold of Republican insurgency. Just name the insurgents: Norris, La Follette, Borah, McNary. Not a single one came from the sidewalks of New York, and all were considered "liberals." In 1948 it was the "conservative Midwest" that gave Harry S. Truman his margin of victory.

In his fantasy de Toledano at times becomes preposterous. Discussing Warren G. Harding, the greatest vacuum in the history of the Presidency, a man who devoted himself almost exclusively to poker and a teen-age girl, while members of his Cabinet robbed the country blind, de Toledano says: "He had a simplistic view of the Presidency which he carried too far but which should have recommended itself to some of those who followed him in the Thirties and Forties."

Again, de Toledano describes John C. Calhoun as "Republican." It's too bad Abraham Lincoln isn't alive today. He always loved a joke. He would have loved de Toledano's book.

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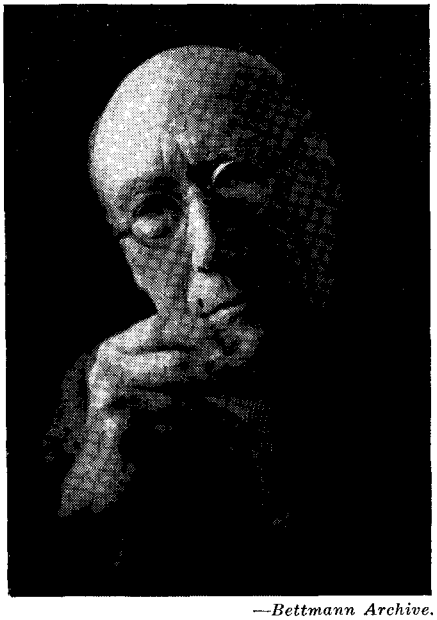
Strait Was the Gate to Art



—Bettmann Archive.

André Gide: "A book is a method of acting on oneself."

The Youth of André Gide, *by Jean Delay, translated and abridged by June Guicharnaud (University of Chicago Press. 498 pp. $7.95), and* ***Gide,*** *by Germaine Brée (Rutgers University Press. 302 pp. $6), show how the writer projected his self of a given moment into each work of fiction and the facts that emerge from their explication. Laurent LeSage is a professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State College.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

ANDRE GIDE'S exhortation that his work should be viewed only from the esthetic angle has not been well heeded. The public, not unusually, more interested in what a writer says than how he says it, has, in the case of Gide, pushed right through the work to get to the man behind it. No writer has aroused more curiosity or controversy as a human being. And Gide intended it so, for no writer has, in spite of his demand to be regarded only as an artist, more provocatively drawn attention to himself as a person. That Gide lived in his art cannot be doubted, but the stuff of his art was his life, and the reason his artistic vocation was so strong is that art exteriorized his problems—as it were, liberated his demons, who henceforth capered shamelessly under the public gaze.

Art as therapy might indeed be the subtitle for Jean Delay's psycho-biography of Gide. The eminent French psychiatrist shows how in each piece of his writing young Gide projected his self of a given moment, and drove it to the limit; although his literary *golem* might by his excesses perish, Gide himself escaped to fashion another. André Walter, ill-starred hero of Gide's first book, is the double of André Gide's adolescent ego; Narcissus is the young poet stifling André Walter's Huguenot anxiety in the perfumes of Symbolist esthetics; Urien is the disillusioned Narcissus whose spiritual quest has led him to nothing; Luc is the disappointed experimenter with material fulfillment; Tityrus is the composite caricature of them all, former selves of Gide destroyed to make way for Menalcas. Since Dr. Delay's book (two volumes totaling almost 1300 pages in the original) stops here, we can only assume that he could have shown Gide's later works to be successive portraits of the older writer, created to objectivize his tensions and conflicts. Gide's own words support Delay's thesis: "A book is a method of acting on oneself."

As facts, the subjective nature of Gide's writing and the self-cathartic value of art are pretty obvious, and one may wonder why anyone should write so voluminously to prove them. The author would doubtless say that his aim was not to prove but to demonstrate, to study specific instances in the case of André Gide where neuroses were resolved into art. And psychoanalysis is poky business. Dr. Delay painstakingly goes over the ground of Gide's mixed heredity, his Puritanical background, his sex problems, aided by a wealth of documents to which no other biographers have had access. Diagnosing Gide's maladies in terms of mother image, angelism, overcompensation, etc., the doctor draws our eyes to Gide's well-meaning mother, whose maternal solicitude turned her son into a neurotic and whose code of moral virtue arrested the normal development of his libido. Presented clinically here, the story of Gide's relationship with his mother and with his cousin, who was to become his wife, loses nothing of its pathetic appeal. Yet the value of Delay's work is less in telling this story more fully than ever before or in es-

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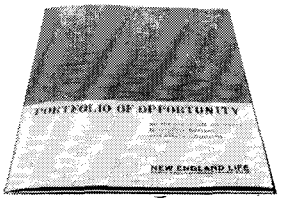

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tablishing with medical authority the nature of Gide's problems than in elucidating the relationship between those problems and art. In studying a neurotic's flight from reality into the imaginary and his safe return to the real through the labor of giving form to his dream, Delay throws light on the mysterious processes of artistic creation and the nature of genius.

June Guicharnaud's abridgment of this monumental study seems skilful and judicious. With minor reservations one can commend her translation. The text is occasionally marred by printer's errors and a picture of Gide's mother is erroneously labeled Catherine, the name of Gide's daughter.

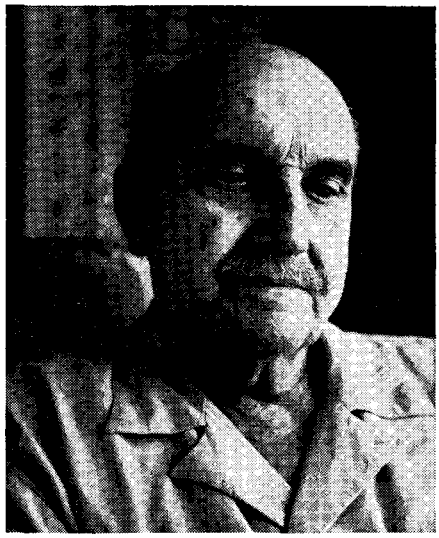
If Gide's plea to critics to look at his work only from the esthetic angle has generally fallen on deaf ears, there is at least one notable exception. Germaine Brée promised in the original French edition of her book on Gide not to take up again the discussions that Gide the man has incited nor to paint his psychological portrait. She would limit herself to his works of fiction and study them as art. This she did with the brilliant perceptiveness that characterizes all Miss Brée's studies. The English version that she presents today is, in spite of some revision, transposition, and considerable reduction of text, essentially the same book.

The focus that Miss Brée adopts by no means excludes all consideration of Gide the man. To explain the feverish quality of *Marshlands*, for example, she must refer to Gide's troubles with his family, to analyze the part of invention in *Strait Is the Gate* she must tell the story of Madeleine Rondeaux. Moreover, her chronological approach, in which she surveys the whole fifty years of Gide's writing, plotting the graph of its rise to *The Counterfeiters* in 1926 and its subsequent decline, commits her to some biography. But only as they bear directly upon his writing are the facts of his life brought in, only as they contribute to an understanding of his work.

One after the other as each piece of fiction is thus situated, a summary is given, then a structural and stylistic analysis, a value judgment. Formal, precise, academic, this method is the "explication," the French critical method *par excellence*, which, when practiced by a critic of Miss Brée's skill and sensitivity, is unequaled for bringing out into the light the intimate nature of a work of art. Gide's themes emerge clearly and sharply—all the aspects he treats of the moral problem of man in the universe: the religious question, sensuality versus austerity, freedom, growth, the multiplicity of the human being. With the establishment of the thematic hierarchy of Gide's work, certain curious facts come to light. For example, homosexuality, Gide's constant preoccupation, is neither a major theme nor an especially fruitful one for him. Like the themes, the architecture of Gide's work now appears in clear outline—the forms he invented or adapted, such as the treatise, the sotie, the récit—the original cast he gave to the novel and to the play—the internal structure, curiously marked by a change of direction at the very center. Furthermore, the Gidean style can now clearly be seen as it evolves from Symbolist ornamentation towards a classic simplicity and purity. And the qualities of lyricism, irony, and humor stand out in proper perspective.

If by rigorous explication the texts are superbly clarified, classified, and their uniqueness defined, by situating each in its place on the curve of Gide's literary career a remarkable picture is obtained of an artist at work. Aided by the author's own testimony, Miss Brée shows Gide struggling at every step with problems of expression and form, a salutary demonstration for those of us who assume that great art just comes naturally with a lyre and a thump on one's breast.

Above the Traffic of His Times



—*Mary Hansen (Pix).*

George Santayana—"Not a shy bookworm, or a mystic recluse."

Santayana, The Later Years: A Portrait with Letters, *by Daniel Cory (Braziller. 330 pp. $7.50), tells of the author's friendship with the philosopher from 1927 to 1955. Gay Wilson Allen, biographer and literary critic, is writing a life of William James, Santayana's teacher and colleague at Harvard.*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

IN 1927 a twenty-two-year-old American living in London mailed George Santayana an essay that he had written on Santayana's philosophy. Instead of being annoyed by this impertinence, Santayana was charmed and impressed; he praised the essay and expressed a desire to meet the author, David Cory, who had left Columbia University to continue the study of philosophy independently in England. Cory replied that his funds would not stretch to a trip to Rome, where Santayana was then living, but inquired whether a meeting in Paris might not be possible. Santayana then offered to pay the young man's transportation, and the fortunate meeting took place in April of that year at an old-fashioned hotel-pension in the Via delle Quattro Fontane.

Santayana was sixty-three, living in quiet retirement, as he had since his resignation from the Department of Philosophy at Harvard in 1912. He had published several volumes of delicately-textured poems and half a dozen volumes of philosophy almost as beautifully written as his poems. But he had no disciples, and as the young admirer observed from Santayana's top-floor apartment, "He lived spiritually as well as physically above the traffic of this world."

The man Cory met in 1927 "was not a shy bookworm, or a mystic recluse, or a Bohemian" but "an old-fashioned gentleman who happened to be a poet, scholar, and philosopher." Santayana, the half-American, half-Spaniard, who had never been happy in the United States and felt most at ease in Italy or Spain, immediately liked Cory, and presently employed him as a sort of secretary-companion, whose duties were mainly to read Santayana's manuscripts, criticize them, and aid in their revision. He need not live with or near Santayana, and he actually spent much of his quarter-century of employment in England, performing his critical and editing duties by mail. The philosopher of "reason" and "animal faith" was pleased with Cory's performance, and for his part never once failed the young man, even when he foolishly got into difficulties with women; he was sympathetic, too, when Cory decided to marry

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with no income except the payments from Santayana and another American expatriate philosopher, C. A. Strong.

Cory saw Santayana many times, probably knew him more intimately than anyone else, and became almost an adopted son, to whom Santayana in his last years turned over his English and American royalties. Whether Santayana expected Cory to become his biographer is not certain, but he appointed him his literary executor, and in 1955 Cory edited *The Letters of George Santayana*. He has also contributed an introduction to the new one-volume edition of Santayana's autobiography, *Persons and Places*.

Certainly no one can be better qualified than Daniel Cory to write a biography of Santayana. But as the title indicates, this is not a full life, being only a personal account of the "Later Years." It tells of no social indiscretions, though some readers may be surprised to learn that a latent homosexuality caused Santayana to feel uncomfortable at Harvard and was the main cause of his resignation. In old age he could analyze himself as objectively as he could other people, and he was an acute judge of character. This book is spiced with many brilliant observations (quoted both from conversations and letters) on T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, "Bertie" Russell, and other literary and philosophical acquaintances. Cory has achieved exactly the right tone for his intellectual romance, not sparing himself, yet not obtruding his own presence either. This is a stimulating account of a great mind and warm personality behind its mask of cool rationality.

I HAVE now almost finished [Bertrand] Russell's book [*Inquiry Into Meaning and Truth*]. The position he arrives at, considering his starting point, seems sensible: but I can't help thinking his starting point artificial, and also his method and play with algebraic symbols. Is this more than a pedantic affectation proving nothing that could not be stated in simple English and judged by common sense? R's illustrations are always witty but they become a bit monotonous in their intentional everyday realism. If he had more variety of tone, when it came to analyzing the implications of "You are hot" his argument would gain in force and pungency. On the whole, I am a little disappointed not in R's position but in his work. It is not first-class philosophic writing, but only interesting current controversy; a contribution rather than a conclusion; and he is now old enough to settle his accounts and give us his testament.
—From *Santayana, The Later Years.*

—*Marilyn Stafford (Pix).*

Alec Waugh—"heartaches but not despair, joy but not ecstasy."

Books Between Trains

The Early Years of Alec Waugh, *by Alec Waugh (Farrar, Straus. 313 pp. $6), reminisces about the first three decades of "a restless, perchless traveler" who has searched for plots and characters between Capricorn and Cancer. Aileen Pippett is the author of "The Moth and the Star: A Biography of Virginia Woolf."*

By AILEEN PIPPETT

NEVER choose a novelist as hero, Alec Waugh was once advised, nor write an autobiography where you, a novelist, will perforce be the hero. Heeding this advice, he has now written what he calls a "partial biography" of a man who discovered by accident when he wrote *The Loom of Youth* at seventeen that he had the "narrative knack." Although other accidents made him into one kind of novelist instead of another, he is, he says, a very minor writer; and this is the story of how it all happened. Such modesty is disarming.

During a winter in the trenches in the First World War he realized that "2nd-Lt. Waugh, A.R., Dorset Rgt. . . . was an altogether different person from that dashing young iconoclast" whose novel about life in an English Public School was a sensation in London. The iconoclast was an invention of his admirers and critics, for he had not meant the book to be an attack; he enjoyed life at Sherborne, where he won prizes and was a fine athlete. The young rebel and

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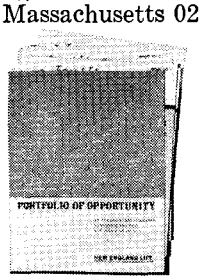

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stoic soldier were replaced by the businessman working with his father in the publishing firm that printed the early works of Charles Dickens along with other Old Reliables, and later he became "a restless, perchless traveler, avid of change and of the sun, searching for plots and characters between Capricorn and Cancer."

Waugh got in and out of the usual troubles as a boy with a minimum of fuss, enjoyed a rare degree of friendship with his father, likes and admires his brother Evelyn—untroubled by the fact that they are so different. Women are important but not all-important in his life. An early unconsummated marriage was amicably annulled, an interlude with a Tahitian beauty ended quietly in mutual boredom, an American woman to whom he was deeply devoted for years declined to leave her husband. He was often down to his last dollar and without a story idea in his head, but always the cables, the checks, the contracts, the plots turned up in the nick of time wherever he was, so that he could set out for somewhere else. Not a dull life by any means: heartaches but not despair, joy but not ecstasy, a hopeful future ahead.

So we leave him at the age of thirty-two one Tuesday morning in 1930, approaching New York from San Francisco, "the tall towers of Manhattan glinting in the early sunlight. This was to be my city soon." If there is more to know—and surely there must be; no one could be so abnormally normal as Waugh depicts himself—it is not on record here. It is none of our business. It is, he suggests, hardly any of his. Providence had arranged things that way. "I shrugged. . . . I would not have it any different."

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1058

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1058 will be found in the next issue.

KHGFHZEE DZYZXHWVZE

KTHHSCD RCDVGHCZE GRZH

QWVPHZ.

NWHY NHWPE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1057

A man of fifty is responsible for his face.

—STANTON.

SHORT STORIES

Light on a Southern Exposure

***Black Cloud, White Cloud,** by Ellen Douglas (Houghton Mifflin. 232 pp. $4), and **The Quiet Enemy,** by Cecil Dawkins (Atheneum. 214 pp. $4.50), scrutinize the stresses and dilemmas of familiar Southern characters. Walter Spearman writes a weekly book review column for several Southern newspapers. In addition, he teaches book, play, and movie reviewing in the School of Journalism at the University of North Carolina.*

By WALTER SPEARMAN

NOT SINCE Eudora Welty's early short stories in the 1940s or perhaps Katherine Anne Porter's stories in the Thirties has the Southern scene produced new women writers of the perception and talent of Ellen Douglas (a pseudonym for who knows what young Mississippi author?) and Cecil Dawkins, each of whom has a volume of exceptional short stories this fall.

Ellen Douglas is by no means unknown. Her first novel, *A Family's Affairs,* was winner of the Houghton Mifflin-Esquire Literary Fellowship Award for 1961. *Black Cloud, White Cloud* contains two novellas and two short stories, three of them concerned with the characters introduced in the novel. The sometimes tortured, sometimes tortuous white-Negro relationships in Mississippi provide the theme for the four stories, so it is appropriate that the title come from William Blake's poem "The Little Black Boy," especially the line: "When I from black and he from white cloud free."

Miss Douglas's white women characters are ever conscious of the "white cloud" that casts its shadow over all well-meaning attempts to resolve the inherited hate-love pattern of interracial relationships. As narrator Anna Glover only observes the dilemma in "The House on the Bluff" as she watches two women, the youthfully widowed Margaret Baird and the old Negro woman, Tété, who raises Margaret's children lovingly but so rigidly as to precipitate crisis and tragedy. The senseless death of young Keith Baird places the race relationship in sharp focus.

In "Jesse" Anna hires a drunken, garrulous old Negro jazz musician to teach her son to play the guitar. Jesse has a disturbing faculty for making Anna and her husband feel embarrassed, calling Mr. Glover "boss man" and pouring out stories of his miserable childhood to Anna. Waking from a nightmare about Jesse, Anna writes down two sentences that could well be Miss Douglas's theme: "There are those of us who are willing to say, 'I am guilty,' but who is to absolve us? And do we expect by our confession miraculously to relieve the suffering of the innocent?"

In "Hold On," the most ambitious and successful of the stories, Anna manages to save the life of her Negro friend, Estella, after their small boat capsizes on a stormy lake.

The Anna-Estella relationship might be taken as a classic example of long-established racial patterns in the Deep South. They are white mistress-Negro servant, but they also enjoy what Miss Douglas calls "a quiet, sensible friendship." They can go fishing together, sit on the bank drinking beer and smoking cigarettes, even discuss their families and whether Estella should have her tubes tied to avoid additional children.

But when Estella talks matter-of-factly about folk superstitions, about not being able to look at a child with a broken leg while she was pregnant, Anna despairs of complete understanding and insistently asks herself if she would have kicked the drowning Estella away from her if Estella had been a drowning white friend.

A sharply contrasting view of white-Negro relationships may be seen in "I Just Love Carrie Lee," an incisive, satiric sketch of a complacent, unperceptive white woman who regards her servant, Carrie Lee, with the patronizing authority of ownership, without any redeeming grace of compassion.

She could never comprehend what Carrie Lee meant when little Billy ran to her crying because older boys had forced him to eat "a mess of coffee grounds and blackberry jam." "Honey, they bigger than you," Carrie Lee said. "If you wants to play, you gits on out there and eats they pudding. If you

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don't like it, you holds it in your mouth and spits it out when they ain't looking."

Any considered points Miss Douglas may make on racial problems are never presented bluntly. Rather, they fall naturally into her chosen frame of reference in the Mississippi delta, woven from long, strong strands of plantation life and complex family relationships. The characters who inhabit her towns of Philippi and Homochitto are all obviously "kissin' kin" of those in Eudora Welty's *Delta Wedding*. Miss Douglas sees them clearly, presents them affectionately but dispassionately.

Cecil Dawkins, author of *The Quiet Enemy*, is less well known but her reputation should rise with the appearance of this volume. A native of Birmingham, Ala., she studied at the University of Alabama and at Stanford, then taught at Stephens College. More interested in character than in race, Miss Dawkins does devote one story, "Eminent Domain," to Southern Negroes and develops it to a chilling and violent climax. Another, "Hummers in the Larkspur," has a young Negro girl sympathetically portrayed but pictures an entire Southern community caught in a moment of stress. Her real concern is to probe deeply into unusual individuals, peeling off their odd outer idiosyncrasies until they stand revealed as usual and understandable. This is done with particular skill in "The Quiet Enemy," a compassionately perceptive story of an inarticulate junk dealer and an ugly woman who runs a roadside café for truck drivers. Each is a sharp challenge for the other, but together in a dark bedroom they become articulate.

"The Buffalo Farm" is laid in an adobe combination filling station, souvenir stand, and "free zoo" near Las Vegas, operated by an ambitious Korean veteran and his dissatisfied young wife, Jimmy, from East Tennessee. What with curious tourists flocking in to watch an atomic explosion and a demented religious fanatic urging Jimmy to pray, the strikingly original story promises a potential it never quite fulfills. Two stories about Italians in an Alabama city, "The Mourner" and "Benny Ricco's Search for Truth," are also only partially successful in achieving their effect.

But "The Quiet Enemy," "Eminent Domain," and "Hummers in the Larkspur," which would be superior stories from any author, are a rewarding discovery from a new writer. They are fresh in their use of material, surprising in their depth of understanding, and remarkable in their craftsmanship.

Miss Douglas and Miss Dawkins are arresting writers whose workmanship is never obvious; they have the talent to make their private vision shine triumphantly through their stories.

Rage in Low Key

Quartet: New Voices from South Africa, *edited by Richard Rive (Crown. 223 pp. $3.50), trains a microscope on the plight of individuals caught in a society governed by reaction and fear. William S. Lynch is a former professor of humanities at Cooper Union.*

By WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THIS modest volume contains sixteen stories from four writers and an introduction by Alan Paton. The four—Richard Rive, Alex La Guma, Alf Wannenburgh, and James Matthews—are South Africans, all of them young, all of them suffering from the discriminatory policies of their government. La Guma, in fact, was detained in prison for five months during 1960 and even now none of his utterances or writings may be reproduced in South Africa.

Their stories, and each contributes four, are of necessity written against the background they know best—the anguish and humiliation of racism. In a sense, they show us through a microscope the plight of individuals caught in the meshes of a society governed by reaction and fear. Small wonder that rage should boil up inside a small boy: "Rage against the houses with their streaked walls and smashed panes filled by too many people; against the overflowing garbage pails outside doors, the alleys and streets; and against a law he could not understand—a law that shut him out of the park."

Nonetheless, these are not ranting tales; there are few rhetorical outbursts. Aspects of the inhuman condition are narrated with understatement, in a sparse and simple manner: the quiet pride of thousands of Africans boycotting the buses and walking long miles to and from work, the funeral of a mother, three of whose children are white and the other black. The result is a vivid and moving portrayal of individual characters, often in themselves weak and unattractive, for whom the reader cannot help but feel hurt and compassion.

Even the oppression is depicted with a degree of understanding that is surprising, almost shocking. One story, a parody of the familiar "no room at the inn," becomes a parable resonant and unforgettable. Another story—of the employer who insists on attending a party of one of his employees, not out of idle curiosity but out of a basic goodness—reveals how difficult it must be even for a well-meaning white to join his fellow humans under existing

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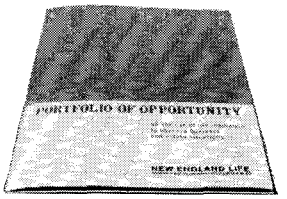

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circumstances. Quite different are the whites who welcome the black artist or writer to their parties only when he is a celebrity to display.

While they exhibit individual differences of style and treatment of subject matter, the four young authors are all first-rate craftsmen writing out of hard and similar circumstance. As Alan Paton says, their voices blend together in the same song: "South Africa with all its harshness and sadness and tenderness and richness."

Reading this volume is truly an enlightening and even moral experience. As in all good art, the collection penetrates far deeper than can the most eloquent preaching or the most striking reportage. The timeliness of this book for us in America, caught in a great awakening of conscience of our own, goes without saying.

Drifters on an Opulent Wave

***American Contemporary: Short Stories,** by Curtis Zahn (New Directions-San Francisco Review. 150 pp. Paperbook Original. $1.95), focuses on the flotsam and jetsam of our affluent society. Cecil Hemley, an editor and poet, is the author of the novel "Young Crankshaw."*

By CECIL HEMLEY

IRONICALLY enough, it is often much easier to write entertainingly about a man's failures than his successes. So, the critic approaching a bad story can give advice, suggest textbooks for the author to study, and make all sorts of clever remarks in passing. I know that when I was reading these stories by Curtis Zahn every time I came across a poor one I found thousands of words with which to dismiss it. "Suggest to Zahn that he read Aristotle's *Poetics*. . . . Point out to him that he must deepen his ideas, increase his invention, and sharpen his wit." But then the next moment I would find myself reading something by Zahn in which he had apparently anticipated my criticisms and had rectified his errors. However, the good stories resisted me in a way that the bad ones didn't. They didn't require comment, only admiration.

The truth is that short story writers, like lyric poets, achieve their great successes only rarely. That breathless moment when situation, character, and rhetoric blend perfectly does not come often. The true lover of the short story forgets about the half-successes and the failures that prepare the way for true expression. I don't think it the least bit important that Zahn has written a dreary, attenuated piece called "A View from the Sky." What I will remember from this book are three excellent stories: "Recognition," "American Contemporary," and "The Epicurean." Each of these is concise and written with great sensibility and skill. Here the wit is as sharp as it can be, the situations interesting and alive.

Three short stories out of eleven are enough to convince me that Zahn is a good writer. I think he will probably get even better. The locale that he exploits is Southern California; his people are the flotsam and jetsam of our affluent society. The protagonist of "The Epicurean" is absolutely *au courant*, has perfect taste in wines, cuisine, and such matters. Although his range of authenticity is extremely narrow, he finally betrays himself even here and becomes a complete phony. "Recognition" is a wistful, ironic little story about an affair told by one of the principals, a lower-middle-class woman who can never recognize a true experience. Almost all of Zahn's characters are people who no longer have a secure hold upon values. A sharp critic of society, Zahn writes from the position of the outsider.

According to the introduction, he has been a Hollywood writer, a yachtsman, and an editor. It is obvious that he knows the world of which he speaks. I would like to see him extend his range somewhat. (It seems that I cannot resist giving him advice.) But perhaps greater range is not actually necessary. The brief satiric tale may be his forte.

Oracles on Ice: Janet Frame is perhaps best known in this country as a contributor of short stories to *The New Yorker*, although she has written three novels that have been favorably received. The large, two-volume gathering of her shorter work, *"The Reservoir" and "Snowman Snowman"* (Braziller, $7.50), contains two *New Yorker* pieces, both of which deal with her New Zealand childhood. They are by far the most professional items in the collection. I preferred the second, "Prizes," to the title story "The Reservoir"; there is more distance, a better perspective, to it. One can see, however, what *The New Yorker* found good in "The Reservoir": its style is impeccably up to date, to the point of being infernally clever. Nonetheless both stories *are* clever, if at times irritatingly so. Some of her other pieces are not artful or restrained enough to have been published alongside them. The collection is just a bit too large; it includes stories like "Royal Icing," which has a promising plot but a last paragraph that begins like this:

> Tell me, what do we need? What dream must we pursue and not be afraid to grasp and possess when it finally becomes reality?

In the next story, called "Obstacles," a certain feat of skill is called "safe as houses," whereupon the author takes us by the nose, as it were and asks us how safe are houses, anyway?

It is this relentless interfering and questioning, this continual cantering after Cosmic Significance that destroys so much of the value of these stories. Even some of the little, unobtrusive sketches buried in the middle of the first volume, so striking in many ways, are hurt by it. And two of the selections, "The Linesman" and "The Salesman," are actually bad.

It is in the second volume, *Snowman Snowman*, however, that the defect becomes fatal. This section is given over to "fables and fantasies," the nature of which permits the widest latitude to the author's philosophical bent. "Snowman Snowman" itself is intolerable. Almost novel-length, it presents, in inexhaustible supply, the reveries of a snowman and his dialogues with his mentor, "the perpetual snowflake":

> Everything is very confusing. Do I belong to Rosemary Dincer because she made me, and to Kath because Rosemary belongs to Kath and to Harry because Kath belongs to Harry, and who does Harry belong to, does belonging describe a circle which starts again at Rosemary or does it extend to all people and everybody belongs to everybody else on earth? Who decides?

The rest of the fables are shorter, but not otherwise more acceptable.

—CHARLES ALVA HOYT.

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A Friendly Eye on the Eagle

From the New Freedom to the New Frontier: A History of the United States from 1912 to the Present, *by André Maurois, translated by Patrick O'Brien (McKay. 365 pp. $5), maintaining a sympathetic view of the U.S., comments upon significant aspects of American culture. George E. Mowry is professor of American history at UCLA. His next book, scheduled for spring publication, will be "The Age of Crisis: The United States, 1920-1960."*

By GEORGE E. MOWRY

TRADITIONALLY the French have been among the most successful writers in explaining American civilization to Europe. The works of Crèvecoeur, Toqueville, and, in more recent times, those of Siegfried come to mind as brilliant critiques of American society. Now poet, biographer, and literary historian André Maurois joins this group. His credentials are of the best. This liberal, literate, and cultivated member of the French Academy has long been a friend and admirer of the United States. He has traveled in this country repeatedly, taught at four American universities, and resided here during the early part of the Second World War before he joined the Free French forces in North Africa. He has also produced studies of Washington, Franklin, and Eisenhower.

Published in Paris last year, this volume is to be one of two parallel studies of American and Russian history since the eve of the First World War; the second, by Louis Aragon, will be published next January. Both are meant for a French audience.

Possibly because of the growing anti-American policy of the de Gaulle government, Maurois is nothing if not charitable to his chosen subject. In foreign affairs he concentrates upon American successes and is strikingly evasive about embarrassing affairs such as the Suez fiasco. In view of the purpose of the twin volumes (the publishers obviously hope that the American and Soviet societies will be compared) one also wonders about the author's criticism of the Yalta agreement regarding the Orient and his noncommittal approach to the settlement in Eastern Europe. Maurois treats his American heroes—Theodore Roosevelt, FDR, and Harry Truman—at length, but is almost silent about people whom he presumably dislikes. He is perhaps oversanguine about the leveling factors at work in American society and probably hopelessly optimistic in his prediction that "complete racial equality" will be attained in thirty or forty years.

Although the major historical part of this volume is scarcely interpretative and critical enough to interest most

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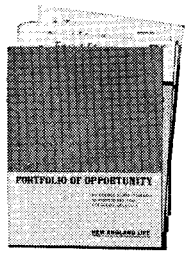

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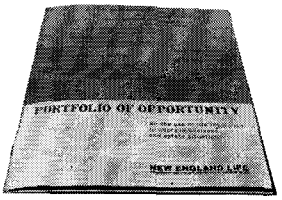

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American readers—it rests largely upon familiar sources—the first and last chapters are much more rewarding. Devoted to the evaluation and comparison of the U.S. in 1914 and 1960, they contain not a few of the author's penetrating comments upon significant aspects of American culture. Maurois's assessment of American foreign policy is particularly illuminating. The American, probably more than any other person in the world, he observes, continues to think in the terms and the vocabulary of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment and attempts to infuse his actions, both at home and abroad, with an impelling sense of "moral Puritanism." "If he has no moral arguments to justify his actions, he feels guilty and unhappy." The strength of these two sturdy traditions, he concludes, and the conflicts engendered between them and the hard, irrefragable facts of modern power politics do much to explain the basis of a policy that often bewilders the more realistic European.

Although this volume may have limited appeal in America, it should be far more useful in France, where it ought to help dispel a good many myths persistently held about the United States. Created with sympathy and respect, it may also contribute to the will to understand America, which at present seems to be in short supply around the Palais de l'Elysée.

Bagpipes End the Sound of Battle

Beat the Last Drum: The Siege of Yorktown, 1781, *by Thomas J. Fleming (St. Martin's. 375 pp. $5.95), begins with a touchy situation on the Pennsylvania Line, ends when the British regulars surrendered their colors. Elswyth Thane is the author of "Washington's Lady" and "Potomac Squire," as well as the seven novels of the Williamsburg series.*

By ELSWYTH THANE

THOMAS FLEMING has a knack for good titles. *Beat the Last Drum,* which ends with the British surrender at Yorktown, follows his *Now We Are Enemies,* which dealt with Bunker Hill, where it all began. In this second book Mr. Fleming has struck his stride in a vigorous, informal style that seldom becomes too colloquial. It makes entertaining reading, rewarding for both scholar and layman. One does not have to know—or care—very much about the end of the long war for American independence to find oneself caught up in this vivid narrative of the events, both comic and tragic, which led to that October day when the British regulars laid down their arms and gave up their colors to the victorious colonial army commanded by General Washington and his French ally, the Comte de Rochambeau. This reviewer, whose pet subject happens to be involved, is in the unique position of reporting on a book about which there are practically no complaints.

Mr. Fleming begins obliquely with the touchy situation in the Pennsylvania Line when General Wayne was forced to put down mutiny in the troops ordered south to support Lafayette—on whom the author is perhaps a little hard. He then proceeds to an unusual—and amusing—account of the diverse personalities of the British generals Clinton and Cornwallis, as revealed in their private war of letters while Clinton dithered and stalled in New York and Cornwallis fell back, without the reinforcements that might have saved him, to the fatal position at Yorktown. This ability to evoke the human being behind the record is, it would seem, one secret of making history not only intelligible but fascinating to the average reader. There were men inside the red coats—men who had foibles and high tempers and strong emotions, which they left visible in their own words written in the heat of the moment. Clinton's agonies of indecision, and Cornwallis's soldierly integrity and pride, hamstrung by his ranking officer's skill at hedging and passing the buck, emerge with contemporary force in Mr. Fleming's skilful use of quotation.

Throughout the book he has drawn freely on all the standard sources, from Washington himself to Dr. Thacher and Sergeant Lamb, plus the French accounts of Chastellux, Robin, and Rochambeau, but Mr. Fleming has added to these the obscure journals and memoirs tucked away in state historical societies' publications and privately printed material, so that his bibliography and appendix, along with an excellent index, will be of lasting value.

A further contribution to the background of the siege, which is not itself taken up until halfway through the book, is some delightful material on the happenings in the French Fleet under the exceedingly Gallic Admiral De-

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Grasse—without whose cooperation the final victory at Yorktown could hardly have taken place. This aspect of the story has been somewhat neglected in the general preoccupation with what happened when Washington finally took up his position opposite the British entrenchments at Yorktown and began to lob his shells into the town.

Mr. Fleming's own style tempts one constantly to quote; perhaps his paragraph on the morning of October 18th, when the suspension of fire occurred, is as good a sample of it as any:

> At dawn a strange sound came drifting out of the British lines—at first harsh and unfamiliar to French and American ears—but then pleasing, even touching. The Scottish bag-pipers, no doubt from the Seventy-sixth Regiment, were serenading the enemy. Not to be outdone, the Royal Deux-Ponts Regimental Band answered them through the gray stillness. Then the sun rose slowly over the battlefield, revealing an astonishing scene. From one end of the allied lines to the other, the parapets were crowded with men and officers, and on the British side the ramparts were equally full. No one spoke. Both armies simply stared at each other and the silent battlefield, as if they were seeing it for the first time. . . .

Helpful suggestions for his next book are the bane of every author's existence. Nevertheless, Mr. Fleming is hereby urged to sit down at once to the story of Charleston, South Carolina, during the same war.

The Gray and Blue Grass Roots

Two Roads to Sumter, *by William and Bruce Catton (McGraw-Hill. 285 pp. $5.95), seeks the causes of the Civil War by exploring the parallel careers of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. T. Harry Williams, Boyd Professor of History at Louisiana State University, wrote "Lincoln and His Generals."*

By T. HARRY WILLIAMS

THE TWO roads to Sumter began in Kentucky, say Bruce Catton, author of many Civil War books, and his son William, a Princeton professor, who in this collaboration is producing his first book. The roads took their start in two cabins less than a hundred miles apart where Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln were born within less than a year of each other. In the persons of these Kentuckians, in their careers before 1860, the authors claim, can be traced the tragic events that brought the nation to the holocaust of civil conflict. "What follows here," the Cattons write, "is an attempt to show how and why their paths went so far apart . . .; an effort to see where and how their stars became so crossed."

What follows, of course, is another historical venture at trying to explain the causes of the Civil War, something historians have been attempting to do, with scant agreement, for generations. The Cattons ingeniously endeavor to clarify the tangled story by placing it in a personal setting. They realize that the war was too big to be caused by two men or to be explained in the lives of these men. The war came from "the heart," they write. It was the result of "radically diverse understandings of the meaning of the American experiment," understandings that were "built-in" and perhaps could not have been reconciled without a resort to force. Yet in the end the whole business comes back to the two protagonists, the authors argue, and it is with Lincoln and Davis that we must begin if we wish to appreciate just how the war came about.

This notion of getting at the war's causes by examining the parallel careers of its two great leaders is as logical as any. Historians are probably never going to be able to put the terribly complex events of the two decades before Sumter into any kind of accepted synthesis. The story is simply too confused to permit easy analysis, and it has aways been complicated, as it is especially now, by its relation to issues arising out of the war's outcome. Still, as the Cattons say, we always have to try to understand why this central episode in our history occurred. It is too important in that history to be ignored.

In all fairness, it cannot be said that this book makes any major contribution to our knowledge about the war's background or provides any revolutionary explanation of why the conflict came. It is, however, a considerable accomplishment. Within a short space the Cattons supply an intelligent and readable, popular account of the prewar Lincoln and Davis and of the sectional controversy from 1846 to the firing of the guns at Sumter. The merit of the work lies in the perceptive treatment of men and events. For instance, the authors point out that at the end of the Mexican War Davis was at the height

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On preceding pages we have talked about some of the uses of life insurance that may represent opportunity to you—opportunity for strengthening your financial situation.

Opportunity, as it applies to you, may lie in one of these uses or in several. Or it may require a use not touched on here.

We had to start somewhere. So we've given you five examples on preceding pages. If they whet your interest, fine. But we realize that you can fully appreciate the real "opportunity" in life insurance only in terms of your own particular needs.

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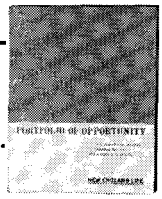

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of his powers, apparently an experienced and rounded statesman. Lincoln, on the other hand, had yet to achieve maturity and self-mastery; he was still an aspiring and essentially a small-time politician. Anybody looking at the two men then would have predicted that the Southerner would have by far the brighter career.

Yet Lincoln already had one quality that Davis would never have, one that would be of vital significance in the Civil War. Lincoln understood thoroughly the art of practical politics, and he loved the game. Davis detested politics and never really learned to live with it. In short, Lincoln understood the masses and hence could lead them. Davis had sprung from the masses but quickly lost his sense of belonging to them. "Call it the common touch, if you will," the authors write, "the elusive, intangible, unfailing contact that Lincoln never lost and Davis never quite had, the one quality, for good or ill, that no successful American leader can ever afford to be without."

Despite their criticism of Davis, the authors hold him in respect as a man. His flaws—the unbending devotion to principle, the inability to yield to another view—were, they shrewdly observe, the product of his plantation culture. In an interesting passage it is argued that Davis was the ablest of the Southern leaders who conceivably could have been selected president. Whereas previous writers have believed that Robert Toombs would have been the ideal choice, the Cattons contend that the Georgian lacked the required balance and poise and was inferior to Davis.

Like all others who have tried to tell us why the war came, the Cattons do not quite succeed in the task. They depict Lincoln and Davis, at least in the early stages, as moderates, but they do not completely explain how these two moderate men were swept up into immoderate actions. Still, the book comes close to capturing the mood of a troubled and critical period, and any reader will find its pages rewarding.

Changing State of the Union

Terrible Swift Sword: Volume II of The Centennial History of the Civil War, *by Bruce Catton (Doubleday. 559 pp. $7.50), takes as its theme the impact of war, which "creates forces of its own," then "goes where they drive it." David Donald is Harry C. Black Professor of American History at Johns Hopkins University.*

By DAVID DONALD

"NOT AGAIN!" I grumbled as I began Bruce Catton's *Terrible Swift Sword*, the second volume in his *The Centennial History of the Civil War*. "What can he say about the fourteen months between First Bull Run and Antietam that he hasn't already said in his trilogy on the Army of the Potomac, in his biography of Grant, in his text to *The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War*, or in *This Hallowed Ground*"? It took about ten pages of Mr. Catton's new book to dispel my doubts and to convince me that this is a fresh, original, and important reconsideration of the turning point in the Civil War.

The central theme of *Terrible Swift Sword* is the impact of war, which "creates forces of its own as it goes along and then itself becomes subject to them and goes where they drive it." To the exclusion of everything not relevant to his thesis, Mr. Catton rigorously adheres to his central purpose of showing that "from the moment of its beginning war contains, cruelly invisible, the shape of its unimaginable end product, much as a block of marble contains a statue before the chisel ever touches it." His book is not, therefore, a comprehensive history of the politics, diplomacy, economics, or social and intellectual life of either the Union or the Confederacy, though all these matters are touched upon. Nor, though it deals extensively with campaigns, is it a close, technical study of the military history of the war; Mr. Catton does not give a detailed account of orders, troop movements, and battles in the fashion of Douglas S. Freeman or Kenneth P. Williams. Finally, though Mr. Catton includes here a few passages describing the confusion of battle, this is not another impressionistic evocation of how it felt to be a soldier.

Instead, Mr. Catton is concerned with tracing how the war, so carelessly started, changed its nature and compelled both the Union and the Confederacy to take fresh and curiously parallel paths. The new technology of railroads, riverboats, and rifles meant that new tactics had to be devised, "and the generals were going to have

(*Continued on page* 92)

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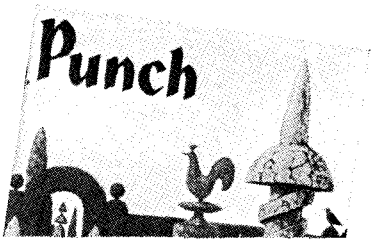

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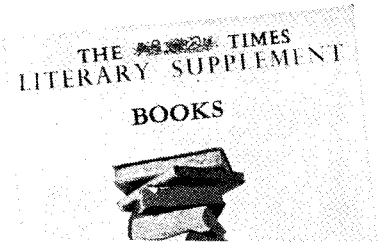

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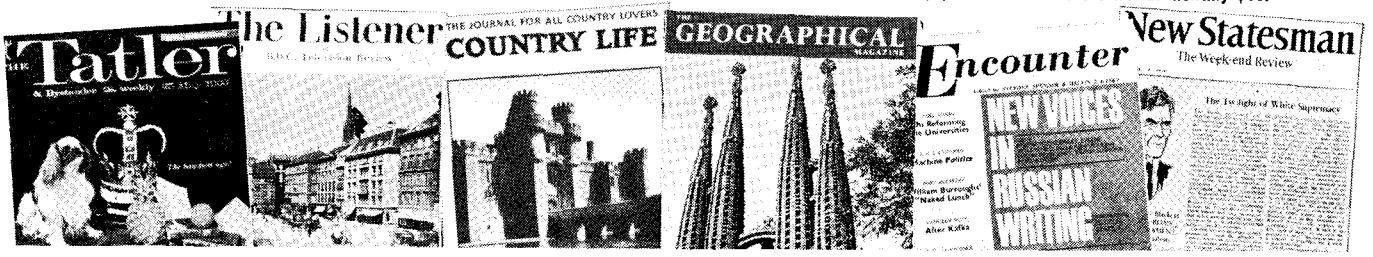

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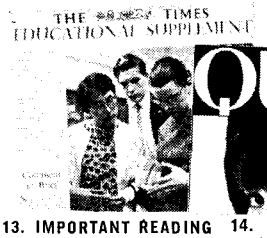

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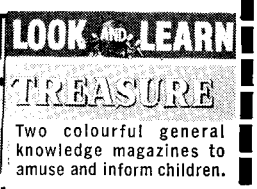

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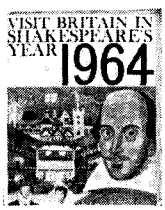
The *variety* of celebrations is astonishing. Towns in England, Scotland, Wales and northern Ireland are putting on special plays or festivals. You could tour Britain for ten days and discover a *special event every day*. Here are just a few.

"Othello" with Olivier

In London, Sir Laurence Olivier will play *Othello* with the new National Theatre Company. From May through July, you can see *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* on an Elizabethan stage in the Mermaid Theatre by the River Thames.

And on summer evenings, the glades of Regent's Park will ring with alarums and excursions from *Henry V*.

Even London's music will have a Shakespearean lilt. The Covent Garden Opera Company is presenting Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Verdi's *Macbeth*, *Otello* and *Falstaff*.



Outside of London, you can enjoy *Richard II* at the Shakespeare Festival in Lincoln. See *Richard III* or *Antony and Cleopatra* in Bristol. And watch folk dancers "foot it featly" in Elizabethan villages.

Seven-month season at Stratford

But the heart of the celebrations will be Shakespeare's own Stratford. The Season of Plays will run for *seven months*. There will also be a poetry festival at Hall's Croft, home of Shakespeare's daughter; and a Shakespeare Exhibition on the banks of the Avon. This will review the poet's life against a backdrop of Elizabethan art treasures, relics and curiosa.

Look at the opposite page for more dates and facts on what you can see and do in Shakespeare's Year. Then write to one of the addresses below for a free Shakespeare's Year Travel Kit.

Free travel kit

It includes this 16-page illustrated booklet about the celebrations, also gives tips on car rental, sightseeing and prices.

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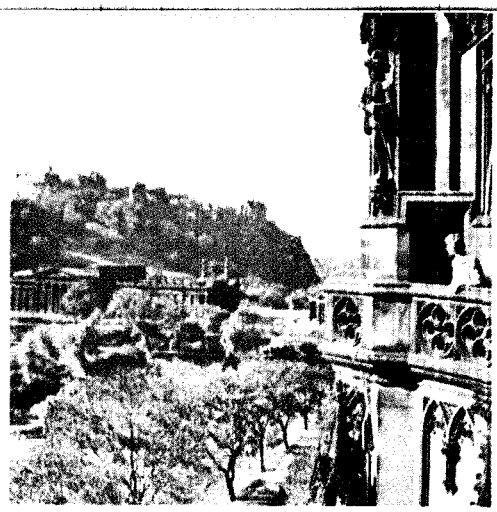
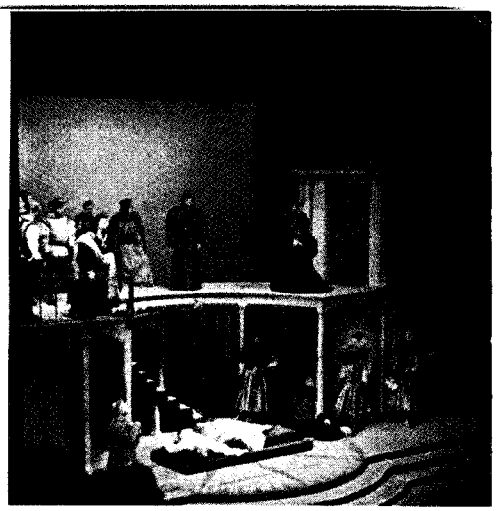
STRATFORD From April 23 through November 23, the Royal Shakespeare Theatre (above) will resound to *Henry V*, *Henry IV* (Parts 1 and 2) and *Richard II*. Seat prices start at 56 cents.

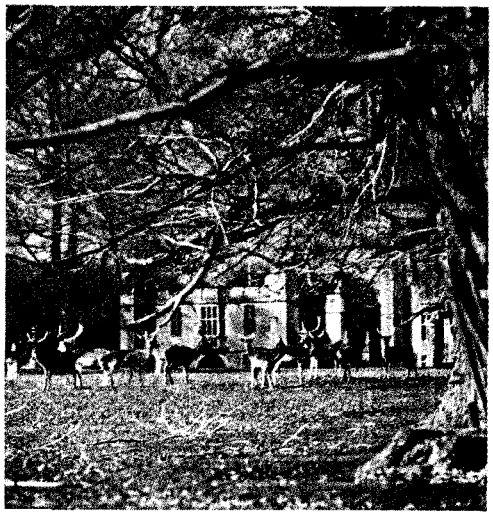


EDINBURGH The Scots are putting on Europe's grandest festival at Edinburgh (Aug. 16-Sept. 5). It's a heady blend of Shakespeare, concerts, ballet—even a floodlit military tattoo.

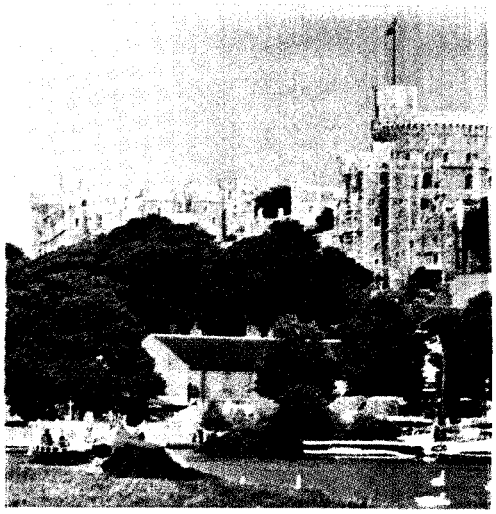


ALL AROUND BRITAIN You can see Shakespeare productions at Lincoln, Cheltenham, Salisbury and Pitlochry. London's Aldwych Theatre will be host to *six* international companies.

WHERE HE COURTED This is Anne Hathaway's cottage, a mile from Stratford. For 84 cents, you can buy a ticket that admits you to the cottage and six other places linked with Shakespeare.



WHERE HE POACHED Legend says that young Shakespeare was arrested for poaching Sir Thomas Lucy's deer in Charlecote Park (above). Admission to house and park is 35 cents.



WHERE HE ACTED Shakespeare and his players performed for Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle (above). You can also visit London's Middle Temple, where he acted in *Twelfth Night*.

RENT A CAR It's the fancy-free way to explore Britain's wiggly lanes and Elizabethan villages. You can rent a four-seater for about $56 a week, insurance, gas and mileage *included*.

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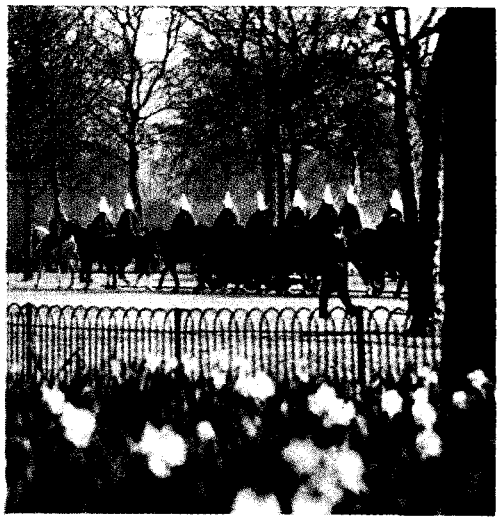

GO IN SPRING You'll be welcomed by flowers and pageantry (above, London in April). And you can catch the opening of Shakespeare's Year while roads and inns are still uncrowded.

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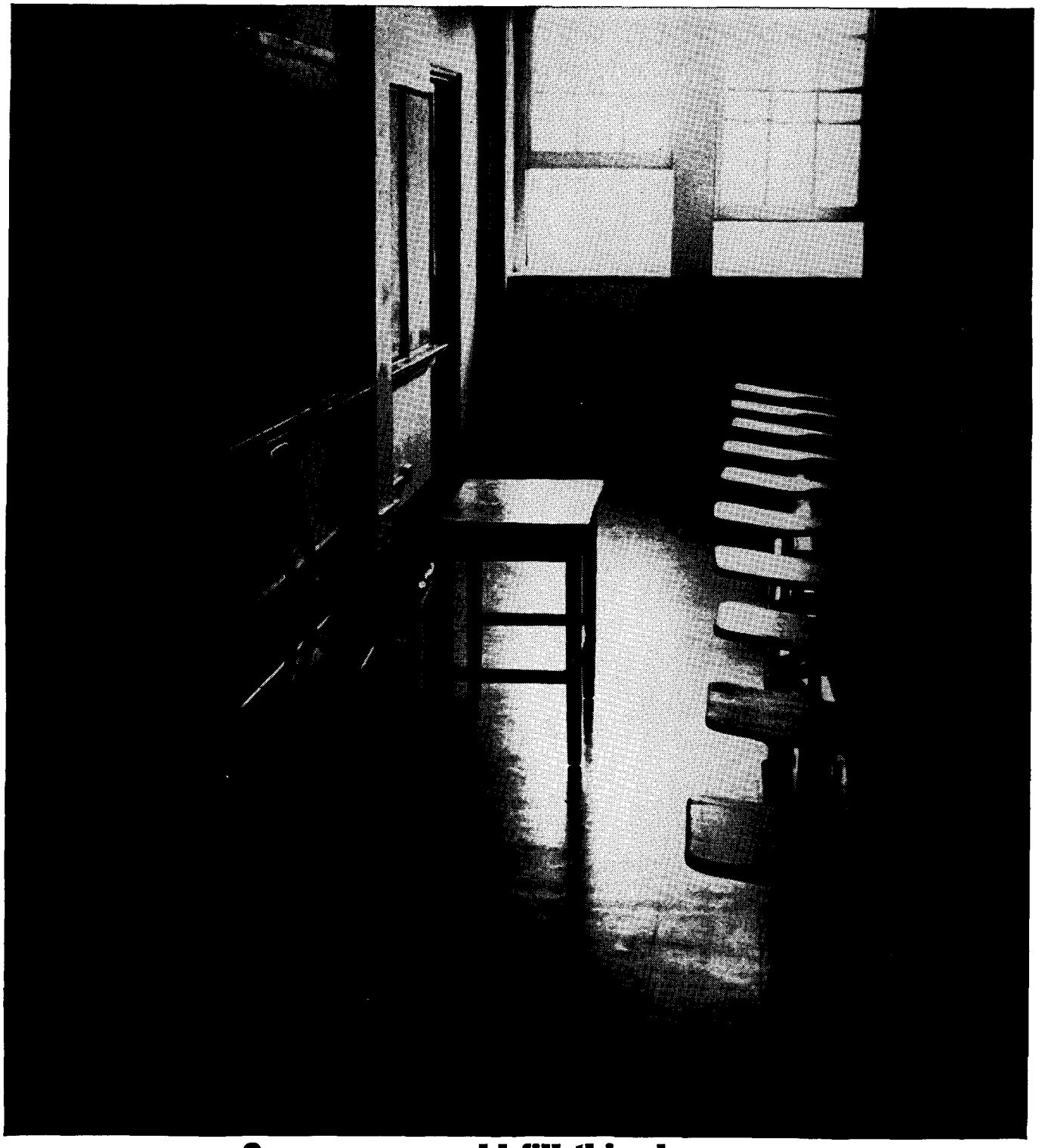

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TV AND RADIO

The News from Telstar II

CBS NEWS'S *Town Meeting of the World* was broadcast twice recently—at an early-morning hour when Telstar II could deliver its live, two-way transatlantic pickup, and the next evening on tape. Critics who viewed the live telecast expressed disappointment with the program's technical failures. There were two breaks in the Rome contact during the hour's conversation, which also involved New York, Princeton, and London. When the failures occurred, Eric Sevareid, the moderator in New York, kept the ball bouncing between Dr. Franklin Clark Fry in Princeton and Bishop Leslie Newbigin in London. The Protestant churchmen joined Laurian Cardinal Rugambwa of Tanganyika and the Reverend Dr. Hans Kung of West Germany in a discussion entitled "The Christian Revolution." Catholic theologians were heard from Rome, where they were attending the Vatican's Ecumenical Council. The unfortunate technical interruptions threw the participants off balance, but Mr. Sevareid handled a difficult situation with aplomb.

Critics were hard on the international television experiment because of the frustrations. Nevertheless, CBS ought to turn the pioneer's obstinate ear and charge full steam ahead with live satellite television across the ocean. The network announced, at the start of the taped repeat broadcast, that the Rome breaks were the fault not of Telstar II but of land-line failures. The latter are common in broadcasting's around-the-clock operation, and while they are momentarily painful to professionals, nobody is greatly disturbed by them.

Moreover, every advance in communication technology goes through its early difficulties and early enchantment with the wonder of it all, and this is no exception. Radio lived through its infant, crystal-set nights, when Philadelphia boys awakened their fathers at 2 A.M. with the excited news that they were hearing Denver. Telstar repeats the syndrome. *Town Meeting of the World* in its first trial last July—and again in the run with the theologians—wasted valuable time with inconsequentials such as "How nice to see you on international television!" The weaknesses of the new-toy approach, however, ought not to obscure the excitement and value of the face-to-face confrontation of speakers on Telstar.

Depth of content is demanded, of course, but the medium's unique contribution to the enjoyment of history lies in its immediacy of event and reaction. It has long been fashionable among people with a literary bias to remark: "It's the message that counts, not the medium." Sometimes, as Marshall McLuhan of the University of Toronto has written, "The medium *is* the message." Live television dialogues among representatives of confronting cultures have meaning and importance for the emerging world community. They reflect, in a dramatic fashion, an expansion of vision in the affairs of nations. Such dialogues will become more important as time goes on. The experimenters ought to benefit by past experience and stabilize their attitudes more quickly as they cross the distance threshold in television. Let them not dwell overlong on the enchantment or the technical difficulties. If the latter occur, they ought not be allowed to defeat the purpose of a program whose content is substantial. Unfortunately for the discussion of "The Christian Revolution," the fault was not essentially in the technicians but in the churchmen.

The first CBS Telstar experiment, last July, sparkled with the passionate advocacy of Jean Monnet, "father of the Common Market," for a broader European community. If the theologians who participated in the recent program are deeply involved in the crisis of their faiths, their discussion failed to communicate vitality to the lay viewer. Their eminences seemed remote from the problems of common men in this world, formal in their seminary jargon, and rather provincial. Dr. Fry's concern for Christian unity seemed unduly weighted with fear of the exploding populations of the non-Christian peoples of Asia and Africa. Christianity is not a Protestant-Catholic coalition against the cross-fertilization of the world's religious visions. The world is melting down traditional theologies. The casting of spokesmen for future international television experiments of this kind poses a problem for the networks. *Town Meeting of the World* is not really New England democracy enlarged. It's a good title symbolizing an insistent, pervasive reaching out for universality. The few actually participate; the many are spectators. The program is not exclusively a platform for discussion; it's also a show. The producers' challenge is to choose spokesmen who have the capacity to project their convictions vividly. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

A group of words that begin and end with *go*, that *go* in the middle and *go* at the sides, has been chosen by Captain James E. Banks, USAF Academy, Colorado, who asks you to supply the missing letters to suit the definitions in the second column. If baffled, go to page 82.

1. G O _ _ _	Nickname of latest American astronaut
2. _ G O _ _	market place in ancient Athens
3. _ _ G O _ _	highly-seasoned dish of meat stewed with vegetables
4. _ _ _ G O _ _ _	running from corner to corner
5. _ _ _ _ _ G O _ _	light garment worn in bed
6. G O _ _ _ _ _	boat seen in Venice
7. G O _ _ _ _ _	intricate knot in classical mythology
8. _ _ _ _ _ _ G O	lively Spanish dance
9. _ _ G O _ _	baseball players' shelter
10. G O _ _ _ _	urged
11. _ _ _ G O _ _ _	chauvinism
12. _ _ _ G O _ _	capital of Burma
13. G O _ _	nonsense creature created by Gelett Burgess
14. _ _ _ G O	baseball hit for outfielders' practice
15. _ _ G O _ _	silky-haired goat
16. _ _ _ G O	wild dog of Australia
17. _ _ _ _ _ G O _ _	dismal-looking
18. _ _ G O _ _	Portuguese colony in southwest Africa
19. G O _ _ _ _	large sea bird; nickname for Douglas DC-3
20. _ _ _ _ G O _ _	previous; past

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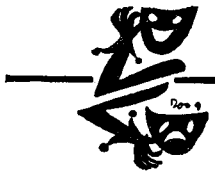


BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Dismemberment of the Wedding

IN PRINCIPLE there is nothing wrong with one playwright setting aside his own personality and attempting to retell another writer's story onstage in a way that places the retention of that writer's quality ahead of dramatic considerations. In order to do just this, in his stage adaptation of Carson McCullers's *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, Edward Albee has relied a great deal on the use of a narrator who speaks Miss McCullers's observations as she wrote them. And he has fashioned brief, unjarring dialogue to make possible the re-enactment of the story's highlights.

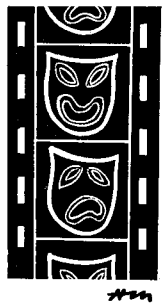
The stage piece begins elegiacally with Ben Edwards's striking setting of a Georgia small-town storefront, and the easy but hypnotically attuned introduction spoken by Roscoe Lee Browne. The mood is further deepened by William Flanagan's melancholy music, and the mysterious opening and closing of the solitary shutter above the barren and deserted store. At this point we are at the right distance from Miss McCullers's story. But now the characters come onstage and we cannot help but be drawn in closer than intended by the actors' personal warmth and preoccupations, which must here and there have more weight and accidental detail than is good for the balance of Miss McCullers's tale. For instance, in the role of the Amazon-like Miss Amelia, Colleen Dewhurst often seems a healthy tomboy, rather than a penurious, grasping, freakish woman. Clearly, all she needs to become a wonderful wife is the love of a husband. And as Marvin Macy, the reformed playboy of the Southern world, Lou Antonio appears to be just the man for her. Miss Dewhurst's disarming, innocent grin as she accepts his awkward proposal with a "Sure" suggests an eminently lovable girl more than it does the unlikely wife of the dialogueless original. For this reason we are later led to conjecture about what could have gone wrong between the newlyweds in the half-hour they spent upstairs together before Miss Amelia angrily descended, never thereafter to sleep in the same room with her husband. Since in print the authoress presented Miss Amelia as a woman absolutely unable to accept the fact of her or anyone else's femininity, the marriage had seemed transparently hopeless from the beginning, and the half-hour was merely confirmation of this. Onstage, however, it has an increased importance, because the half-hour is now not only a suspenseful crisis but also appears to be the sole motive for Miss Amelia's ensuing hatred of Marvin.

Furthermore, when a hunchbacked dwarf succeeds where the handsome Marvin has failed, we again find ourselves curious. On this latter point, Miss McCullers—as the play did not—faced down any such focus of interest by saying: "If these two found some satisfaction of the flesh between themselves it was a matter concerning them and God alone." For it was her intention, as it must have been Mr. Albee's, not to write a clinical case history but to create a poetic legend about the cruel destruction the vagaries of love can unleash.

In fairness to the present production and to Alan Schneider, who staged it, one must concede that this intention is apparent and at many moments achieved. As Cousin Lymon, the dwarf, Michael Dunn appears a mythical figure out of a strange fairy tale. He forbids us to sympathize by playing furious self-centered interest in every scene. And Roberts Blossom as the town lunatic who dementedly blurts out true observations is also most effective. Indeed, it is when the actors are relieved of playing natural responses and can carry on in that demonic world of the supernatural that the proceedings come most effectively to life. The best scene in the play is Mr. Antonio's, as inspiredly and crazily he mixes phrases of love and hate into a letter he is dictating to Miss Amelia.

Unfortunately neither Miss Dewhurst nor William Prince, who plays Marvin's decent brother, have any such opportunity, and even though the fight between Miss Amelia and Marvin is well handled, it doesn't fully escape the embarrassment that almost always attends prolonged physical combat between simulating contestants.

One suspects that *The Ballad of the Sad Café* would be better if it were done



as a film, where audience images can be more precisely controlled, or even as a José Limón dance piece in which the action would move ineluctably from one emotional circumstance to the next. And certainly Mr. Albee could write a better play about the savage revenge of a humiliated husband, which is what the present evening seems predominantly to be.

Nevertheless, this faithful, intelligent, and sensitive adaptation is the most fascinating and evocative piece of work by an American playwright (or perhaps one should say by two American playwrights) this season.

—HENRY HEWES.

"From your books I'd always pictured you as a leprechaun."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Solti's *Don Carlo*—Mozart by Dunn

IT IS a *Don Carlo* season again at the Metropolitan, which means that some of Verdi's most darkly eloquent music is being heard against a background of one of Rolf Gerard's best scenic designs (as well as his first). For all the promise, however, of some new names in the cast, it is one of those unhappy occasions when those who sound well don't look their parts and those who do aren't the vocalists for the music. The sole exception is Robert Merrill, who has a lifetime lease on Posa as long as he retains his 1950 figure (which he does) and his 1960 voice (which he almost does).

There has, clearly, been an effort to retrieve this noble score from the un-Verdian depths to which it fell on its last round of performances here (in 1960-61) under the departed, unlamented Nino Verchi. The first of these has been to put it under the musical direction of the Metropolitan's No. 1 regenerator, Georg Solti. It has thus been upgraded several degrees from the prior mediocrity, but the results still hover fitfully between inadequate and excellent.

For this, Solti himself was not wholly blameless. The line of *Don Carlo*—unlike *Otello* and, in part, *Aïda*—is predominantly a singing line, which must be sustained at all times in the orchestra as well as on the stage. It was an understandable boldness on Solti's part to have the opening horn passages of the prelude stand out as strongly as they did, but a strong passage in Verdi is by no means the same as a strong passage in Wagner. There are vocal values to be considered, and if the orchestra is overstressed, these may be penalized.

Whether this really meant the difference between a good sound from Rita Gorr as Eboli and Raina Kabaivanska as Elisabetta (both new here in these roles), and the prevailingly tense, uncertain one that was heard, might be merely an expression of optimism. Neither voice is, inherently, fully focused, well projected, or consistent through its scale. Miss Gorr does vastly more with hers, because she is a mature artist, well versed in the objectives for which she strives, if not always able to accomplish them. Thus there were pace and dramatic effect in "O don fatale," but also wavering sound and a disquieting mispronunciation of the key words (Italian) that were heard. Miss Kabaivanska supports an unhappy Metropolitan trend in Elisabettas: to be easier on the eye than she is on the ear. Her carriage is good, her figure queenly; but she has only half a dependable voice, in the octave from middle B to the top. It was, perhaps, an unkindness of Verdi to write for a whole voice, for one that has more of a potential for caressing his line with a seductive sound than Miss Kabaivanska's has yet displayed. At the rate at which she is being asked to perform parts beyond her capacity, there is a good chance that Miss Kabaivanska will join a growing list of Metropolitan rejects for reasons of misuse as much as of limited ability.

The performance found its most sustained level of quality in the magnificent first scene of Act III, in which Jerome Hines as King Philip put to good use the vocal power he had been holding in reserve previously (it was not a good evening, generally, for Hines), Paul Schöffler made a striking picture of the Grand Inquisitor and declaimed effectively, if hardly singing, the music of his part, and Gorr made a summary if not a climax with her "O don fatale." Here, too, Solti shaped the orchestral background to excellent effect throughout.

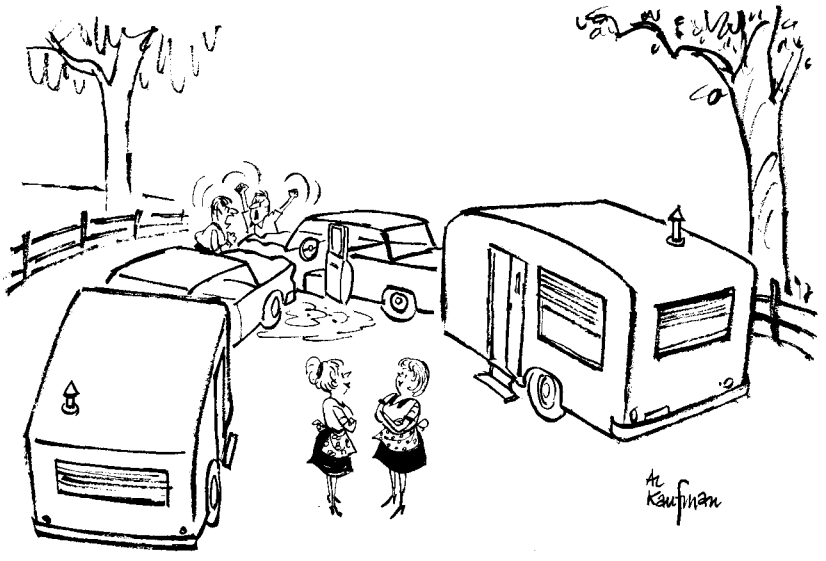
Elsewhere, the plusses of Richard Tucker's beautiful articulation of Don Carlo's eloquent vocal line were offset by the minuses of his absurb pantomime. He was never intended by nature to be a regal or romantic figure, and one cherished him more when he did what comes naturally to him—that is, to sing superbly and let who will be dramatically clever. In these years in which he has discovered "motivation," his dramatic mannerisms have become increasingly tiresome. When a real test of dramatic projection presented itself—in the rebellious defiance of his father (the King) at the end of Act II—he seemed uncertain whether to lunge, parry, thrust, or just freeze.

There was an off-stage debut by Junetta Jones, an Auditions winner, who made the Celestial Voice of the *auto-da-fé* scene an interlude of radiant sound (when it could be heard, for she was badly placed in the wings) and another opportunity for Justino Diaz to show the vocal stuff from which friars and Fathers, high priests and low villains are made. Those who are seeing Gerard's *Don Carlo* for the first time and admiring its architectural excellence should not suppose that the color combinations of the costumes are also his original choices. They were, in 1950, richer and more tastefully combined—especially for the women—than they are today.

In the emergency created by Nicolai Gedda's departure for Sweden to be near his ailing father, the appearance of George Shirley as his replacement in the second *Manon* was left unreported. But even with this amount of exposure to bolster him, his announced choice as the Des Grieux of the third *Manon* left no doubt that such casting is a complete and thoroughgoing disservice to Massenet, to the public that pays Metropolitan prices for its tickets, and to Shirley himself.

His is not, in the first instance, a voice with the size or the suavity to make a proper effect in such a role in a theatre of the Metropolitan's size. He has, more-

(*Continued on page* 93)



"First I take two pounds of veal . . . some bread crumbs . . . an onion . . ."

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NEW FACES IN FOLK MUSIC

DURING the 1920s and 1930s, the halycon days of folk, blues, and gospel recording, companies actively sought talent and recorded freely and prolifically. The results in most cases were uniform; there was a comparatively small percentage of outstanding artists, a high degree of mediocrity, and a lesser degree of pedestrian efforts. Today, thirty or more years later, there has been a twofold result of the recordings made so many years ago. In the first place, the legacy handed down by the artists of this bygone era has become a textbook and guideline for the artists currently active in the same or related fields. Secondly, the recording activities of today's companies not only equal or rival past efforts but in many instances, most notably the folk and gospel fields, have far surpassed even the wildest expectations of recording company executives.

Because of the plethora of present-day recording companies, wider reaches of talent, of varying qualities and degrees, have been afforded opportunities that were denied artists in previous years. Today, in strikingly similar fashion, the results have mirrored the period 1920-40 in the musical and creative qualities involved in the various performances. This writing is devoted to some of the individuals responsible for the recorded results.

The Prestige Record Co., through its Bluesville line, has not only recorded artists of established reputation (Lightnin' Hopkins, Big Joe Williams, Rev. Gary Davis, Lonnie Johnson, etc.) but has brought delight to the heart of the collector as a result of its activities in the area of "new faces." In most instances the recordings have been made in the native surroundings of the artist; Memphis, Tennessee, New Orleans, Louisiana, and Clarksdale, Mississippi, are but a few of the represented areas. The two men representative of the famous Clarksdale "delta" area are Robert Curtis Smith (*Clarksdale Blues*, BV 1064) and the singing barber, Wade Walton (*Shake 'Em on Down*, VB 1060).

While neither of these young (mid-thirties) men is in a class with other great artists from the same locale (Robert Johnson, Charlie Patton, Elmo James, John Lee Hooker), they are nevertheless representative of the poetic and emotional forms employed by past singers from the region. Walton, who is not quite as dynamic as Smith, has an awareness of the musical traditions of the "delta" which is borne out by his choice of material. "Forty-Four," "Kansas City Blues," "Rock Me Mama," and the title song are all items generally associated with the Clarksdale area. His guitar playing accompanies his vocal renditions, and he is outstanding with his partially sung, partially narrated autobiographical piece, "Parchman Farm." His strongest point, however, is his plaintive, evocative harmonica playing. Smith, a farm hand and laborer, and the father of eight children, shows unusual poetic creativity and exhibits a guitar style gleaned from the prevailing styles of the area. His blues ballad devoted to the present-day evils of Mississippi farm life, "Council Spur Blues," is a detailed piece of subtlety, touching yet mockingly leering at the same time. "Rock Me Mama," Memphis Minnie's "See My Chauffeur" ("Me and My Chauffeur"), and "I Feel So Good," the latter generally associated with the late Big Bill Broonzy, are among the tracks included.

Smokey Babe (*Hottest Brand Goin'*, BV 1063) originally from the Mississippi "delta" area and now living in Louisiana, is a vigorous, energetic artist in his early thirties whose forcefulness and use of dynamics clearly manifest themselves in this recording. His guitar style is a brilliant, blues-for-dancing one and exults in the original purpose of the country musician—dance music. The album title, a singing "commercial" extoling the virtues of "Royal Gasoline," his employer, and the service station at which he is employed, is a wry and topical comment concerning the everyday activities of the artist. The tone is an unusually fine example of a "happy blues." A boll-weevil ballad, "Insect Blues," a train piece, "Locomotive Blues," and an example of the almost extinct bottleneck technique, "Ocean Blues," are but a few of the happy sounds contained in this notable release. Pete Franklin (*Guitar Pete's Blues*, BV 1068), thirty-six years old and from Indianapolis, Indiana, has a guitar style strongly reminiscent of Leroy Carr's great partner, the recently deceased Scrapper Blackwell, and a crisp barrelhouse-blues piano style. Although somewhat imitative in both areas, he is possessed of a number of fine qualities. His piano and vocal stylings on expatriate Curtis Jones's "Lonesome Bedroom Blues" and his guitar work on Carr's "Prison Bound" are particularly illuminating and hopeful efforts. For the most part his program consists of material from the repertoires of other artists—Carr, Blackwell, Dr. Clayton, Joe Pullum, and Tampa Red.

Blind Snooks Eaglin (*That's All Right*, BV 1046), twenty-six years old and from New Orleans, has suffered his affliction from birth and plays both six- and twelve-string guitars in a rhythmically exciting manner. His musical approach has been shaped primarily by two sources—phonograph records and the radio. His voice is a hoarse, grainy one and he has unusual aptitude for taking diverse material and developing it into intensely personal statements. Eaglin's outstanding quality is the "rock-solid" beat with which he always accompanies himself. Ray Charles's "I Got a Woman," and Tommy McClennan's classic "Bottle Up and Go" and "Fly Right Baby," are typical of his material.

Doug Quattlebaum (*Softee Man Blues*, BV 1065) was discovered in Philadelphia working on an ice cream truck, peddling his wares and using his talents as a blues artist to advertise his presence in the neighborhood. While not an artist of major status, Quattlebaum, who performs with an old steel-bodied National guitar, is a fine example of stylistic shaping by urban, rural, and gospel forces. His emotional performances, musical approach, and verbal intonation belie the fact that he is a youthful thirty-five years of age. Performing in this older, classic tradition, he is further evidence that in the last analysis the blues although dying, are "goin' down slow." Memphis Willie B. (*Hard Working Man Blues*, BV 1048) is by far the oldest of all of the "new faces" discussed here. A volatile individual in his fifties, he is one of a score of fine artists who have somehow remained unknown and previously unrecorded. Performing in a style typical of others who have come out of the Memphis area, he is equally adept, instrumentally, at both mouth harp and guitar. His singing has much to recommend itself and his talent for evincing intense emotional experiences is masterfully fulfilled. He recently appeared in concert in New York with

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two legendary Memphis artists, Furry Lewis and Gus Cannon, and performed in a talented and vigorous manner that left little doubt that he is an artist of major stature who has not deserved his hitherto experienced anonymity. The twelve selections presented are all original compositions.

American traditional music has enjoyed the greatest rise in the renewed recording efforts of the many active companies. An increased interest in mountain and country music, especially in urban areas, which has directly contributed to the rise of the so-called city-billy, has unearthed a number of artists of major stature. Probably the most important and talented "discovery" is "Doc" Watson. Watson, from Deep Gap, North Carolina, performs with incredible virtuosity on guitar, mandolin, five-string banjo, autoharp, and harmonica. Blind from birth, he sings in a typically countrified way and his guitar technique is truly dazzling in both flat-pick and finger-picking styles. He has, of late, become a sort of demigod among aficionados of mountain music due to extensive personal appearances and concerts. Presented with *The Watson Family* (Folkways FA 2366), he is an exciting and stimulating new talent. "The Train that Carried My Girl from Town" is extraordinarily well conceived and exhibits only a few of his many facets. Continuing in the mountain tradition, *The Music of Roscoe Holcomb and Wade Ward* (Folkways FA 2363) presents two men who have been performing in the style for many years. The former, a native of Daisy, Kentucky, who plays five-string banjo and fine blues guitar, is about as good a recorded example as is available to illustrate the raw beauty present in this neglected art form. He is a superb document. Ward is from Independence, Virginia, and plays both fiddle and five-string banjo in the manner synonomous with "old-time music." He does not sing, but his instrumental proficiency is so staggering that it more than makes up for the lack of vocalizing. The Dillards (*Back Porch Bluegrass*, Elektra EKL-232) are a foursome from Salem, Missouri, and include the two Dillard brothers, Douglas and Rodney, Dean Webb, and Mitchell Jayne. Although this is their first recorded effort, it easily establishes them in a class with the best of such units currently active. A recent New York appearance visually corroborated this, with the banjo playing of brother Doug attaining star status with his near-flawless technique. The group demonstrates drive and intensity that are at times overwhelming. Their interpretations of traditional material ("Ground Hog," "Reuben's Train," and Grandpa Jones' "Rainin' Here this

Mark Spoelstra—"a musical rarity."

Morning!") and many originals ("Deulin' Banjo," "Cold Trailin'," and "Banjo in the Hollow") will delight all aficionados of this highly percussive, powerhouse type of mountain music. They are a professional group, totally refreshing and assuredly destined to make their impact felt on the current musical scene. Mark Spoelstra (*The Songs Of . . .*, Folkways FA 2444) is a Californian in his early twenties who plays twelve-string guitar and who has absorbed the style of the early ragtime and country blues guitarists. In many ways he is a musical rarity, especially since he is one of the few young artists actively attacking the twelve-stringer who does not show the overpowering influence of the "King of the Twelve-String Guitar," Huddie Ledbetter. Spoelstra's style is much more blues-oriented than is usually the case with the instrument. An infectious melodic attack, an excellent blues-intoned vocal style, and sharply defined solo runs all contribute to the debut recording of this promising youngster. "Stranger's Blues," an amalgum of various blues verses, "Buckcer's Choice No. 2" and "The Times I've Had," two instrumental solos, and the traditional "Corinna" are the high points of Spoelstra's achievements.

Among women singers, there have been an unusually large number who uncomfortably follow the same musical pattern, consistently lacking in imagination and originality. One young lady who definitely does not fall within the aforementioned category is Carolyn Hester (Columbia Stereo CS 8596, Mono CL 1796) from Texas, who sings as well as she looks. Though this particular recording does not transmit her talents to their fullest extent, it does serve notice of things to come. Judy Henske (Elektra EKL-231), a charter member of Dave Guard's ill-fated "Whiskeyhill Singers," is a singer-commedienne making her solo debut with this album. Regardless of how one feels about the extent of her talent, she is anything but dull. Her choice of material is varied and contains a number of unusual and interesting items; "Ballad of Little Romy" and "Hooka Tooka" are two of them. Lynn Gold (Warner Bros. W 1495), a sensitive soprano who is well traveled in the folk "coffeehouse" circuit, shows great promise and a talent deserving of greater exposure. With a lyrical voice and an unobtrusive guitar style, she stands head and shoulders above many less deserving but better known artists. Plaintive ballads are most certainly not mistreated by Miss Gold; the tender "Melora Ballad" alone is enough to recommend this effort. Dennis and Rogers (. . . *Sing Folk Hits of the 60's*, Crescendo GNP 88), a husband-and-wife team from England, treat a group of contemporary favorites, none of them in particularly outstanding fashion, the up-tempo numbers having a slight edge in quality over the ballads. Shelby Flint (. . . *Sings Folk*, Valiant 403) is a young lady who best typifies the style and technique employed by most such folk artists; lyrical, almost breathless presentations of standard-fare ballads. Unfortunately, these performances are marred by an aspirated sound that greatly detracts from what might otherwise have been a successful program.

The foregoing has been just a sampling of the vast field of new faces and recordings. It is quite possible that tomorrow's "giants" will be produced as a direct result of this renewed interest in American music.

—Lawrence Cohn.

Pre-Christmas Recordings

November 30—Full Recordings Section (Accent on Opera)

December 7—News and Reviews

December 14—Mid-Month Recordings (with annual Critics' Poll)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Milt Buckner: *The New World of Milt Buckner*. Buckner, organ; Gene Redd, vibes; Bill Willis, bass; Phil Paul, drums. Bethlehem BCP 6072, mono and stereo, $4.98.	One of the best-equipped of the jazz organists, Buckner has been playing the "feared" instrument longer than most. Of the ten performances here—all musicianly and well arranged—half are sedate versions of popular successes, the others vigorous interpretations of blues and jazz material. Gene Redd, an accomplished musician, makes a welcome appearance on vibes, welcome not only as a change from the customary tenor saxophone. For sampling, try "Why Don't You Do Right?," "Take Five," and the translation of Miles Davis's "All Blues."
Herb Ellis and Stuff Smith: *Together!* Ellis, guitar; Smith, violin and vocal; Bob Enevoldsen, tenor saxophone and valve trombone; Lou Levy, piano; Al McKibbon, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Epic 16039, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Stuff Smith is a major jazz artist who, neglected by the record companies, has long languished on the West Coast. Returned here thanks to John Hammond, he plays with the intense drive and marvelous vitality that have always made his music so enjoyably distinctive. His two Armstrong-like vocals suggest the desirability of a meeting with Ray Nance, who sings similarly and is his only real rival on jazz violin. Herb Ellis, a refreshing soloist, contributes a warm, appropriate accompaniment, while Al McKibbon's bass foundation is outstanding in its richness, assurance, and swing.
Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie: *Ella and Basie!* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal; Count Basie, piano, organ, and leader, with his orchestra. Verve V6-4061, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Ella Fitzgerald was clearly exhilarated by the occasion, the swinging beat of Count Basie and his men, the songs, and the wholly appropriate arrangements of Quincy Jones. The record presents a uniquely felicitous grouping of jazz talent, and also proves that Basie's is the ideal accompanying unit for the singer. It is not just a matter of restoring Ella to her rightful milieu, for this band does more for her than even Chick Webb's, with which, incidentally, she also sang "My Last Affair" years ago. The modesty and sensitivity of Basie's own piano and organ playing are an inspiration in themselves, and the band and soloists rise to the occasion splendidly. No one, surely, will dispute, after hearing this record, that Miss Fitzgerald is a jazz singer, especially after hearing the incredible "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall." The record, unreservedly recommended, is unlikely to be topped for swinging happiness this year.
Frank Foster: *Basie Is Our Boss*. Foster, tenor saxophone; Al Aarons, trumpet; Eric Dixon, flute and tenor saxophone; John Young, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Phil Thomas, drums. Argo 717, mono and stereo. $4.98.	Four of Basie's men, with a couple of Chicago residents added on piano and drums, turn in six somewhat routine performances here. Foster furnished two originals ("Vested Interest" and "May We"), the scoring, and the energetic, hard-toned tenor solos, which in several instances show a decided Coltrane influence. The flute solos are by Eric Dixon, not Frank Wess, and young Al Aarons plays confident trumpet with a good brassy sound. John Young, in Basie's place, is a competent substitute, but he wisely attempts no imitation.
Grant Green: *Feelin' the Spirit*. Green, guitar; Herbie Hancock, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Garvin Masseaux, tambourine. Blue Note 4132, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This unusual set of five spirituals played by "modern" jazz musicians begins with the old New Orleans favorite, "Just a Closer Walk with Thee," which is redefined with a not unattractive beat. Green's limpid tone and singing lines are well suited to the songs, for whose melodies he reveals a considerable and persistent affection. His and pianist Hancock's improvisations emerge tastefully from the melodic context, and they are a good deal more inventive than is apparent at first hearing. Except for the brisk version of "Go Down Moses" and one or two unduly repetitive interludes, a pleasant, reflective atmosphere prevails.
Earl Hines: *Earl "Fatha" Hines*. Hines, piano, accompanied by big band directed by Ralph Carmichael. Capitol T 1971, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	"Idolized beyond all others in American music" by Stan Kenton, Earl Hines exercised a great influence upon the piano playing of Nat Cole, who regards him as "the Louis Armstrong of the piano players." These liner endorsements do him belated justice, and Capitol is to be congratulated on bringing him back into the limelight. Unfortunately the mock-Basie arrangements by Ralph Carmichael and the competent but characterless playing of a West Coast big band are not at all inspiring. In addition, tempos and treatment often suggest a deliberate attempt at popularization, but there are passages on numbers like "Little Girl," "Rosetta," and "Deep Forest" that reveal a great artist and an undiminished talent.
Sonny Rollins and Coleman Hawkins: *Sonny Meets Hawk!* Rollins, tenor saxophone; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Paul Bley, piano; Henry Grimes or Bob Cranshaw, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums. RCA-Victor LPM 2712, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Mutual respect between the two saxophonists is musically manifest throughout the album. Rollins has, in effect, built an extension on the parent style of Hawkins. He has also extended the workable range of his instrument. Some of his high notes are hard on the ear, but his playing in the lower register often sounds like, and is moving in the same way as, bowed bass. His brusquely tongued notes recall saxophonists of the early Twenties, but they are used, not illogically, for emphasis in attack. Hawkins appears to have been stimulated by the encounter. He plays beautifully and the more rhapsodically. Identification is no problem, but stereo makes possible a reduction of Rollins's rather overpowering volume when desired.
Jimmy Smith: *Any Number Can Win*. Smith, organ, with big band and trio. Verve V6-8552. Kenny Burrell and Jimmy Smith: *Blue Bash!* Burrell, guitar; Smith, organ; Vince Gambella, guitar; Milt Hinton and George Duvivier, bass; Bill English or Mel Lewis, drums; Art Marotti, percussion. Verve V6-8553, each $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Given the resources of the Hammond organ, the addition of a large band as on the first record may seem an extravagance, yet just how exciting the combination can be is handsomely shown on "G'won Train" and "Blues for C.A.," both arranged by Billy Byers. Guitarist Kenny Burrell gives Smith sensitive support on each album, but in the quartet context of "Blue Bash" and two titles on V6-8552 his lucid, understated commentary is particularly appealing. The individual style that Smith has developed is hornlike, full of blues sounds and phrases, and extremely positive in its rhythm. He uses it with more and more finesse.
T-Bone Walker: *T-Bone Walker*. Walker, vocal and guitar, with accompaniment by small jazz groups. Capitol T 1958, mono only, $3.98.	The customary division of blues into country and urban categories leaves undefined the position of heavily jazz-influenced singers like T-Bone Walker and Joe Turner. This excellent collection from the Forties, made with small bands which included Bumps Myers (tenor saxophone) and Karl George (trumpet), exhibits Walker at his best—a convincing, versatile singer and a dramatically exciting player of the electric guitar. The single-note runs and tolling chords on the slow "West Side Baby," for instance, complement his singing to perfection. Material and tempos are well varied, but he is always in command. The extremely infectious character of the shuffle rhythm on the opening and closing tracks is in large part due to the thrust of his guitar. It is interesting to recall that twenty years ago records like these figured prominently on the trade's popularity charts. —STANLEY DANCE.

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The Ellington Era

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

THE NEW three-LP set from Columbia, *The Ellington Era, 1927-1940,* is the first volume of a promised series of two, the second to be ready in about a year and to cover the same period. It is also the first extensive retrospective that this major artist has had on records in the United States.

Duke Ellington made his first recordings in 1924, and on the surface they make him seem a jazz musician on the wrong track, even in danger of derailment—or perhaps no jazz musician at all. They are stiff and jerky rhythmically, and they abound with the superficial jazziness, the *do-wacka-do* and *voe-de-oh-doe,* of the period. But under the surface, Ellington showed in "Rainy Nights" that he had gone to the right source to learn what was then known about orchestrated jazz, to Don Redman and specifically to his score for Fletcher Henderson called "Naughty Man." (I am indebted to John S. Lewis for pointing this out.) And we note that on "Choo Choo" Duke Ellington had produced an interestingly structured piece of his own. He also had several promising instrumentalists, particularly trumpeter Bubber Miley. It was Miley, as the passionate soloist and the introducer of strong, folk-derived themes, who seems to have affirmed for Ellington his calling as a jazz musician.

The Columbia set begins with the first important Ellington-Miley collaboration, "East St. Louis Toodle-Oo" (pronounced, by the way, *toadlow*). It is still an impressive performance but Miley's anguished wa-wa horn dominates it, and Miley also dominates the second important joint work, "Black and Tan Fantasy." Ellington's orchestral effects and secondary themes seem weak and perhaps affected by comparison. But paradoxically their very sophistication held the most promise for the leader's development. And before he was through, Ellington proved that his own ideas could be assimilated and transmuted so as to become not only appropriate to the idiom of instrumental blues and jazz, but authentically extend its range almost immeasurably.

Ellington became the great composer-orchestrator of jazz, the great leader of a large ensemble, the master of form in jazz and the great synthesizer of all its elements. But to achieve those things, he had to take the idiom that Miley represented, take what he had learned from Redman and Henderson, take his own innate urbanity, and start all over again, with a completely new approach to big-band jazz.

Redman and Henderson had converted the dance band with its reed, brass, and rhythm sections into a jazz band by using jazz effects and themes, and employing improvised solos by jazz musicians. The turning point for Ellington came when he was hired by a new nightclub—an uptown spot offering lurid stage shows and what was then called "jungle music" mostly for "slumming" white patrons, a place called the Cotton Club. He found himself, then, having also to do the work of a show band or a pit band, and because he faced that fact squarely, he rediscovered orchestral jazz in the most brilliant and durable style of all.

He became a superb jazz orchestrator—he was already destined to become an excellent writer of themes—and he learned his craft, like any good popular artist, from anything and everything that crossed his path. He learned from his own accomplished post-ragtime, "stride" piano. The style is orchestral; it imitates a band. If we compare, say, the 1928 piano version of "Black Beauty" with his orchestration, we can hear him virtually assigning the piece, finger by finger, off the keyboard to his horns and reeds. He also learned from the "light classics," Broadway scoring, radio studio orchestras. And he learned from his own orchestra, individually and collectively.

THE orchestra is, as has been said, Ellington's real instrument, and he has worked with it as the great playwrights have worked with their companies of actors, as the great choreographers have worked with their own troupes of dancers, as the great European composers have worked for specific instrumentalists or singers, each learning from the other. Ellington's became a truly collaborative art among leader, soloist, and group. It is a high tribute to him that the careers of his sidemen have sometimes been less illustrious after they have left him. All the great Ellington works depend on a superb relationship between soloist and group, between what is written (or perhaps merely memorized) and what is improvised, between the individual part and the total effect. A great Ellington performance is, therefore, not a series of sometimes brilliant episodes, but a whole, greater than the sum of its parts. He learned how to discipline improvisation and how to extend orchestration—to the enhancement of both.

Ellington (circa 1935)—"high achievements."

Ellington did take early lessons in scoring from his keyboard style, but he soon was to rid his writing of specifically pianistic aspects and wrote more directly for the resources of the horns themselves. He also was to free his work of a dependence on ragtime and its rather static and abrupt rhythm and phrasing. For example "Rockin' in Rhythm," an early success still in the Ellington books, has the pulse of ragtime piano shaping its movement. New, more flexible and mobile ideas of rhythm and phrasing were Louis Armstrong's crucial and pervasive contribution to the music, of course, and one can hear an Armstrong-inspired propulsion already beginning to burst through in the 1930 performance of "Old Man Blues," specifically in Cootie Williams's marvelously agile trumpet solo.

Two years later came a rhythmic turning point in "It Don't Mean a Thing," with its prophetic subtitle, "If It Ain't Got That Swing." The piece was obviously conceived as an instrumental although it was first recorded with a vocal by Ivie Anderson, taking over (it seems clear) part of the passage first designed for Johnny Hodges's alto. Thus, "It Don't Mean a Thing" is an orchestral and not a pianistic piece, and it is written with the new swing phrasing throughout.

Sometimes overbusy and ragtime phrasing does reappear, particularly in "Tiger Rag" variants like "Slippery

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Horn," "Bragging in Brass," or "The Flaming Sword." These are usually brilliantly executed show pieces, but they are always in some sense melodic and rhythmic museum pieces as well. But by 1937 and "Harmony in Harlem," it is clear that a collective and flexible swing was becoming almost second nature for the Ellington orchestra. One's only reservation, ironically, is drummer Sonny Greer, whose playing fits excellently with the older or the regressive style.

Excellent orchestration is also almost second nature, and there are swirling colors on "Merry-Go-Round" and brooding sonorities on "The Saddest Tale" that might in themselves attest to Ellington's pre-eminence.

What is still imperfect is a just employment of the leader's melodic sophistication, particularly in the blues idiom. Thus, "Bundle of Blues," in 1933, brilliantly juxtaposes Cootie Williams's resiliant growls and blues-feeling against responses from the orchestra. But Ellington then offers a secondary theme that is still a little too chic, a little too sentimental. Similarly, "Echoes of Harlem," with an Ellington interlude for saxes that takes on very different life in Williams's earthy trumpet paraphrases later in the performance.

A truly balanced assimilation of Ellington's suaveness first occurs on "Blue Light," I think, done in late 1938. To achieve it, he cut back to a very small group, rhythm and two soloists, with his piano introducing, organizing, commenting, and offering a contribution and summary of its own at the end. Barney Bigard's liquid clarinet theme is so fragile it seems to be embellishments on a single low note. Then Lawrence Brown's trombone with a robust and beautiful second melody. Then Ellington. "Blue Light" is a continuously developing whole, nothing extrinsic, all parts in balance. Following it, "Slap Happy" by the full orchestra and from the same record date, or "Portrait of the Lion" from a month later, are similarly cohesive and lack only first-rate melodic material to rank with the very best Ellington. Thus, Ellington was prepared for the great works that followed, beginning in 1940: "Blue Serge," "Ko-Ko," "Concerto for Cootie," "Sepia Panorama." And for the shining satellites that gather around their brilliance: "Harlem Air Shaft," "Rumpus in Richmond," "In a Mellowtone," "Across the Track Blues," "Jack the Bear," "Portrait of Bert Williams," "Main Stem," and the rest.

I have said little here about Ellington the popular composer of melodies like "Mood Indigo" or "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," but both are worth comment in our context. "Mood Indigo" brilliantly cuts across the compartmentalized sections (trumpets, trombones, saxophones, rhythm) of the swing band, being touchingly scored for trumpet, trombone, and clarinet—a succinct example of how Ellington reinterpreted the resources of the jazz orchestra. "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," on the other hand, is one of several examples of an Ellington theme that was conceived instrumentally and had to be revised, and revised downward, when it was turned into a popular song.

Nor have I said anything about Ellington's extended works. The two-part "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" from 1937 is included in the Columbia set (and like several other selections presented annoyingly out of order, being placed after some 1938 selections, which are themselves out of order). It is a very interesting piece, but the fact that it has lately been converted into an up-tempo crowd-pleaser for tenor saxophonist Paul Gonzalves is perhaps some kind of comment on its ultimate merit.

Nor have I said enough about the individual soloists except in passing. I have not mentioned Joe "Tricky Sam" Nanton's gutteral trombone counterpart to Miley's and Williams's growl trumpet; nor Rex Stewart's enticing discoveries about his cornet; nor baritone saxophonist Harry Carney, without whose sound and drive Ellington would not be Ellington.

I have proposed 1938 to 1942 as the peak years for Ellington. But I have also spoken of Ellington as a major artist, one of the few men in jazz history truly deserving of that title. And an artist's accomplishments spread themselves before and beyond their peak. So one looks to almost any period of his career and finds high achievements. And Ellington is above all a supreme *popular* artist. If mambos are now in demand, he may play some mambos; if limbos are popular, he may do limbos; if a program of popular dance band ballads interests him, he will do one. And he will do them all with integrity and sometimes with brilliance. He can meet an audience on its own level and, more often than not, transport it up to his.

Charlie Parker's genius had its roots in such popular music as Ellington's, but his audience was inevitably smaller and it took diluting popularizers to spread his ideas. Thelonious Monk took fifteen years to find any audience at all. Ornette Coleman's audience is so far largely confined to the poets, painters, and musicians who (like Coleman himself) will be called on to answer for American prestige, not now but fifteen years from now.

Ellington's audience still has at its core couples who danced to his "Sophisticated Lady" on their honeymoons. And he may in that sense be the last great popular artist that jazz will ever have.

Discography

The earliest Ellington, including "Choo-Choo" and "Rainy Nights," can be heard on Riverside 12-129.

Columbia's "Ellington Era" has forty-eight selections, including "East St. Louis Toodle-Oo," "Black and Tan Fantasy" (with Jabbo Smith taking Miley's part), "Hot and Bothered," "Rockin' in Rhythm," "Old Man Blues," "Mood Indigo," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "Bundle of Blues," "The Saddest Tale," "Slippery Horn," "Merry-Go-Round," "Echoes of Harlem," "Harmony in Harlem," "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," "Slap Happy," "A Portrait of the Lion," "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue." I should add the warning that I detect a "wow," a wavering in pitch, in slow pieces like "Sophisticated Lady" on the third LP of the set.

"Blue Light" will be included in a forthcoming Columbia LP, "Critic's Choice."

We badly need an Ellington retrospective from RCA Victor. Meanwhile, gleanings from the Victor catalogue turn up "Jack the Bear," "Concerto for Cootie," "Harlem Air Shaft," "Across the Track Blues," and "Ko-Ko" on LPM 1715; "Main Stem," Blue Serge," "Portrait of Bert Williams," "In a Mellotone," "Rumpus in Richmond," and "Sepia Panorama" on LPM 1364.

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Tales and Tellers

By JOHN CIARDI

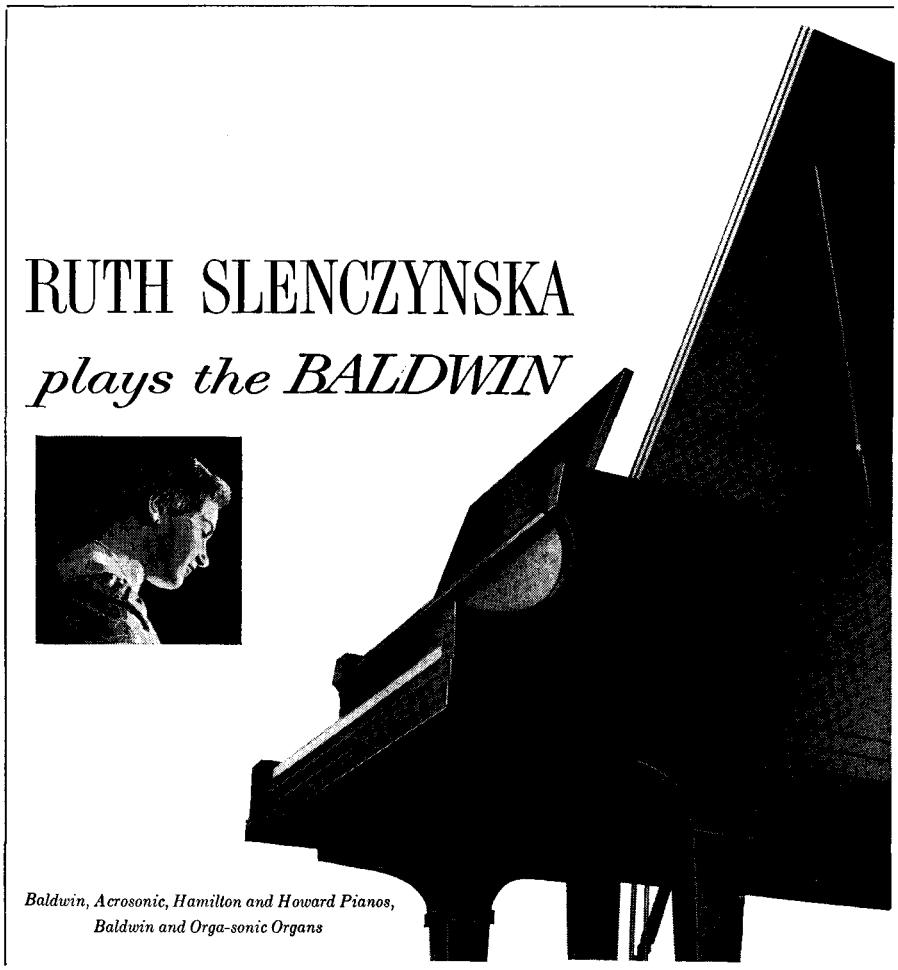
A TALE well told is an evening well spent, and the art of telling tales around the evening fireside was once a treasured part of home life. Movies, radio, the family car, and now TV, have all but destroyed that art of the fireside, but it may yet be that recorded readings will do something to restore family listening.

A number of these new releases are certainly worth an investment by any family that values the art of the spoken word. In that case you cannot fail to find a few dollars well spent for the Spoken Arts release of *Sir Michael Redgrave Reads Chekhov* (SA 828, two sides, $5.95, mono only). The three tales in the reading are "The Harmfulness of Tobacco," "A Transgression," and "The First-Class Passenger." They are among the best readings I have heard. Redgrave's voice ranges from a firm bass to a marvelously querulous falsetto, and he modulates it with all the sensitivity one might expect from so great an actor. Chekhov's characters are born and live in a confusion of frustrations and social pretenses; the weathers of their moods play across them like scudding clouds. Redgrave's voice plays those changes masterfully, a blustery bass followed by an excited falsetto followed by the firm and even voice of social convention followed again by a cracked and anguished falsetto, the pace set and built throughout by the sure instinct of a—let it be said as a golden word—Player. There is no accompanying text, but you can always take your own Chekhov down from the shelf and follow with your eye.

I can offer no such praises of the Lively Arts recording of *Roddy McDowell Reads the Horror Stories of H. P. Lovecraft* (LA 30003, two sides, $4.98, mono only). There are lifeforms known as Lovecraft fans, but even they, I suspect, will find nothing added to their adolescent enthusiasm by McDowell's hushed and overcareful reading. Give it an A as a final pear-shaped examination for dramatic school, but there is no personality to the rendering. He reads; he does not read the material into himself. And in his care to show his newly come-by training in Stage-English, far too many words slip out mispronounced (pik-want for piquant, beastiality for bestiality, neeche for niche, wilst with a short *i* for whilst). A shallow performance of shallow material. No text.

Burgess Meredith reads Ray Bradbury (LA 30004, two sides, $4.98, mono only), is something else again. The two stories are "Marionettes, Inc." and "There Will Come Soft Rains," and though the first tips its plot much too far in advance, Bradbury has both imagination and wit on his side. Meredith has the grace to trust his own voice, even to trust his own ham at times, but he offers a convincing and witty performance (the voice a bit too drawn out at times to indicate—and overindicate—casualness) of the first story, and a grandly sustained and built reading of the second. There is, as a matter of fact, a great half-hour for TV ready-made in that second story, an elegy for an automated house. The only live actor (for a sequence of about one minute) is a dog. All the rest would be the camera playing on the mechanisms of the house. The drama is in the very absence of the people whom the house goes on serving with such delicate precision. No text.

Folkways adds another good one to the recent list with *Mark Twain Performed by Will Geer,* (FL 9769, two sides, $5.98, mono only). Geer's performance has been acclaimed by many, and justly so. His voice captures a truly shaped sense of Twain's character. More than a reading, moreover, this is a performance, the voice changing to interpret different characters as required by the material, and managing to give each a living identity. The full accompanying text makes it clear that Geer does not read so much as improvise around the material. It makes a fine hour.

AND so does *Brendan Behan on Joyce*, newest in the Folkways series of James Joyce Society releases (FL 9826, two sides, $5.98, mono only). But let no one buy this one under the impression that it is Joyceana. It is pure Behan: an hour's digression around the name of James Joyce, with perhaps a score of .01 out of a possible 100 for information about Joyce. It yet remains a marvelous brew in its own right, whatever that may be. There is a full accompanying text to certify the confusion.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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"The Active Voice"

WILLIAM STRUNK, JR., in his excellent little book, *The Elements of Style*, advises writers: "Use the active voice. Make definite assertions. Avoid tame, colorless, hesitating, non-committal language."

For most writers this is sound advice. Educators particularly would do well to heed it because their professional literature is cluttered with colorless, hesitating, noncommittal language.

Critics of education, however, have been led astray by Mr. Strunk and the teachers of writing who echo his views; they have sacrificed truth to style. Their books and articles abound in strong language and definite assertions: "Children, today, are not taught to read and write." "Today's schools are inferior to those of 1900." "Teachers colleges teach nothing but methods."

Such statements are strong, forceful, and unhesitating. They appeal to many editors because they will command the attention of readers. Only one criticism can be made of them. Put thus dogmatically, they are not true.

A case in point is the lead sentence of an article that appeared last June in the *Saturday Evening Post*, written by James Koerner, President of the Council for Basic Education: "The people who train our teachers are incompetent." This, indeed, is a forceful statement. Mr. Strunk, and other teachers of style, would approve. But is it true?

Who does teach our teachers? They are educated in some 1,150 different institutions—liberal arts colleges, state and municipal colleges, public and private universities, and the few remaining teachers colleges. While in college they are taught history by historians, mathematics by mathematicians, and literature by professors of literature. Most of them take courses in biology from biologists, psychology from psychologists, and philosophy from professors of philosophy. From 60 to 85 percent of all their college instruction is provided by these academic professors who share the responsibility for the education of teachers.

The future teacher also takes a sequence of courses from professors of education. Presumably Koerner is referring only to these when he says, in his second sentence, "With rare exception they lack the intellect and the educational background to turn out first rate teachers for the nation's classrooms," though this is not what his "definite assertion" says.

Because neither Koerner nor anyone else has clear evidence that the exceptions are rare, a more cautious scholar might have said, "In my opinion, *some* of the professors of education in *some* of our colleges are incompetent." Such a qualified and colorless statement would have lacked vigor and style, but it would have had the virtue of coming closer to the truth.

E. B. White recalls that when Strunk delivered his oration on brevity to his class at Cornell "he leaned forward over his desk, grasped his coat lapels in his hands, and in a husky, conspiratorial voice said, 'Rule Thirteen. Omit needless words! Omit needless words! Omit needless words!' " This is sound advice, but we would add one caution: Be sure the qualifying words you omit *are* needless.

—P.W.

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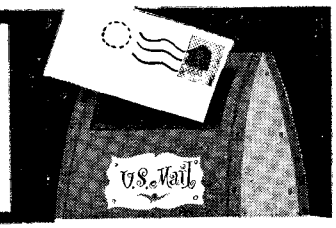
Letters to the Editor



Strikes and Sanctions

I WISH TO COMPLIMENT you upon the excellent feature article "Strikes, Sanctions, and the Schools" [*SR*, Oct. 19]. It is thorough, accurate, and objective in every detail. It correctly states the issues in the struggle of the NEA and the AFT against each other for the favor of the teachers of the United States.

The article is completely comprehensive and accurate in its dealing with the threatened strike of the United Federation of Teachers.

CHARLES COGEN,
President,
United Federation of Teachers.
New York, N.Y.

AS A HIGH SCHOOL science teacher in a small town, I read with interest the article "Strikes, Sanctions, and the Schools," by John Scanlon.

The author omitted two incidents from his article that I feel should have been included.

I think he should have written about the imposition of sanctions by the California Teachers Association (which is an NEA affiliate) on the school district at Little Lake, California, and the results of this action. As I understand it, the use of sanctions here was ineffectual and the school district received many applications for positions as a result of the publicity.

The second instance concerns the Overseas Education Association, which is also an affiliate of the NEA. During their fall general assembly, the delegates voted sanctions against the overseas dependents schools operated by the Department of Defense. The NEA refused to invoke these sanctions, but did send out an "urgent advisory" letter to educators asking them to decline employment in these schools until such time as conditions in them improved. The result of this publicity also increased the number of applicants for vacant positions and no shortage of teachers resulted.

These are the only two instances that I am aware of in which sanctions have been used as a weapon, and they seem to show that sanctions are not as effective a weapon as a strike.

ROBERT J. WIENHOLD.
Soap Lake, Wash.

I CANNOT GO ALONG with the apparent view of most news media, school boards, and superintendents in this country concerning the feared "consequences" of strikes involving teachers. I doubt that the results would be so disastrous. In the first place, kids who never even dreamed that teachers actually work for money (and not for sheer sadistic purposes) will be the first to realize (even before many adults) that teachers are not being treated fairly. His father may strike at the steel mill, and his uncle, who is vice-president of the big firm, has the right to negotiate with the president, his brother-in-law, over salary scales and working rights. An Army private may seek redress through proper channels. But the poor teacher? He is forced to take it or get out, in which case the board will always find a college "graduate" with a D average to oversee the nation's precious ones, at the going fee (in my area, less than a teamster's pay).

In all fairness, the "necessity" of having teachers around must be either explained adequately or applied to other fields of endeavor equally "necessary" to public interest. A case could be made for the steel worker, who, in striking for 130 consecutive days (a recent case), is in all reality endangering our position not only in the space race but also in the cold war, in which the object, according to many, is life or death, not merely learning to spell "cat," count to ten, or spout a nursery rhyme.

The real argument is that for as long as public schools have educated the children of America, citizens have been loath to pay the price. They will pay small fortunes to oversize men who carry, hit, smash, or club a ball; they will even pay substantial sums to others who smile, wink, croon, spin records, or emcee fixed quiz shows. But when it comes to educating the future leaders of our nation, we buy the poorest instruction, pay for the cheapest equipment, and, in a word, smugly demand blood out of turnips.

JOE C. SULLIVAN.
Houston, Texas.

MR. SCANLON IS to be congratulated on his fine article and on his perception in seeing the primary stimulus behind teachers' increasing willingness "to fight for their rights": namely, their desire for "a voice in school affairs."

Salary is a bread-and-butter issue, central to the elimination of teacher shortages and the improvement of teacher morale and status (and, thereby, to an improvement in the educational process). That salaries must rise, greatly, seems self-evident.

However, that "man does not live by bread alone" is more than a truism. Superintendent Gross said that "there are genuine aspirations for professional contributions to the school system—the kind of contributions the teachers make . . . to any school system that wants to get somewhere, and I welcome this"; contributions the teachers *could* make, he should have said, for usually their contributions are either not solicited or are confined to minor refinement of policies or handling of actions decided upon solely by top supervisors and board members. There is an inner status also, known as self-respect, and no self-respecting teacher who is dedicated to the improvement of education is willing to be only a finger on the administrative arm, bent or straightened out by the mind of the board.

PAUL WINSTROM,
President,
Rockland County Federation of Teachers.
Pearl River, N.Y.

More Than Equality?

AS THE PRINCIPAL of a school in Manhattan with many Negro and Puerto Rican children, I found your statement "More Than Equality?" [*SR*, Oct. 19] to be one that might be very useful in clarifying certain reservations that some members on our faculty may have about certain aspects of the current New York City program.

ELLIOTT ZEITLIN,
Principal,
Junior High School No. 22.
New York, N.Y.

JAMES CASS completely misses the boat when he says, "But 'more than equality' in jobs and housing is no equality at all." Then he mistakenly says, "Only in education does 'more than equality' make sense. . . ."

Many Negroes have special needs in housing, jobs, and public accommodation as well as education. If equality is to have a meaning for us in any real sense, these special needs must be met with special efforts and special legislation.

To call addressing ourselves to these special needs "discrimination in favor of the formerly deprived," or "more than equality," is arrant nonsense.

MCKAY D. HUNT.
San Jose, Calif.

The Conant Report

DR CONANT [*SR*, Sept. 21] seems to raise questions and issues that are relevant to many fields of higher education. For instance, I doubt if there is greater consensus in the fields of medicine, law, or the liberal arts as to the common body of knowledge that doctors, lawyers, or English Ph.D.s should hold than there is in education. Also, it seems that there are requisites for the certification of doctors and lawyers that are just as arbitrary as those employed in the certificaion of teachers. The power structure being what it is today, I would be very surprised if the words "national disgrace" were used to describe professional preparation programs in medicine and law.

The fact that the issues Dr. Conant raises are pertinent to many fields in no way limits their cogency or relevancy for the education of teachers. However, it would be helpful, and perhaps serve to lay aside some of the distrust education professors feel toward their university colleagues, if professors in other disciplines asked themselves many of the questions they are now asking of us in education.

JAMES D. RATHS,
Assistant Director,
Bureau of Educational Research and Field Services,
University of Maryland.
College Park, Md.

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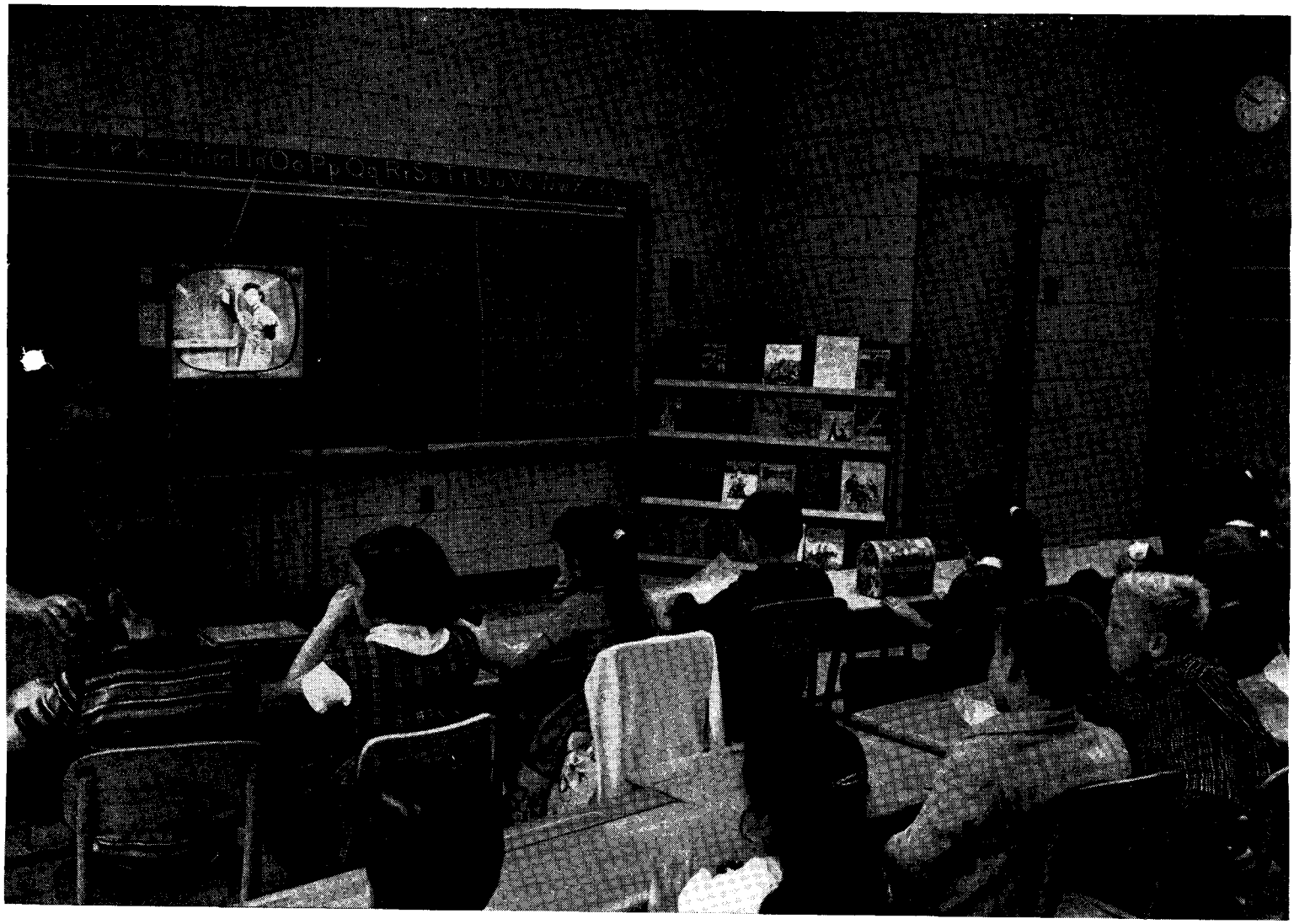

—Lew Merrim (Monkmeyer).

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Changing Curriculum of America's Schools

By JOHN I. GOODLAD, *Professor of Education at the University of California, Los Angeles.*

TODAY'S educators have a formidable task in seeking to select what to teach, especially in cumulative fields such as the natural and behavioral sciences. If this accumulation is plotted on a time line, beginning with the birth of Christ, it is estimated that the first doubling of knowledge occurred in 1750, the second in 1900, the third in 1950, and the fourth in 1960.

Whether or not these are only rough approximations, they have impressed upon educators an inescapable fact, well stated by Professor Schwab of the University of Chicago: It is no longer merely difficult to select and package for instruction the most important bits and pieces of knowledge; it is impossible! The search is on for something more lasting than "the bits and pieces" emerging as residue from the advance of knowledge, something more permanent around which to organize learning.

Some of the guiding questions are old ones. What is worth knowing? What knowledge prepares for the acquisition of new knowledge? What kind of education is most likely to help individuals become self-propelling during a lifetime of learning?

Clearly, a massive reformulation of what is to be taught and learned in the schools of the United States is under way. Talk of the "new" mathematics, the "new" physics, and the "new" biology is now commonplace. Various scholarly groups and individuals, handsomely supported by the National Science Foundation—and, to a lesser degree, by private philanthropic foundations—have developed new course outlines and instructional materials for mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, anthropology, economics, geography, English, and foreign languages. New textbooks are in wide use, both in this country and abroad. Tens of thousands of teachers and students in elementary and secondary schools have participated in the preparation and trial use of these materials. Many of these teachers and thousands more have attended institutes on the new content and how to teach it.

The beginnings of the current curriculum reform movement are commonly identified with the successful launching of the first Russian satellite in the fall of 1957. This spectacular event set off blasts of charges and countercharges regarding the effectiveness of our schools and stimulated curriculum revision, notably in mathematics and the physical sciences. But the roots of change go back further, to the years

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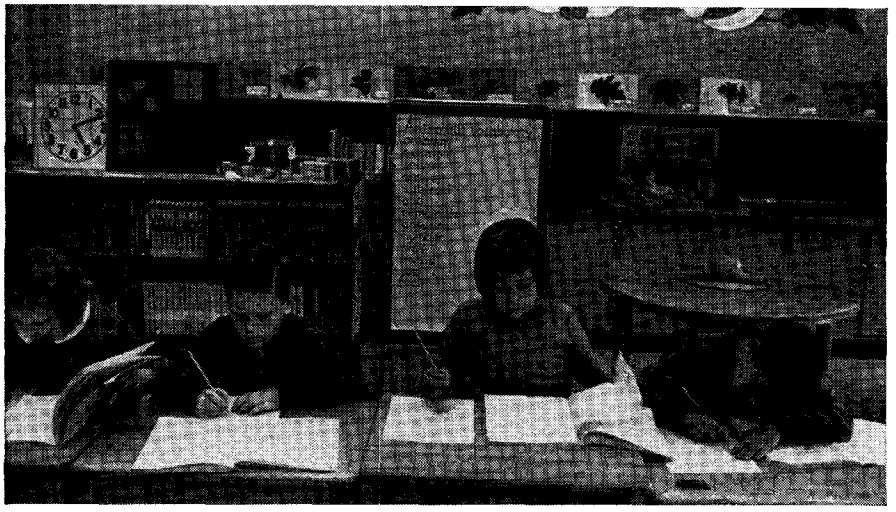
immediately following World War II. The recruitment of young men for the armed services had revealed shocking inadequacies in the high school science and mathematics programs of high school graduates. The problem was partly the limited quantity of work in these fields, partly the quality of what had been taken. The high school curriculum too often reflected knowledge of another era, not the scientific advances of the twentieth century. Recognizing their responsibility for this unhappy state of affairs, scholars in a few fields began to participate actively in what has now become a major curriculum reform movement.

Sometimes an individual took the initiative, sometimes a learned society (the American Mathematical Society, for example), prompted by a few articulate members. In either case, the subsequent course of events was surprisingly similar from project to project. First, a group of scholars came together to review the need for pre-collegiate curriculum change in their field. Then, in subsequent summers, scholars and teachers invited from the schools planned course content and wrote materials. These materials were tried out in cooperating schools during the regular school year and revised in the light of this experience. Meanwhile, in summer and year-long institutes, teachers were educated in the new content and methodology. Throughout, participants have been agreed, apparently, that new materials are central to basic curriculum change.

The current curriculum reform movement is now too far advanced to warrant the adjective "new." In some fields, notably mathematics, the first wave is about to be followed by a second. The "new" new mathematics is in the offing.

There is grave danger, however, in assuming that curriculum change has swept through all of our 85,000 public elementary and 24,000 public secondary schools during this past decade of reform. Tens of thousands of schools have been scarcely touched, or touched not at all, especially in areas of very sparse or very dense populations. Tens of thousands of teachers have had little opportunity to come to grips with what advances in knowledge and change in subject fields mean for them. Tens of thousands hold emergency certificates or teach subjects other than those in which they were prepared. In elementary schools, teachers with any appreciable backgrounds in science and mathematics constitute a species that is almost as rare as the American buffalo.



—*Lew Merrim (Monkmeyer).*

"The current curriculum reform movement is now too far advanced to warrant the adjective 'new.'"

Suburban schools have fared well by comparison, with extensive participation in curriculum projects, ability to attract qualified teachers, and resources for providing in-service education. The gap between the haves and have-nots persists and, in some ways, is accentuated.

Curriculum planning is a political process, just as it is an ideological process of determining ends and means for education. Proposals must find their way successfully through the political structure into educational institutions or slip into obscurity. Almost without exception, those projects have had their genesis outside of the formal political structure, having been conceived primarily by scholars in colleges and universities who were joined by teachers from elementary and secondary schools.

Projects have been generously supported from funds that are predominantly federal in origin, testifying to the fact that the education of its youth is a primary interest of the nation. But the relationship among local, state and federal governments in the support and conduct of school affairs is a sensitive one that has materially affected the ways by which the various curriculum projects have entered the bloodstream of American education. Conditions of the grants have cautioned recipients against promoting their wares in any way; project directors have been limited to descriptive information, articles and, on request, speeches. But their efforts are in vain unless the benefits find their way to local schools and school systems. It is not surprising, therefore, that products, largely in the form of textbooks, often have been turned over to commercial publishers who have their own effective means of reaching state and local school authorities. These products now come into the schools through the expenditure of state and local funds. This whole fascinating series of events warrants further study.

The curriculum reform movement has been sharply focused on single subjects planned, generally, from the top down. This focus and the "national" character of the projects have attracted first-rate scholars into pre-collegiate curriculum planning. But these characteristics have also attracted scholars from fields not normally included in pre-collegiate schooling, who sense, apparently, a fresh opportunity to include their particular roads to the good life in the curriculum of elementary or secondary schools.

This competition among fields places severe burdens upon instructional time. Just how all of the subjects will share this time remains to be seen. Demands will exceed time, even if the school day, week, and year should be lengthened. Some subjects will have to be combined or left out—there is not room for twenty academic disciplines in the kindergarten. Arguments for the root nature and basic value of a discipline notwithstanding, problems of what subjects shall prevail are resolved largely in the political realm at federal, state, and local levels of educational responsibility, with national concerns largely determining the priorities today. Consequently, the humanities and social sciences will gain increasing favor with any appreciable reduction in world tension.

The strengths and weaknesses of the several projects stem in part from the nature of American education, with its characteristic strengths and weaknesses. For example, there is no single set of aims for America's schools; there are many. Therefore, each curriculum project is free to formulate objectives for its own particular segment of the curriculum. Some have; some have not. Rarely are objectives defined with such preci-

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sion that one would know exactly what to evaluate in determining the success of a given project. It might be argued that those undertaking the various curriculum activities have no responsibility for the formulation of objectives; that local school districts set their own and gear materials to them. Each project is responsible only for setting forth what to teach in a given subject. But can ends and means be thus separated in any aspect of curriculum planning?

Although objectives are vague or not stated, documents describing the several projects express an almost uniform point of view. The current curriculum reform movement is seeking more in the student than the mere possession of information, however updated that information may be. The student is to sense *intuitively* the *structure* of a field. By "structure" is meant the concepts, principles, and methods that constitute the discipline. "Intuitive" refers to glimpses of abstraction that go beyond immediate practical experience. Sometimes the stated goal is for the student to think like the physicist or the historian.

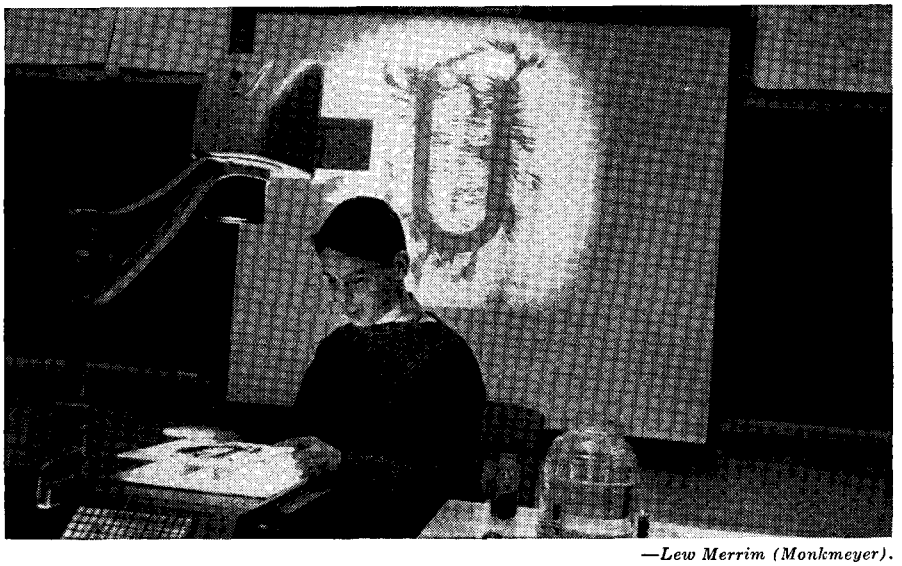
Goals of this kind have a certain mystical quality. What does a student do when he senses the structure of a field intuitively or thinks like a physicist? How does a teacher decide that the student has acquired these commendable traits? And how are they best developed? Some project directors are deeply preoccupied with such questions. Others have brushed them aside, either because adequate answers appear to be hard to come by or because they believe that their programs already answer such questions reasonably well.

Most of the projects have sought to bring the student into the structure of the subject by identifying a few key concepts (number, quantity, energy, time, space, supply, and demand) which are to be developed persistently and with increasing depth over several years of schooling. The curriculum is thus organized into units, each unit progressing in difficulty and both reviewing and extending one or more concepts introduced earlier in the student's experience. Very often, the subject-matter is similar to that of conventional programs. But the treatment called for is different. For example, the textbook for grade 9 in the program produced by the School Mathematics Study Group concentrates on algebra, as is common in conventional curricula. Emphasis, however, is on the behavior of numbers rather than the solving of algebraic equations.

Some of the new programs depart radically from conventional content. Suppes and his associates, in their Experimental Project in the Teaching of Elementary School Mathematics at Stanford University, are developing their instructional materials around the concept of set. A set is simply any collection or family of objects. The putting together of sets of physical objects is a more concrete operation than the addition of numbers. According to Suppes, operations on sets—rather than the more abstract and difficult operations on numbers—permit the child to understand the way a number is related to a set of objects and lays the groundwork for the abstractions constituting mathematical thought. This is quite different from the arithmetic most of us learned in the primary grades!

Those involved in the various curriculum projects may have started out to reform the *content* of their fields, but few stopped there. In many instances, content has been pushed down or expectations for the year increased. There sometimes is provision for gifted high school students to go as much as two years into work normally reserved for college. Throughout, as noted earlier, emphasis is upon unifying concepts, principles, and methods of inquiry, with each successive topic designed to develop a central theme or element. Usually, subject matter is very carefully arranged—"programed" in the jargon of the trade—in a step-by-step sequence. Often, self-instructional programed workbooks accompany the familiar textbook. By means of these workbooks, students are able to work independently and at their own speed part of the time.

Perhaps the most comprehensive instructional package is that produced by the Physical Science Study Committee for a year-long course in high school physics. The first tool of learning is a new textbook, carefully developed by a team of outstanding physicists working in collaboration with high school teachers. Other tools include laboratory experiments and bits of simplified apparatus, a set of films, achievement tests designed to test the application of knowledge and techniques to new problems, a library of paperbound books on special and related topics, and a teacher's guide. Neither laboratory activities nor films are supplementary or for enrichment. Films demonstrate experiments that go beyond the confines of high school laboratories or otherwise provide a perspective not attainable in the classroom. Textbooks, films, laboratory experiments, and class discussions are planned to fit into a consistent, unified whole. With such tools so conveniently available, teachers' talk and chalk are extended as never before.



—*Lew Merrim (Monkmeyer).*

"The search is on for something more lasting than 'the bits and pieces' emerging as residue from the advance of knowledge."

With grade placement of content determined, and with textbooks, teachers' guides, and supplementary materials published, some project directors see their work as nearing completion. Fearful that the relentless quest for knowledge in their own fields will pass them by, they are anxious to get back to research and teaching, usually maintained only with tag ends of energy during project years. Others, however, have become inescapably caught up in those fascinating learning and pedagogical problems that have alternately intrigued and frustrated psychologists and educationists. Patrick Suppes, for example, of the Stanford Institute for Mathematical Studies in the Social Sciences, as much a psychologist as a mathematician, wants to know what mathematics young children can learn, what they learn with ease and what with difficulty, and why. His materials on sets and numbers for

(*Continued on page* 87)

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The Colleges Of America's Upper Class

—*Ed Roseberry.*

University of Virginia: "Before the Civil War, upper-class loyalties were attached to the colleges of their regions."

By GENE R. HAWES, *free-lance writer and author of "The New American Guide to Colleges."*

SOCIAL class, like sex and religion, is something that no truly tactful person discusses in ordinary conversation. To bring it up except as a joke is a breach of egalitarian manners, but privately, it matters a great deal to many Americans.

Whether admitted or not, it is a subject of particular concern to many persons connected with American colleges. Administrators who are responsible for their college's finances must maintain ties with circles of wealth and influence to insure the college's continued improvement. Alumni, who are asked to support their college, to befriend its recent graduates, and to send their children back to alma mater, are understandably interested in its social prestige as well as its academic reputation. Students, who unavoidably trade subtle condescensions in meeting friends, relatives, and potential employers, become increasingly aware of the status ascribed to their college. And parents who seek the "right college" for their children often act on impressions of social as well as academic rectitude, a fact that has created the largest admissions jams at the small number of colleges thought to be most desirable.

In view of such special connections between college and social standing, we might well ask what kind of relation exists between the colleges and America's highest social class. Do students from upper-class homes go to many colleges or tend to converge on a few? Has their choice of colleges changed over the years? Is it shifting now? Is the attitude of the colleges changing toward them?

First, let us define "upper class." This cannot be done in any absolute sense because American society is exceptionally fluid and diverse. In both popular and scholarly convention, though, the American upper class consists of the families of long-established social prominence and large inherited wealth. Its members are descendants of highly successful individuals of at least one, but usually two or more, generations back. Since their wealth has been gained and maintained chiefly by business enterprise, America's upper class is largely a business aristocracy. Most of the families in this class follow a distinctive style of life, attending the same schools, living in the same areas in or outside large cities, frequenting the same resorts, marrying among themselves, and manifesting a loose group solidarity.

The best index to the upper class is the *Social Register*. Published annually since 1888, the *Register* has twelve current editions that list the families deemed highest in social standing in as many major urban regions of America. The *Register* reflects certain ethnic biases—for instance, relatively few of the most prominent Jewish families are included—but its biases follow those of the upper class itself. It also suffers doubtless from some mistaken judgments and important omissions. Still, its heavy use as a standard reference by the upper class itself testifies to its general reliability as an index of upper-class status. It should not be confused with *Who's Who in America*, which is a much larger index that includes persons distinguished by significant individual accomplishment.

A study of the *Social Register* discloses that the alumni listed in it have tended to enroll at three colleges in particular: Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. Leading families in the different cities have different preferences within this trinity: New Yorkers prefer Yale, then Harvard and Princeton; Bostonians prefer Harvard, then Yale and Princeton; and Philadelphians (according to E. Digby Baltzell's *Philadelphia Gentlemen: The Making of a National Upper Class*) prefer Harvard, then Princeton and Yale. But virtually every metropolitan edition shows a concentration at these three institutions. The three are undeniably America's most

This description of America's upper-class colleges is taken from an article appearing in Columbia College Today, Fall 1963, by special arrangement with the author and the publisher.

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popular undergraduate institutions for men of the upper class.

Despite this heavy concentration at three colleges, scrutiny of the various editions of the *Register* discloses that there is a strikingly wide dispersion of upper-class men at more than 100 other colleges (see Table I). The high concentration may surprise many Americans, but the wide dispersion would positively amaze, say the British, whose upper class almost to a man has attended only Oxford and Cambridge.

Hence, America does have upper-class colleges—three identified with the upper class to a marked extent and about a dozen to a moderate extent—but the nation also has many other colleges that frequently have had a handful of socially prominent young men among their students.

One other fact emerges from a study of the *Social Register*. Two universities stand out far beyond the rest among those preferred by the upper class for graduate and professional study: Harvard and Columbia (see Table I, bottom). The fact takes on an obvious special interest in the light of Columbia's past, as we shall see.

This list of colleges with upper-class affiliations has not been an entirely stable one during the past century. There have been noteworthy shifts in upper-class representation, many of which resulted from two great changes in upper-class allegiances. The first change, which can be observed in earlier editions of the *Social Register*, and the letters, diaries, and other writings of upper-class family members, took place between the end of the Civil War and World War I.

Before the Civil War, a venerable college could be found in almost every Eastern state: the Universities of Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia; William and Mary, also in Virginia; Pennsylvania, Princeton in New Jersey, Columbia in New York, Yale in Connecticut, Brown in Rhode Island, Harvard in Massachusetts, the University of Vermont, and Bowdoin in Maine. The affluent and powerful families of those states generally sent their sons to the old colleges nearby. Traveling far away to college was not only difficult but pointless, for very few students who were not from "the best families" went to college in those years. True, some families sent their sons, for reasons of health, discipline, or religion, away to such rural seats as Union College in upstate New York, Williams or Amherst in western Massachusetts, or Dartmouth in New Hampshire. But, for the most part, before the Civil War, upper-class loyalties were attached to the colleges of their regions.

After the Civil War, the biggest American businesses became national in scope as great industrial and financial combines were organized. Many of the large old family fortunes multiplied enormously; many new ones were created. The American upper class became a national one and the old local aristocracies formed many new ties with each other, in business at first and shortly after in social life. It needed a Register, and one was forthcoming. The new national upper class warily recognized new members, centered its work and its homes more and more in New York, grew well-accustomed to travel by rail, and started sending its sons away to college.

IT was in this era of immense business growth that some colleges—especially Harvard, Yale, and Princeton—increasingly became the colleges of the national upper class then in formation. Growing concentrations of both the old and the new rich at these three colleges enjoyed campus days marked by big-time football, rowing regattas, fraternities and clubs, riots, and good parties. University clubs were even built in New York so that college ties could be sustained in gentlemanly quarters after graduation.

This change can be aptly illustrated from Columbia's past. On the eve of the Civil War, George Templeton Strong, Class of 1838, could still call Columbia College, "a day school for the sons of New York's leading families." But after the 1880s, and especially after the turn of the century, young New Yorkers began to go out of town in greater numbers.

The Fish family serves as a good example. The prominent New Yorker Nicholas Fish was a friend of Alexander Hamilton, Columbia Class of 1778, and was chairman of the college's trustees. His son, Hamilton Fish, Class of 1827, was also chairman of the trustees, both before and after his distinguished service as Secretary of State in the otherwise lackluster Grant administration. Hamilton Fish's three sons were Columbia men of the Classes of 1867, 1869, and 1871. (Typically for that era, the youngest, Stuyvesant, captained Columbia's first football team and built the Illinois Central Railroad into a large system as its president.) However, Hamilton Fish, III, went to Harvard, where he became a football hero before graduating in 1910.

By 1914, Frederick Paul Keppel, Class of 1898, who was one of Columbia's most astute deans, could write, "While doubtless the old New York stock will always be represented, Columbia is not likely ever again to be a fashionable college *per se*," that is, a

TABLE I. Alma Maters of Men Listed in the 1963 New York *Social Register*.*

College	*No. of Men*	*College*	*No. of Men*
Yale	2234	Stanford	29
Harvard	1746	Union	28
Princeton	1422	Johns Hopkins	24
Williams	325	Michigan	24
Columbia	311	Bowdoin	23
Virginia	160	Lehigh	23
Cornell	144	Oxford (England)	22
Dartmouth	115	Wisconsin	22
Amherst	94	Stevens Institute	21
M.I.T.	85	Cambridge (England)	20
Trinity	82	Hobart	18
Pennsylvania	79	Duke	17
Brown	76	Rutgers	16
Annapolis	75	Washington & Lee	15
West Point	53	Haverford	13
N.Y.U.	41	Middlebury	13
California (Berkeley)	36	St. Lawrence	13
Georgetown	35	Chicago	12
Colgate	34	Davidson	12
North Carolina	33	Fordham	12
Hamilton	32	Vanderbilt	10
Wesleyan	31	Vermont	10

Leading Graduate and Professional Schools Attended by Men in the 1963 *New York Social Register* **

Harvard	478
Columbia	475
Yale	92

*Colleges attended by fewer than 10 men are omitted.
**Universities attended by fewer than 50 men are omitted.

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college patronized largely by upper class sons.

Why did a large portion of Columbia College's upper-class following go elsewhere? Why, when it was located in the center of American upper-class society, did Columbia not become one of the new group of fashionable colleges?

One factor was that New York continued as a great immigration center. This brought a kind of student to Columbia College with whom upper-class gentlemen could not be at ease. These immigrant sons were predominantly Jewish, Irish, and Italian. Aggressive, and lacking knowledge or appreciation of America's genteel college traditions, they seemed not only deficient in money, manners, and cultural interests, but excessively prone to taking academic work seriously. An example in the 1880s was one penniless lad from Hungary who spoke broken English, Michale Idvorsky Pupin '83, who went on to become the great inventor, author, and Columbia professor for whom the present Pupin Hall is named. The presence of these immigrant class-mates at Columbia prompted some young socialites to consider seeking their education among more agreeable companions at colleges that were less ready to admit talented youngsters without consideration of their background.

Perhaps the most important factor in the decrease in the College's upper-class following, however, is suggested by the quip of some nameless observer, "While Eliot was building houses at Harvard, Butler was building schools at Columbia." It was precisely through the period of rapid change in the composition, outlook, and collegiate ties of the upper class that Columbia strained every resource to transform itself from an old classical college into a great modern university. In doing so, it broke its tangible and traditional links with the past, and did not provide the facilities and atmosphere then expected in college by young men of social position and wealth.

BY the end of World War I, Columbia had realized its goal. It was the largest and perhaps the greatest American university. But the majority of sons from upper-class homes, who at that time preferred fun and congeniality to intellectual development, were not attracted by the increased seriousness at Morningside Heights and Columbia's departure from tradition.

President Nicholas Murray Butler, who so successfully continued the work of his predecessors, Presidents Barnard and Low, in transforming the old college into a renowned university, ironically never reconciled himself to the loss of the boys from many leading families. According to Frank Bowles '28, admissions director at Columbia from 1934 to 1948 and later president of the College Entrance Examination Board, Dr. Butler asked him repeatedly in the 1930s to try to get more of these boys back into the habit of attending Columbia.

But the time was not ripe for all but a handful of upper-class families whose sons continued to become Columbia men. Years before, Dean Keppel had more accurately seen the social consequences of Columbia's academic pioneering during America's gilded age. The future of Columbia College, he wrote, lay with young men "who were willing to ask frankly the question: what does one pay for the luxury of country-club existence, men who have no desire to prepare themselves for a career of being amused, and who wish to begin to test their capacity with rivals of like mind, not in professional or graduate school, but in college?"

The drift of the upper class from the old regional colleges to Harvard, Yale, and Princeton continued through the 1920s and 1930s, reaching its peak perhaps just before World War II. Through these years, in continuation of a trend that had begun after the Civil War, scions of the upper class were joined in college by more than equal numbers of young men from the middle class, and even some numbers of the lower-class sons who possessed great skill in athletics.

After World War II, the second great change in upper-class allegiance began. All respected colleges found themselves inundated with admissions applications from returning veterans in addition to the normal crop of secondary school graduates. At the most sought-after colleges, three and four times as many academically qualified applicants appeared as they could accommodate. Suddenly, faculty admissions committees had to decide upon priorities. Who gets admitted—the extremely gifted son of a mechanic in Missouri with his G.I. Bill benefits, or the gentlemanly "C" student from a prominent family and a noted prep school? The choice lay between professed commitment to develop intellect and long and rich association with the upper class.

Intellect won, though not easily or decisively, even today. Gradually, painfully, the upper-class colleges severed as amicably as possible their links with the least qualified members of the prominent families. And as the number of talented applicants has continued to mount, the average academic ability of the students at the leading social colleges has climbed to a point within the top 10 per cent intellectually among all college students in the nation.

Upper-class applicants who could not meet the academic demands have had to go elsewhere to college. And, some of those applicants who could meet

TABLE II. Colleges Enrolling Sons Listed in the 1963 New York *Social Register*.*

College	*No. of Sons*	*College*	*No. of Sons*
Yale	171	Arizona	4
Harvard	123	California (Berkeley)	4
Princeton	76	Duke	4
Pennsylvania	44	Lake Forest	4
Trinity	22	Annapolis	3
Middlebury	20	Bowdoin	3
Virginia	19	Citadel	3
Stanford	15	Clarkson	3
Williams	13	Colorado	3
Hobart	12	Denver	3
North Carolina	12	Lawrence	3
Boston U.	11	Northwestern	3
Dartmouth	10	St. Lawrence	3
Columbia	9	Union	3
Brown	8	Wesleyan	3
Colby	8	Denison	2
Cornell	7	Dickinson	2
Rollins	7	Kenyon	2
Amherst	6	Lafayette	2
Rutgers	6	M.I.T.	2
Georgetown	5	Michigan	2
Hamilton	5	New Hampshire	2
Lehigh	5	Oberlin	2
Syracuse	5	Vanderbilt	2
Washington & Lee	5	Wisconsin	2

*Colleges being attended by fewer than two sons are omitted.

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them *preferred* to go elsewhere. Wilbur J. Bender, Harvard's former admissions chief, recently noted:

> There is no evidence that poverty and genius go together or that the rich are necessarily stupid. There is a real possibility, however, that an academically elite college would lose its appeal for the ablest boys from upper-income families who might prefer a college with a different kind of atmosphere.

A perceptive observer, it might be noted, could well have made a similar observation about Columbia College a few generations ago.

This development has not led Harvard, Yale, and Princeton to experience any marked decrease in attendance by upper-class sons, although there have been important changes in the academic atmosphere at each of these schools, especially Harvard. Upper-class undergraduates at these colleges can still associate with each other by being accepted into Harvard's Porcellian, A.D., Fly, and Spee, the upper-class clubs; or into Yale's Fence Club, D.K.E., Zeta Psi, and St. Anthony Hall, or into such eating clubs at Princeton as Ivy, Cap and Gown, Cottage, Colonial, and Tiger Inn.

Two noteworthy social consequences have resulted from the aggregate admissions decisions of the most socially desirable colleges. One is a new dispersion of upper-class sons (as indicated in Table II). As a very rough measure of the increased dispersion the *New York Social Register* discloses that less than 45 per cent of the socially prominent boys now in college are concentrated at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, while more than 55 per cent are dispersed among the forty-eight colleges listed in Table II, and another thirty or forty colleges not listed here. It seems warranted to conclude that, whereas nearly two-thirds of all upper-class sons attended three particular colleges during the first half of this century, less than one-half do so at present. (A similar dispersion seems to be taking place among the upper-class daughters [see Table III].) The dispersion of upper-class sons and daughters is generating a new set of socially desirable colleges that have some of the flavor of the old upper-class institutions.

The other, and far more important, consequence is the one that the admissions competition has had on the upper class itself. It could not be said of any period up through the 1940s that most young members of the upper class had to pursue rigorous intellectual training before they could take responsible stations in life. However, this is all too true today. It seems just as well, in view of the world in which they come to power.

TABLE III. Colleges Enrolling Daughters Listed in the 1963 New York *Social Register*.*

College	*No. of Daughters*	*College*	*No. of Daughters*
Smith	48	Garland Jr.	4
Vassar	37	Goucher	4
Radcliffe	32	Manhattanville	4
Wellesley	31	North Carolina	4
Wheaton	30	Rollins	4
Bryn Mawr	28	Skidmore	4
Sarah Lawrence	25	Syracuse	4
Bradford Jr.	22	Centenary Jr.	3
Bennett Jr.	19	Colby	3
Briarcliff Jr.	18	Marymount	3
Hollins	17	Pembroke	3
Connecticut College	13	Arizona	2
Mt. Holyoke	13	Boston U.	2
Wells	10	Lake Erie	2
Barnard	6	Lake Forest	2
Colorado	6	Knox	2
Colby Jr.	6	Middlebury	2
Sweet Briar	6	Mills	2
Endicott Jr.	5	Northwestern	2
Finch Jr.	5	R. I. School of Design	2
Pine Manor Jr.	5	Scripps	2
Stanford	5	Sorbonne	2
Wheelock	5	Vermont	2
Bennington	4	Wm. Smith	2

*Colleges being attended by fewer than two daughters are omitted.

America's upper-class colleges would have found it difficult to pursue the course they have taken since the late 1940s unless great needs existed within our advanced industrial society for more leaders equipped with distinguished intellectual training. Such needs do exist, and most upper-class colleges are responding to the vital requirements of national life—now beset by urgent demands from within and determined threats from without.

In part because of these needs, a new kind of American upper class is slowly being forged. Large-scale organizations, government taxation, and explosive growth in the development and application of knowledge are working to reduce the potency of enormous hereditary wealth and power. As Stimson Bullitt suggests in his excellent chapter "Class Patterns" in *To Be A Politician*, "money's close connection with power, education, and refinement has ceased." The new upper class that is forming is one of socially valuable talent and learning, not unlike Thomas Jefferson's concept of a "natural aristocracy of talents and virtues." It is assuming much of the power but not necessarily the great wealth—and certainly not the leisure—of the old upper class. The colleges with upper-class affiliations, with their spectacular increase in the amounts of scholarship aid and levels of academic standards, are helping to produce this new aristocracy of the able. They are compounding it of the best of the old upper class and the most talented of the lower and middle classes.

In contributing to this new kind of upper class, the foremost American upper-class colleges are displaying a new style of learning. It stems primarily from the large, high-quality universities that dominate American higher education today. At most of the colleges attended by upper-class sons, undergraduate education is still committed to the liberal arts tradition. However, the undergraduate program is increasingly inspired by the advanced scholarly disciplines for which the universities exist.

The new alignment of "haves" and "have-nots" according to highly developed talents rather than accumulated wealth and social position may have fundamental consequences for American democracy. Already we hear outcries against the growing "meritocracy." However, to run our complex economy, to prevent nuclear disaster, to extend freedom, and to try to make life more humane and beautiful in our increasingly bureaucratic and mechanized world, we require leaders of the very highest intellect, imagination, sensibility, and wisdom. To help develop them is more than ever the urgent task of our leading colleges.

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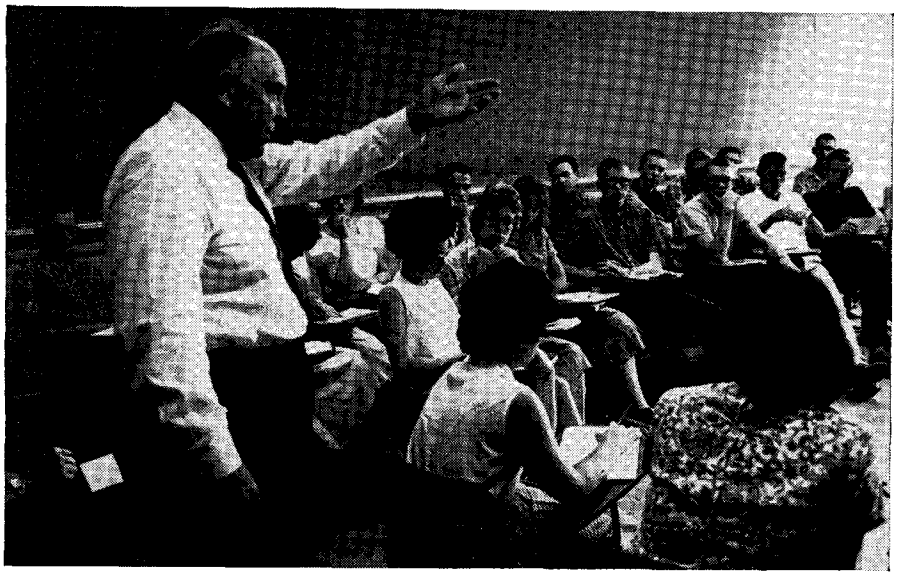
CHARLES KELLER: IMPASSIONED ADVOCATE



—*Myron Wood.*

"With an evangelical zeal he sallies forth from his office, challenging educators to break locksteps and think and act creatively."

By B. FRANK BROWN, *Principal of Melbourne High School in Melbourne, Florida.*

CHARLES KELLER, a liberal arts professor turned public schoolman, is a unique catalyst in American education. Most college professors feel they have arrived upon receiving an appointment from a famous old New England college, and subsequently make only rare excursions outside the cloister. Keller, by contrast, not only departed from the hallowed halls but pulled up as much ivy as possible along the way.

Keller first became interested in the public schools in 1952 when he took part in the planning stages of the Advanced Placement Program as a representative of Williams College, where he was professor of history. When the program was formulated he became first chairman of the history committee. In 1955 the Advanced Placement Program was taken over by the prestigious College Entrance Examination Board and Keller was selected to direct the program, mainly in an effort to give the project an Ivy League cloak and make it appealing to the exclusive private preparatory schools in the East. But the College Board got much more than it bargained for in Charlie Keller. Not only did he accomplish the immediate objective of giving prestige to the program, he added the elusiveness of serendipity by proving such an eloquent persuader that the better public schools also became excited about the program.

Under Keller's astute direction the Advanced Placement Program was catapulted into prominence. The effects of his two years (1955-1957) as director are still being felt. Last May, 16,000 students representing 1,358 high schools took the A.P. examinations. Students passing the examinations received advanced standing or credit in 683 colleges throughout the country.

After giving intellectual respectability to the Advanced Placement Program he returned to Williams for the years 1957-58, once again occupying his chair as Brown Professor of History. But not for long—he had become so smitten with affection for the public schools that he jumped at the first chance to get back into their orbit. On August 1, 1958 he became the director of the John Hay Fellows Program, an organization that provides fellowships to high school teachers for studies in the humanities. Like the Advanced Placement Program, the John Hay Fellows Program found that it had acquired more than it contracted for. It, too, found itself in the hands of a stellar performer with a gift for attainment.

Keller describes the program that he directs as an organization that "speaks up and puts up for the humanities." His colleagues at Williams College refer to him sadly as a "professor turned philanthropoid." When a recent admirer compared him to John the Baptist with the remark: "Charlie is a voice crying in the wilderness," Keller quickly erased the image with the retort: "I am a voice!"

But the ebullient Charlie Keller is not content with the role of benevolent despot, in which he dispenses a few weeks of the good life to deserving public school teachers and administrators. With an evangelical zeal he sallies forth from his office in New York's Rockefeller Plaza, challenging educators to break locksteps and think and act creatively.

He is deeply committed to the notion of changing and updating school curricula, and in behalf of this objective he takes on all comers—school boards, school administrators, teachers, and PTA's. Since he has never been exposed to pedagese, his clear, crisp prose comes as a breath of fresh air calling for non-grading of schools, team teaching, flexible scheduling, and revision of subject matter. But he does not stop with organization and subject-matter changes. He also believes that the role of the teacher must change. He contends that, in an era in which we are doubling our knowledge every decade, teachers must teach through posed problems rather than by giving easy solutions. He asserts that there is more over-teaching than over-learning and he decries what he calls "chanting the catechism"—teachers giving pat answers to authoritative questions.

One of the greatest concerns of this unusual "philanthropoid" is that early education is building obsolescence in later educaton by its emphasis upon "readiness" and "graded" education. He is disturbed because he perceives that the elementary schools are pushing children toward skills that are more mechanical than imaginative. And he is equally concerned about the upper grades. Addressing the National Convention of Secondary School Principals at St. Louis, he called for a twelfth grade that is:

> *dominated by the "draw it out" rather than the "pour it on" school of teach-*

(*Continued on page* 88)

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A YEAR OF STUDY AND REFLECTION

By EDGAR LOGAN, *Teacher of English at Denby High School, Detroit, Michigan.*

THIS FALL, the John Hay Fellows Program sent, for the twelfth year in a row, a group of outstanding high school teachers back to college for an unencumbered year of reading, reflection, and study in the humanities. The program is unusual on several counts, but especially for its simplicity of aim and operation. Its sole objective is to give the Fellows an opportunity to study and grow as individuals during the year, and so return to the classroom better teachers. The demands made on them are equally uncomplicated: they must attend biweekly meetings conducted by an adviser at the university they are attending, and they must pursue their studies solely for the joy of learning, not for credit toward a degree. Otherwise they are free to do, and study, and think as they please.

Each Fellow is relieved of all teaching responsibilities for the academic year and attends one of the six cooperating universities: California at Berkeley, Columbia, Chicago, Harvard, Northwestern and Yale. He receives a stipend equal to his teaching salary, less any sabbatical or other pay his home school may provide. Travel expenses for the Fellow and his family, tuition, and health fees are also provided.

What do the Fellows do during the year? They take courses of their own choosing, some in their own fields, others in related or unrelated fields that interest them. They study great books, read, reflect, browse in libraries, and listen to experts in various fields. They talk with one another about their studies and about their mutual problems as high school teachers. They talk with scholars in informal meetings and listen or argue. And they visit high schools and colleges in the area to sit in on humanities programs, to observe traditional methods of teaching, and to see the latest developments in team teaching, TV instruction, programed learning, lay reader programs, advanced placement, and honors courses.

The John Hay Fellows Program stands firmly on a statement that has appeared in its brochure since the program was first announced:

> In all times, but especially in ours, men need an inner strength derived from a reverence for life and a continuing dedication to those ideals which afford dignity to man's existence. Although each person must develop this strength in his own way, he can be aided by a sensitive appreciation of the great heritage of human experience known as the humanities, the record of what men over the centuries have felt, thought, and done in their unceasing quest for the good life.

One of man's greatest problems has been the enigma of man himself—whence he came, who he is, and where he is going. The study of this great, rich record is called the humanities. To study the humanities is to explore man's relationship to himself, to his fellows, to his environment, and to the entire human part of life. As Clifton Fadiman has said, "To live without knowledge of the ideas that influence our thinking and shape our beliefs is to grope through life half blind and half deaf."

The program seeks teachers who are both eager to learn and eager to teach and who have shown a marked desire to devote their careers to the special needs of secondary school instruction. From the year's experience, it is hoped that each Fellow will derive a broader vision of knowledge as a whole, an increased awareness of the interrelation of subjects, and a refreshed conviction of the general human values which originally led him to direct his life toward the guidance of youth.

The John Hay Whitney Foundation established the program in 1951 and named it for Mr. Whitney's grandfather, John Hay, author, humanist, and Secretary of State under William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. Grants of $150,000 a year permitted ten to twenty Fellows to be chosen each year. Today about eighty-five teachers are selected each year, and 525 teachers have been John Hay Fellows since the inception of the program. Since 1958, the Ford Foundation has given to the John Hay Fellows Program grants of $6,215,000, and the program will continue for at least two more years.

Since 1959, summer institutes in the humanities have been important parts of the John Hay Fellows Program. Dr. Charles R. Keller, who became director of the program in 1958, began the first experimental institute at Williams College, where he had been head of the history department for many years. There were two institutes in 1960, three in 1961, and four in 1962 and 1963—at Bennington, Williams, and Colorado Colleges, and the University of Oregon.

To these four institutes last July came 254 high school teachers and administrators from many parts of the country. The institutes last four weeks. The participants read and discuss four important books in seminars, listen to music and art lectures, watch modern dance,

—*Myron Wood.*

"Learning is done for its own sake, and participants like this educational experience."

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and take one or two afternoon courses in poetry, history, or philosophy.

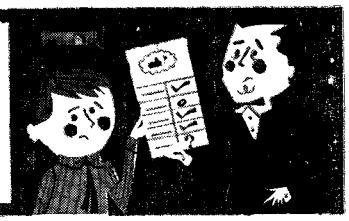
The unique thing about the institutes is that there are no tests, no papers, no grades, no credits. Learning is done for its own sake, and participants like this educational experience. In addition, physical and cultural attractions of the different campuses are stimulating to weary educators. In explaining the advantages of the summer session, Keller says that teachers must get out of harness periodically in order "to browse and roll" in their own and kindred fields before they return to the "academic bridle."

As the good word about the institutes has spread, school systems have become interested, too. For three years the Chicago Board of Education has rewarded several teachers by sending them—with expenses paid and a sizeable stipend—to the summer institute in the humanities. In the fall of 1962 a twelfth grade humanities course was begun in the Ann Arbor, Michigan high school by a team of six teachers—two in English, two in history, one in music and one in art. As part of the preparation for the course, four of the six teachers attended summer institutes of the John Hay Fellows Program, with the school system paying half of the cost. A number of other schools in various cities have paid part or all the expenses of teachers.

So successful was the institute at Colorado Springs in the summer of 1961 that a grant of $16,800 from the Colorado General Assembly was used to invite thirty Colorado teachers and ten school administrators to attend a 1962 summer institute in humanities and social studies at Colorado State University, modeled after the John Hay summer sessions. Another equally successful institute was held in 1963. If the purpose—to improve teaching in the humanities and revitalize studies in the classroom—is satisfactory, the Colorado legislature may set up a long-range program with state support extending to an ever-increasing number of teachers and administrators.

The $1,000,000 in private funds spent by the John Hay Fellows Program each year looks puny, indeed, when compared to the nearly $70,000,000 the federal government has spent over a three-year period on more than 1,000 science and mathematics workshops. But there is abundant evidence that it is paying off in better liberal education for many of the nation's youngsters. The Fellows who return to their high school classes with fresh perspective, new interests, and a deeper knowledge of their own and related fields—with, as director Keller says, their intellectual batteries recharged—are proving the value of the program where it counts most: in the classroom.

Report Card



Memo to Abercrombie & Fitch. A couple we know, whose eighteen-year-old son attends a New England prep school, recently received from him the following checklist of items to bring on their next visit. We quote verbatim:

- ☐ a waste baskett (sp?) (only one *t* in baskett)
- ☐ a desk blotter to go on my desk
- ☐ the table which is beside my desk
- ☐ the table, bedside light (antique—HA HA)
- ☐ scatter rugs
- ☐ misc. clothes, sweater, shirts, etc.
- ☐ a long doily for the top of my bureau (4″ x 18″ approx.)
- ☐ my lint remover (on my bureau at home)
- ☐ a hair brush for my hair (last time I saw mine it was on the red table in the kitchen)
- ☐ some soap to wash with
- ☐ some soap lotion to wash my hair with
- ☐ a box of kleenex (sp?)
- *☐ a good (Caldor) football, I lost my good one
- ☐ my small black kit of Mechanical Drawing instruments (they are in my desk drawer) and the angles
- ☐ my pellet rifle, and buy some pellets and CO_2's
- ☐ my racoon trap, (hanging in my closet)
- ☐ a thermometer for the outside of my window
- ☐ a carton of cokes & cookies, etc.
- ☐ you can bring up my ski boots, poles, sweaters, pants, long underware etc. Don't bring up my skies because I have to still take off the bindings.

* = optional I'll be mad if you don't!

Priorities. About midway down the east coast of Florida, twenty-five or so miles south of Cape Canaveral, there is a high school whose principal is B. Frank Brown, author of "Charles Keller: Impassioned Advocate," which appears on page 72 of this issue. On the letterhead of his school, Mr. Brown makes this rather unusual boast:

MELBOURNE HIGH SCHOOL

WHERE THE LIBRARY IS LARGER THAN THE GYMNASIUM

Snakes Maybe, But No Supervisors. In a recent issue of the *Peace Corps Volunteer*, there was a half-page box reporting what the headline called "frivolous facts" about teachers in the Peace Corps. One fascinating item said the teacher with "the most elbow room" was Marvin Adams of Huntington, Indiana, who is stationed "250 miles up Kindbatangan River, North Borneo; three to five days by outboard motorboat from civilization; in radio contact twice weekly with outside world."

"No Evil Can Happen to a Good Man . . ." At the University of Illinois, a computer is monitoring a battery of fourteen teaching machines as part of a research effort to discover new insights into how people learn. One of the weaknesses of teaching-machine technique is that in any given program, all students start at the same place, study the same material, and end up with exposure to the same amount and quality of information. The teaching machine cannot adjust to the individual differences among learners. By incorporating a computer into the system, to analyze each student's progress and compare it with the progress of all other students in the same program, the researchers hope to be able to find out more about what goes on in the mind of the learner and ultimately to give each student a program adjusted to his own individual intelligence, aptitude, and learning habits. The research effort is called the System for Organizing Content to Review And Teach Educational Subjects, and the initials spell out the name of an irascible old gentleman who is probably whirling in his grave.

—JOHN SCANLON.

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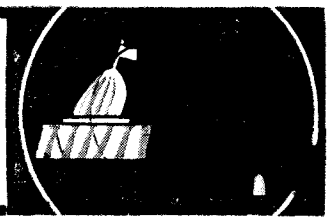
While School Keeps



Teaching about world affairs is fast becoming a vital part of the school curriculum as awareness grows that America's future is tied irrevocably to the fortunes of our sister nations. Many agencies, both public and private, have emphasized individual aspects of international understanding. Most recently, for instance, classroom study of Communism and totalitarianism has attracted wide interest among both educators and laymen. But no one has attempted a broad and inclusive approach to the field.

Now the Foreign Policy Association (345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017) has provided a comprehensive guide to teaching about world affairs in the current issue of its bimonthly magazine, *Intercom* ($1 per copy, $5 a year). Aimed at both the classroom and the community, the guide provides descriptions of programs already in operation across the nation, suggests projects that might be undertaken in the field, tells how to go about planning a new project, lists the numerous agencies from which help can be sought, and provides descriptions of the many materials available for teaching, study and discussion.

Convinced of the necessity for a more sophisticated understanding of other nations on the part of all Americans, the guide reflects an effort "to bring the world into every classroom, to teach every subject against a world background." It will not be long, the guide continues, "before any course or textbook, whether it deals with art or economics, with literature or social studies, which stays within the old limits of the U.S. and Western Europe will be as obsolete as a medical book which does not take account of the circulation of the blood."

Public attitudes are changing toward one of education's most controversial issues—public support for private, parocial schools—according to recent opinion polls. Two years ago polls showed that a substantial majority of Americans opposed the use of public funds for any but public schools; by last spring similar polls indicated that a plurality of Americans favored public support of sectarian schools. Several factors, apparently, account for this shift in attitude: a number of prominent commentators on the American scene have endorsed this point of view—notably Walter Lippmann and Robert M. Hutchins; an effective campaign of persuasion and information has been carried on by the Catholic clergy; and an even more outspoken campaign has been undertaken by a group known as Citizens for Educational Freedom (3109 South Grand Boulevard, St. Louis 19, Mo.)

Understandably, counterpressures are beginning to develop. One such pressure is a suit filed against the State of Maryland and four private colleges in the state by the Horace Mann League, "an independent organization of educators and other citizens . . . dedicated to the principles of Horace Mann." In 1962 and 1963 the Maryland legislature voted funds for the erection of buildings on each of the campuses for nonreligious purposes; two of the colleges are Roman Catholic, two are affiliated with Protestant churches. The League challenges the use of state funds for this purpose as unconstitutional and intimates that this may be the first of several such actions brought in state courts which, it hopes will "be national in effect." Offices of the League are located at 1201 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

The National Defense Education Act, written into law just five years ago this fall, has had far greater impact on American education than the modest $800 million expended so far might indicate. Purpose of the act was to strengthen American education at all levels and to augment the nation's supply of highly trained manpower. Enacted originally for a four-year period, the NDEA was extended by Congress last year for an additional two years. The U.S. Office of Education recently reported these achievements of the programs initiated under the act:

- *Loans* have been made to about 490,000 students in 1,534 colleges and universities, for a total expenditure of $330 million. Ninety per cent of recipients say they could not have pursued their studies without this assistance.
- *Fellowships* have been provided for 7,000 graduate students in 170 institutions at a cost of $80 million for payments both to students and to the institutions they attended.
- *Technical education* has been stimulated by $42.7 million in federal funds and double that amount in matching funds from states and communities. About 30,500 new technicians have been trained and, in 1962-63, another 168,000 were taking either two- or three-year training programs or short-term refresher courses.
- *Guidance, counseling, and testing programs* have been strengthened at two levels. About $95 million has been spent to stimulate counseling and testing services in local school systems and to train counselors. As a result, the number of full-time school counselors has risen from 12,000 in 1959 to 27,000 in 1963.
- *Science, mathematics, and modern foreign language teaching* has been expanded and improved through acquisition and remodeling of equipment, better teaching materials, and through the addition of state supervisory personnel. About $181 million in federal funds has been matched on a 50-50 basis by states and territories and another $3 million in loans has gone to private elementary and secondary schools.
- *Foreign language teaching* has been upgraded through 301 institutes attended by 14,000 teachers; fifty-six centers at thirty-four colleges now offer instruction in seventy languages rarely taught in the U.S. before; 2,000 students have received fellowships for the study of more than sixty languages "of critical importance"; 224 research projects are seeking better ways of teaching foreign languages. Total federal bill for these programs: about $49.6 million.
- *Communications media programs* are seeking more effective ways of using television, radio, motion pictures, teaching machines, tape recorders, and similar devices in the classroom. A total of $19 million has been earmarked for research projects and for providing information to school systems.
- *Improvement of statistical services.* Forty-eight state education agencies have received about $5.3 million to expand and improve their statistical services. Since educational statistics for the whole nation are compiled by the U.S. Office of Education from reports received from the individual states, the USOE's service to the country is speeded and improved as the individual states upgrade their fact-finding services.

—James Cass.

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IN DEFENSE OF THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD

Four months ago in these pages (SR, *July 20*) *there appeared an article, "When Are Children Ready to Read?" by Marjorie L. Kelley, coordinator of curriculum development and in-service education for the Livermore, California, School District. Mrs. Kelley argued that since many of today's five-year-olds have a built-in readiness to read, the kindergarten should offer formal instruction in reading for those who exhibit this readiness and, for those who aren't yet ready, a program that helps them to get ready. The article brought forth several letters to the editor taking issue with Mrs. Kelley, and several manuscripts in rebuttal. Two articles presenting another point of view appear on this and the following pages.*

By ROSEMARY HILLMAN, *a kindergarten teacher in the Jefferson Elementary School District, Daly City, California.*

EVER since Sputnik, there has been a growing wave of criticism aimed at the kindergarten curriculum in our public schools. Some of this criticism has been valid but much of it has served only to create deep concerns, anxieties, and confusion for both parents and teachers.

Out of this turmoil, the five-year-old has emerged as the most maligned, misunderstood, and underestimated child in the public school system today. Some still view him as being capable of little more than stringing beads, singing songs, and drinking milk. Others view his fifth year as strictly a period of social adjustment. Many others feel that unless the kindergarten child is engaged in a formal reading-readiness program, his efforts are being wasted and therefore have no worth. All of these groups are blurring the true picture of the five-year-old. As a result, in many schools the five-year-old is being denied the education he deserves.

Those advocating a formal reading readiness program have been quite vocal, so vocal, in fact, that their combined voice has given rise to expensive reading-readiness kits, workbooks, and materials complete with step-by-step, word-by-word guides for teachers. Teachers who have embraced this as the focal point of their curriculum say: "At last we have meat in our program. Now the children are really learning instead of playing." First grade teachers are happy to push part of their curriculum back into the kindergarten with the hope that it will insure student success in first grade. Parents smile approvingly when their five year old skips home with a page from a workbook. It offers tangible evidence that he is "learning." Under the glow of parental approval, the child skips back to school convinced that this is what education is all about.

We all share the wish to provide the best possible education for the five-year-old. It seems, however, that the point of departure stems from whether we view the child in relation to subject matter or whether we view him in relation to specific learning skills.

Let's take a hard look at these skills. There are only four: 1) listening; 2) speaking; 3) reading; 4) writing. These are the vital tools we all need to carry us through our entire lives. If we are weak in any one of these skills, we are crippled in the process of learning. Notice that each of them has equal billing. It is only natural for adults to forget how they learned. Because they live with them every day, the highly complex skills of listening and speaking are taken for granted. Until they view their child with a book and pencil in hand many parents are not sure that significant learning is taking place. This is grossly unfair to the five-year-old who is groping with pronouns, trying out new words, and pushing his many thoughts into complete sentences. In September, most kindergartens sound a great deal like the United Nations as each child brings his own speech patterns into a group and embarks on the complex road of verbal communication. For the first time he finds himself in a large group where listening is a prime requisite to enjoying full membership.

There is a smooth relationship between these skills. The small child would not be speaking if he had not listened. He will not read unless he masters and refines the listening and speaking skills. From the moment the child walks into the kindergarten, these two skills are presented with intensity and careful planning. They are the prerequisites to reading because reading is the spoken word written down. Reading is also more involved than mere word association. These words must first have meaning to the child. All four of these skills are not an end but a means to extend our knowledge. We owe it to the five-year-old at least to give him this one brief year to come to grips with the first two tools of learning.

But what about the many children who display high ability in the use of these skills? Because they are articulate and skilled listeners, shouldn't we move them on toward reading? Yes! In any good school district there exists an open-end curriculum. This means no child is locked within a given level, and the teacher is free to take the student in any direction that will stretch and challenge his quest for learning. It would be ridiculous to deny the sophisticated, TV indoctrinated, five-year-old of today the same exposure to the printed word that he finds at home and in the community. There are many valuable readiness activities that extend and sharpen this awareness. However, this does not justify leaping into workbooks or spending forty-minute periods every day drilling beginning sounds into young eyes and ears. This kind of program is at the same low level as the program that offers dull, unimaginative "show and tell" periods and forces thirty children to wait their turn to say, "I'm here." The only difference is that workbooks and rigid readiness programs have the glamour of letting the children work with adult tools in adult ways. Neither extreme does justice to the five-year-old.

We must realize that the kindergarten is no more a readiness program than any other grade. When we become preoccupied with reading readiness activities, we cut out the very core of what education is all about—namely, subject matter. Subject matter encompasses everything that has happened and is happening in our world. Geography, history, social studies, physical and natural science, mathematics, creative arts, human relations—these are some of the many areas that are well within the

(*Continued on page* 89)

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—*Ilse F. Nothmann.*

IS PLAY OBSOLETE?

By DOROTHY WEISMAN, *Director of Marble Hill Nursery School in New York City.*

THE VOICE of the hurrier is heard in the land. Johnny, a college freshman, is urged not only to plan his college years and his doctoral dissertation, but to outline his career. Mary, entering junior high school, knows —the hurrier tells her—that she must oose her college and take the courses designed to get her accepted. Fifth-grader Janie is engaged in vocational testing: it's never too soon, according to the hurrier, to find one's proper slot in society. Billy, a kindergarten stalwart, is being introduced to formal reading instruction. The hurrier doesn't ask where we are going or why—he only wants to get there first. Either out of forgetfulness or of dislike of his own childhood, he tries to rob today's children of theirs. Out of confusion over the true ends of education and the nature of a child, he lends himself to a crippling of the spirit not easily repaired.

Let us focus on the beginning of the educational ladder, the kindergarten, and ask three questions: What do we want children to learn? What do we know about learning? In what ways do children learn best?

The answer to the first question is not as difficult as it has been made to appear. We want children to be able, in reasonable comfort, to live in society—and to be critical of it. We want children to live generously with their fellows—and with their private selves. We want children to be knowledgeable regarding the discoveries of history—and unafraid of making their own. We want the kind of education which both transmits past and present culture and develops the ability to transcend and innovate. Paradox there may be but no intrinsic dichotomy: society inevitably shapes the individual, who in turn inevitably acts upon and changes society.

How can education produce the flexibility and toughness of mind needed if a child is both to live in and to change society? This leads us to the second question—what do we know about learning? We know that learning is a complex process, involving, for a young child, not only intellectual but physical, emotional, and environmental factors. Each influences all. A sensitive and knowledgeable teacher could no more attempt to teach a child reading without considering whether he could see the letters or had had enough experience to make reading meaningful than she could teach him to climb a ladder as a mechanical process, ignoring his fear.

We know that a child's learning patterns are fluid: he follows his own drives, he is sensitive to his own needs, he creates the world for himself every day and every moment. The connections he makes are not those of logic but those

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ot metaphor. In learning about himself and the world, he makes many errors, repeats, bungles, struggles, moves backward, shoots ahead. This formless and random behavior is not without meaning nor are his attempts and errors mistakes: *they are part of the learning process.* From a well of shifting associations the child takes what he needs to weave the pattern of his life.

There is evidence to suggest that all learning involves a first and necessary stage of formlessness and random manipulation. Arbitrary, premature restriction tends to reduce the possibilities of future organization. Educators are building for the future and must guard against sacrificing that future for the precocious "accomplishments" of today. Those who are concerned that children must read in the kindergarten have taken a wrong turning. Instead of asking when children are ready to read, one should ask instead, "What is the relation of reading to thinking and general learning?" Learning of skills is widely confused with intellectual maturing, as if the intellect reigned in a kind of mind box, alone and pure, accessible only to a key labeled "reading."

The fact of the matter is that the cycle of learning begins with the particular, moves to the symbolic, continues to the abstract. Simply, a human being must live before he can express or conceptualize. The more varied a child's experiences and the deeper his immersion in them, the more sensitive and effective will be his self-expression, through sound, word, or color. Only through his participation in concrete experiences and his expression of them in personal symbols, will a child have a basis for abstract thinking. Even then, the only reason for symbolizing and thinking about experience is to help one live, i.e., deeper understanding, more experience. Is reading in the kindergarten really the path to the good life—or have we forgotten what we are about?

Let us not forget either that learning doesn't proceed on a smooth external timetable nor express itself in dramatic, predictable spurts. A child has his own inner clock to which he adheres with fidelity. He learns thousands of tiny things every day, no less real for being invisible. The "big" things—the first step, the first word, the first painting, the first friend, the first abstraction grasped—could not have been learned without the myriad flowerings unseen by adult eyes. (Can we do less than treasure those flowerings, blind though we may be?) We can no more expect a child to return home daily with a new "achievement" than we would his father—or, indeed, his teacher—to think a new creative thought every day. The thousands of handicaps, maladjustments, behavior problems, learning blocks encountered in schools and psychiatrists' offices bear testament to the disservice done to children in the name of "intellectual training."

LET us return to the third of our questions above: In what ways do children learn best? A democratic society needs people who have been educated for responsibility and choice-making, based on what Harold Taylor calls "the robust assertion of personal belief." Since children learn from how we behave rather than what we say, if we wish to educate for self-direction we must encourage self-direction in the classroom. A child must be motivated in a process of *self*-discovery, since all learning, after all, is an internal matter. If a child does not have the opportunity to weave together his own pattern of knowledge and experience in such a way that it truly becomes his, how can we say he has learned? Or is it that we want only good memorizers—trained automatons who will study to please the teacher, to best one's fellow, to escape criticism, to pass an examination? Certainly a child needs information—about the past, about the natural world, about the structure of society, about art—but if he does not actively select and synthesize information, all is dross. Only if he gains a deepening sense of his own powers, thoughts, interests, sensibilities through exercising them in an atmosphere of free inquiry, will he be able to enrich his society through enriching himself.

What, then, shall a kindergarten teacher do? What experiences shall she select for her students? Which ones will engender a rich sense of self?—the ability to cope?—an appreciation of the good and the beautiful?—a sympathy for others?—the power of seeing and creating connections between events?—the courage to dare? It becomes clear, given child nature—active, fluid, exploratory, needing support while reaching for mastery, relating to the concrete—that a child's own indigenous mode of response is the best mode of his learning.

Play is the beautiful central fact of childhood. Through it a child may strengthen his growing powers, may express his deepest feelings, may comfort himself, may discover and explore the paradoxes of the world and of himself, may create true answers and beautiful ones, may leave the objective universe in order to find it. Play is both fragile and tough. It may be destroyed by adults' literalness and insistence upon order, but will spring up out of the unquenchable human need to find meaning. For it is through play that a child may find his own unique connection with the world he was given. It is not "only" play, but also the most important business a child has. Indeed, the very "sophistication" of today's children (oft touted to justify early organization of learning) requires that adults continue to provide for them the bread of their existence, opportunities to immerse in rich play. Have we asked how much children deeply understand the matters they prate of—rocket ships, television, airplane travel? Will reading about these things help a five-year-old to make them his own?

Mature thinking stems only from a deep *exploration* of things, feelings and relations: play with muscles, play with colors, play with textures and forms, play with sound and rhythm, play with tears and smiles, play with words, ideas and make-believe. "Play," Lawrence Frank wrote, "is the way a child learns what no one can teach him."

"We know that learning is a complex process, involving, for a young child, not only intellectual but physical, emotional, and environmental factors."
—*Stanley (Monkmeyer).*

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the Editor's Bookshelf

Educators and psychologists in growing number are turning their attention to the problem of discovering and nourishing creative talent. Their task is not easy because creativity is difficult to recognize even in adults. Many poets, musicians, and artists who later were to be recognized as geniuses were scorned or ignored by the critics of their day. Some philosophers and scientists of the first rank remained undiscovered until long after their death. Inventors who have changed our ways of living were, in many cases, considered fools and dreamers by their contemporaries.

Creative potential is even more difficult to recognize in children. Though it is positively correlated with intelligence the two traits are by no means identical. Creativity, it seems, requires something more than intelligence—some trait not yet clearly understood but which appears to be related to a willingness to break away from established patterns and to solve problems in unconventional ways.

Neither achievement test scores nor school grades are good measures of this trait. A straight A student usually possesses superior intelligence plus a willingness to work hard and follow the instructions of his teachers but he often lacks the spirit of intellectual rebellion that is characteristic of the true innovator.

College entrance examiners, who are prone to be most favorably impressed by the student who ranks high in his high school class, and who also has taken part in many student activities, are likely to overlook the potential genius who is not necessarily maladjusted but who often has focused his interests too sharply to be called "well rounded."

Psychologists are hard at work developing new tests for the prediction of creativity. The tests, now in the experimental stage, differ greatly from both academic achievement tests and tests of intelligence. They are designed to identify what psychologists call "divergent thinking," i.e., that which departs from the norm—rather than to reward correct but conventional responses. Though there has not yet been time to validate these tests against the ultimate criterion of adult creative achievement, there is no doubt of the need for them because we cannot give creative children the special attention they need unless we first know who they are.

Paul Torrance, Director of the Bureau of Research at the University of Minnesota, who is one of the psychologists investigating these problems, believes that profound changes are needed in American education if we are to make the most of the creative potential of our youth. In a recent book, *Education and the Creative Potential* (University of Minnesota Press. 182 pp. $4.50), he says, "One of the most revolutionary changes I foresee is a revision of the objectives of education. Today we proclaim that our schools exist for learning. We say that we must get tougher and make pupils learn more. Schools of the future will be designed not only for *learning* but for *thinking*. More and more insistently, today's schools and colleges are being asked to produce men and women who can think, who can make new scientific discoveries, who can find more adequate solutions to impelling world problems, who cannot be brainwashed—men and women who can adapt to change and maintain sanity in this age of acceleration. This is the creative challenge to education."

"Disadvantaged," "Culturally deprived," and "underprivileged" are words used to describe children who find school work difficult because of the cultural limitations of their home and community background. There is no very good substitute for this jargon. Most disadvantaged homes have low income but "poor" is not a synonym because some poor children live in stable homes where they hear intelligent conversation and good music and are encouraged to read good books from the public library. Such children are neither culturally deprived nor greatly disadvantaged.

The child described as "disadvantaged" usually comes from an unstable home or no home at all. Often his family has lost its cultural ties as a result of recent migration to an alien culture to which it has not yet been able to adapt.

Programs for the Educationally Disadvantaged is a new pamphlet published by the U. S. Office of Education (OE-35044. Available from the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 105 pp. 50 cents). An introductory statement says, "The educationally disadvantaged are not all in large cities . . . They are in every village and community that has a 'wrong side of the tracks.'"

IN one of the papers included in the pamphlet Frank Riessman of the Department of Psychiatry, Columbia University, offers a perceptive comment on the distinction between slowness and dullness.

He says, "Most disadvantaged children are relatively slow in performing intellectual tasks. This slowness is an important feature of their mental style, and it needs to be carefully evaluated. In considering the question of the slowness of the deprived child, we would do well to recognize that in our culture there has probably been far too much emphasis on speed. We reward speed. We think of the fast child as the smart child and the slow child as the dull child. I think this is basically a false idea. I think there are many weaknesses in speed and many strengths in slowness."

After analyzing the many reasons for slowness Riessman concludes that "slowness should not be equated with stupidity. In fact, there is no reason to assume that there are not a great many slow gifted children. The school in general does not pay too much attention to the slow gifted child, but rather is alert to discover fast gifted children. Excellence comes in many packages, and we must begin to search for it among the slow learners as well as among the faster individuals." —P.W.

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Whither the University?

The Uses of the University, *by Clark Kerr (Harvard University Press. 140 pp. $2.95), explores the nature and functions of today's large, modern, complex institutions of higher learning. The reviewer is Executive Secretary of the National Commission on Accrediting.*

By WILLIAM K. SELDEN

CLARK KERR, president of the University of California and a labor economist of international reputation, has proved that an educator can serve as the chief executive officer of a large, modern, complex university and at the same time develop significant and penetrating conceptions about the appropriate place of the type of institution which he administers. The Godkin Lectures which Kerr delivered at Harvard University in the spring of 1963 have been published in an expanded form under the title, *The Uses of the University.*

This volume reminds me of the Rede Lecture which was delivered in Cambridge, England, in 1959 by C. P. Snow, likewise renowned in two fields of endeavor. Partially as a result of his competence in and intimate familiarity with both science and literature, Snow was able in *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution* to describe with clarity the intellectual split which has been developing in the universities and in society. In his lectures Kerr describes with historical perspective and social comprehension the changes taking place in the American university with the multifarious demands placed upon it by society.

The theme of the "two cultures" is simple and readily understandable. This fact has helped to cause Snow's book to be quoted and the subject of continued reference and discussion ever since its first publication. In contrast, Kerr's book is not based on a simple theme. It is filled with penetrating ideas and deserves to be read, and then reread. Because of its many observations and conclusions it will not likely be as widely quoted at social gatherings and in public dining halls, but its impact should in time be greater among educators, trustees of universities and foundations, government officials, industrial executives and newspaper editors. This is one of the significant books on the subject of the university.

After describing the ideal university as seen by Cardinal Newman and by Abraham Flexner, Kerr shows that their concepts are no longer tenable for the university of today. "Neither the ancient classics and theology nor the German philosophers and scientists could set the tone for the really modern university—the multiversity. . . . As a new type of institution, it is not really private and it is not really public; it is neither entirely of the world nor entirely apart from it. It is unique."

Its very uniqueness makes the university a subject of fascinating analysis. Created for the purpose of transmitting the knowledge and heritage of the past to maturing generations, it now also provides the centers of research and study from which concepts and discoveries are emanating that are helping to revolutionize the world. No more dynamic institution exists, and at the same time it is one of the most conservative in its own operations. All this Kerr describes with lucidity and brevity that is refreshing, for this style is too seldom found in the writings of educators.

THE three chapters in this book have a logical order of presentation. The first is devoted to a survey of the heritage of the American university and its present day features. Because of its vastness in numbers and faculty, in plant and physical facilities, in programs of study and research, in services to the community, to the nation and to other nations, the university is no longer a single, congenial community. It is a congeries of semi-related individuals, communities and activities bound together by one enterprise—the multiversity. In this and many other respects its pluralism is similar to the pluralism of American society, and its inconsistencies reflect the inconsistencies of society.

Although the term multiversity, as Kerr employs it, correctly describes his concept of the modern university, I regret its use. With the inevitable increasing pressures for more professions, and with the university serving as the gateway to practically all the professions, it is all too easy for the university to be a collection of intellectually unrelated professional schools appended to an undergraduate college of arts and sciences. The use of the term multiversity could imply an acquiescence in this trend. And when Kerr states that the president "is mostly a mediator" he seems to confirm this acquiescence. It is true that a university president must possess the desirable qualities of a politician, which is to say a mediator. Few leaders in any occupation have been successful without such qualities but the accomplished educational leader and university president must also possess a concept of unity. This concept is amply expressed by Kerr in all three of his Godkin lectures.

In writing of the "federal grant university" which is the subject of the second lecture, Kerr states that "American universities, which pride themselves on their autonomy, . . . have taken their special character as much or more from the pressures of their environment as from their own inner desires." The two great external forces in the American university which Kerr identifies have been applied by the land-grant college movement, and more recently by the federal support of scientific research during and after World War II.

AS part of an excellent summary of the many different recent studies of the impact of federal funds on university development, the author concludes that the gap between the universities of first rank and those in the second and third ranks is rapidly widening. He indicates that this gap is even greater between the great universities and the many independent and church related colleges which dot the American landscape. Accepting this as an accurate observation one may conjecture on the future contributions from the small four year liberal arts college in comparison with the contributions of the large university and its obvious significance in national and even international policies. Kerr does not address himself to this question but he does present a series of recommendations with regard to the granting of federal funds to the universities. These recommendations should be studied by government and university officials.

In the concluding chapter—"The Future of the City of Intellect"—Kerr writes with obvious optimism. Undergoing their second great transformation, "American universities have not yet developed their full identity, their unic theory of purpose and function." He anticipates that their full identity will be attained in this century since, he states, "the great universities have developed in the great periods of the great political entities of history." We are obviously living in such a period.

But this fruition of the American university will not appear, as he recognizes, without agonizing concerns for improvement in undergraduate instruction, without relating administration more directly to individual faculty and

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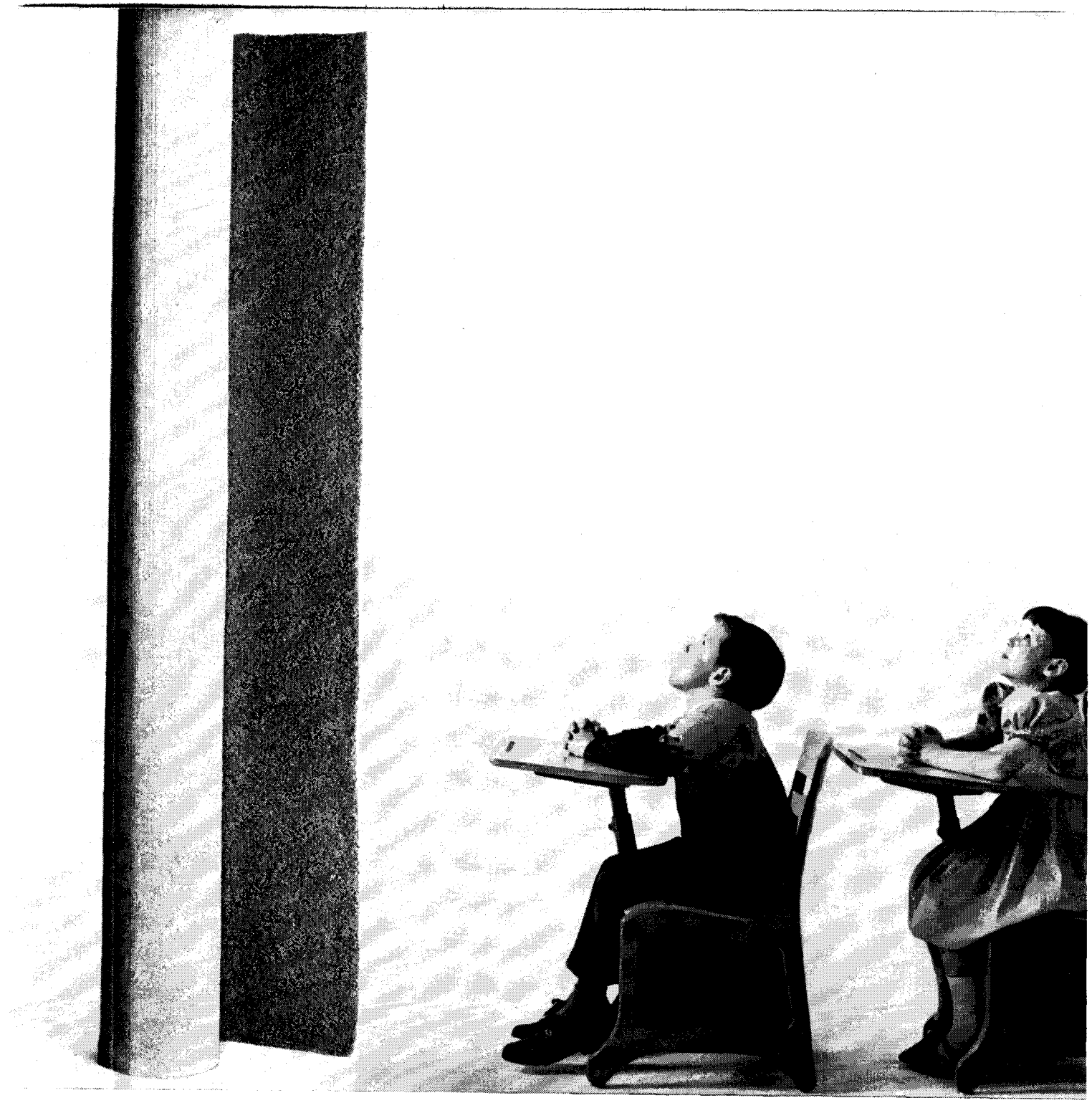

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students in these massive institutions, and without the creation of a more unified intellectual world. He predicts that "the great universities of the future will be those which have adjusted rapidly and effectively."

It is doubtful that one could read this book without sensing the dynamism which pervades the great American university, and the tensions which must exist within them to help make them great. The universities of no other nation are more fully a part of the entire society in which they reside than the universities in the United States. Their concerns extend from the education of the intellectually privileged to the welfare of the socially disadvantaged, and from the discovery of new learning to the preservation of the heritage of the past. At no time in history have the destinies of any nation been more dependent upon the successes of the universities. For this reason Clark Kerr has fortunately written on the proper uses of the university, not its misuses.

An Unhidden Persuader

Religion and the Schools: The Great Controversy, *by Paul Blanshard (Beacon Press. 265 pp. $4.95), is the most recent addition to the fast-growing literature on the controversy over religion and education. R. L. Hunt is Associate Director, Department of Church and Public School Relations, National Council of Churches of Christ in the U. S.*

By R. L. HUNT

IN A TIME of tranquilizers, soothing syrups, and alleged neutrality, it is refreshing to read an author who knows he is an advocate, and who consciously tries to persuade the reader to accept his position. As in his earlier books, Mr. Blanshard chooses a controversial subject, and delights to write in a controversial manner. For example,

> In the first common schools of colonial days . . . a child in school was supposed to accept the god of the state or stay away from school altogether. In Massachusetts, after 1647, he did not even have that alternative. He was compelled to go to school where learning revolved around the virtues of a stiff-necked Puritan God who had the sexual philosophy later incarnated in Anthony Comstock.

Mr. Blanshard pegs his book on the decisions of the Supreme Court in the cases of the New York Regents' Prayer, Bible-reading in Pennsylvania, and prayer in Baltimore, Maryland. He gives inside glimpses of plaintiffs in these cases and briefs the arguments. Texts of the ruling opinions and major dissents are reported in appendices, along with a list of important church-state cases.

Both public law and public educational policy are involved in the two basic questions he raises:

How much religion should be taught in our public classrooms?

How much public money should be poured into religious classrooms?

Both questions he sees as complex; both are to be considered as part of a wider discussion of the whole religious-educational scene in the United States. Both questions are permanent; they have been with us through all our history, they will remain with us. We must learn to live with them. "The controversy is eternal because the issues are eternal," he says. "They will continue to plague and inspire men as long as they disagree about the best methods of bringing moral and spiritual ideals to their children." Both questions are world questions, and world experience is to be taken into account. He is stoutly persuaded that traditional solutions of church-state separation in the United States have much to offer the world. And of course our discussions should take into account the fact that constitutional phrases written with different conditions in mind must be stretched to fit new problems; the national public school system we have today was not known when the constitution was written.

Why are the questions hot today? The litigation lid has been off since 1940 when lawyers for the Jehovah's Witnesses finally persuaded the Supreme Court of its responsibility to protect the religious freedom of all citizens —even against the statutes of their own states. "State's rights" in education and religion have yielded to the rights of Americans as citizens under a federal constitution.

Are answers to Mr. Blanshard's two questions predictable? He thinks not; you may not always predict how one will answer the second question from his answer to the first. Mr. Blanshard is persuaded, however, that the official world policy of the Roman Catholic Church is to be seen in its general positions that (1) public schools should continue Bible-reading and prayer, and that (2) parochial schools should receive tax support.

In another recent book, *Religion, the Courts, and Public Policy,* Dean Robert F. Drinan, S.J., of the Boston College Law School, emphasizes that the "only real issue presently in controversy in America" is "a *small* subvention for the *secular* aspects of church related schools." Dean Drinan further believes that such allocation of tax "could not undermine the public school, weaken national unity, or cause a proliferation of sectarian schools." Mr. Blanshard argues the opposite in the book before us. Public policy, he says, should reserve tax funds for schools controlled by elected representatives of the people.

On the question of how public schools should deal with religion, Mr. Blanshard looks for "middle ways," intermediate and compromise positions. "The Bible as literature and religion as history are acceptable and suitable parts of common education," he says. Yet he warns those who support "teaching about religion" in public schools of the controversies they will face. He also explores and assesses other proposals for compromise: released time, dismissed time, shared time, and moral guidance without religious indoctrination.

In our pluralistic society, religion may suffuse, inspire, and inform the whole body politic. "In such a milieu," he concludes, "friendly neutrality toward all faiths, committed specifically to no faith, seems to be the only practical policy for a democratic government."

Mr. Blanshard's two basic questions are important, and they are nearing decision in the political process. The vigorous expression of viewpoints such as those from Mr. Blanshard and f[illegible] Dean Drinan should be useful to the citizen in making up his mind.

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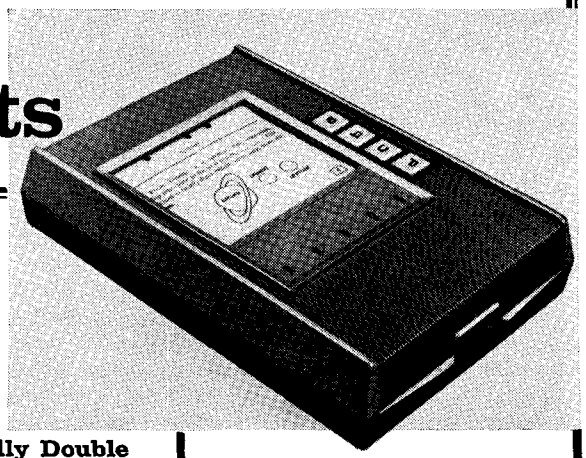

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☐ 401	Fun with Words	8-11
☐ 402	Building Words	11-15
☐ 403	Persuasive Words	13-18
☐ 404	Word Clues	12-15
☐ 405	Synonyms and Antonyms	14-18
☐ 406	Vocabulary Building I	14-18
	ENGLISH	
☐ 301	Spelling Magic	8-11
☐ 302	Spelling Power	9-13
☐ 303	Power Prose	14-18
☐ 304	Review English	15-18
☐ 803	Reading Comprehension	14-18
	ARITHMETIC	
☐ 501	Elementary Arithmetic-Addition	7-10
☐ 503	Solving Arithmetic Word Problems	11-14
☐ 504	Elementary Arithmetic-Subtraction	7-10
☐ 505	Fractions 1	8-11
☐ 506	Fractions 2	9-12
	MATHEMATICS	
☐ 507	Algebra Word Problems I	13-16
☐ 508	Algebra Word Problems II	14-17
☐ 509	Algebra III	15-18
☐ 502	Mathematics in Action	12-15
	SCIENCE	
☐ 101	Introduction to the Universe	11-17
☐ 102	Fundamentals of Rockets and Space Travel	9-12
☐ 103	Elements of the Weather	9-12
	HISTORY	
☐ 602	The Citizen Soldier of the American Revolution	10-15

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Pusey on Higher Education

The Age of the Scholar: Observations on Education in a Troubled Decade, *by Nathan M. Pusey (The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. 210 pp. $4.50) is a collection of Mr. Pusey's addresses on education. The reviewer is National Director of the Woodrow Wilson National Fellowship Foundation.*

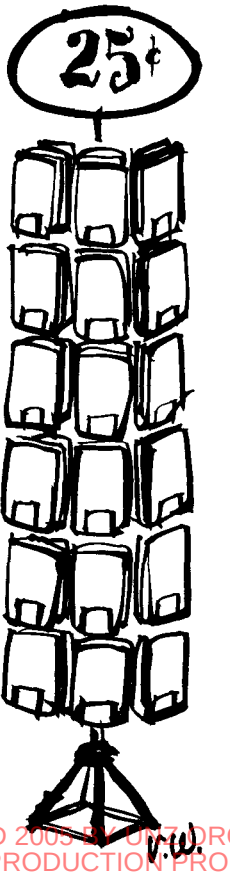
By HANS ROSENHAUPT

A FEW of Harvard's presidents such as Increase Mather, Edward Everett, Charles Eliot and, of course, recently Mr. Conant have made their voices heard in the land, but Mr. Pusey, though respected within the academic sphere, is not widely known. Many writers on higher education today crusade for simple reforms and use sensational language to get attention. Not so Mr. Pusey. Hardly any observation he makes here is startling, nor does he offer simple remedies for the problems he identifies. Yet it would be tragic if the noble voice speaking here were not widely heard.

Mr. Pusey's addresses, delivered primarily on academic occasions, deal with perennial problems of higher education—the university's relationship to the utilitarian interests of the day; the scientists' role; the nature of free inquiry; public versus private universities; the education of teachers (ten years ago he foreshadowed Mr. Conant's latest book); academic freedom. Those who wish to inform themselves about these topics will find them fully and eloquently treated. More important, however, are the special qualities of the voice which speaks here.

To begin with, it is a calm voice. At the height of the McCarthy witch hunt, to give one example, Mr. Pusey spoke to the National Press Club, in these measured tones ". . . universities have been accorded unusual attention in the nation's press—more attention, or at least often a different kind of attention, than they would like," and he concluded his appeal to reason *sotto voce*: "This is not a time to seek to exploit for private gain feelings of insecurity, nor a time to work out personal fears and frustrations at the expense of other classes or professional groups. It is a time, rather, when all who truly love this country should unite to work with teachers, in friendship, trust, and cooperation, through education to help the United States to continue to grow toward its great promise." It is characteristic of our days that some of us were deceived by the gentleness of this voice into believing that its owner was timid or even fearful. As we read on it becomes obvious that Harvard's president holds convictions as strongly and as courageously as did some of his early predecessors, as did the intellectual giants of the 19th century whom he often quotes.

The voice speaking here is also warm. Mr. Pusey insists that education, though it addresses itself primarily to the intellect, must not limit itself to development of the intellect. ". . . it is not just where our students' heads are that must worry us, but where their hearts are also," he says, and time and again he returns to this fundamental problem of our age—how to connect head and heart, knowledge and action. "But so long as the student keeps his knowledge in one compartment and goes on living in response to wants and desires that have not been shaped, perfected, or directed by his knowledge—ignorantly and irresponsibly—so long some sense of futility and concern must continue to attach to what we are doing." And he goes on from this observation to the formulation that division of knowledge from action is "disloyalty . . . to the finest insights, ideas, and practices in our tradition. . . ."



How to combat this disloyalty? The humanities—Nathan Pusey is a classicist by background—should help and through them, he says, "we can move finally into religion." Only someone who lives in academe can comprehend how much courage it takes today to make a statement such as this in front of an academic assembly.

Mr. Pusey's famous 1953 address at the opening convocation of the Harvard Divinity School made it clear that Harvard's new president was not afraid to speak of President Eliot's secularistic "error." He went on to state that Harvard's Divinity School was not located on the periphery of the university nor "remote from any region where the serious business of men is done . . . ," and applauded the statement of a Harvard Divinity faculty member that "Faith is the consciousness that moral values and spiritual experiences have a sacred character."

An academic politician might have avoided alienating the Harvard faculty so early in the game. Mr. Pusey—and here lies the greatest merit of his book—never equivocates even when his view runs against the mainstream of our time. Throughout his addresses he bears witness not only to the unique and wonderful phenomenon called the human mind, but also to a greater power.

In a baccalaureate sermon entitled "Secularism and the Joy of Belief" he says it does matter, "hard as it is in our present situation to say this or to have it understood" to decide whether or not God exists. The fact that inquiry after God is outside the seen and felt world does not detract from its importance, does not remove it from the areas in which the scholar is active. "We can be taught not to be afraid or scornful of mystery and to live in trust with the simple fact that a God who can be fully encompassed by our minds cannot really be God." And in a more recent baccalaureate sermon: ". . . it would seem to me that the finest fruit of serious learning should be the ability to speak the word God without reserve or embarrassment, certainly without adolescent resentment; rather with some sense of communion, with reverence and with joy."

It is deeply refreshing to lay down for a while the appeals to excellence, the diatribes against our schools, the well-meant plans for reform, the descriptions of clever devices to save money or eyesight or manpower—and to listen to a contemporary who has kept faith with old-fashioned ideas about courage and honesty and piety.

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Changing Curriculum

Continued from page 67

the primary grades are little more than by-products of his central activity.

David Page, now of Educational Services Incorporated in Watertown, Massachusetts, is not enamored with the search for precise grade placement of subject matter. He seeks, instead, what he calls an "intermediate invention" of great power: power to stimulate an almost infinite number of mathematical operations, power to incorporate most of the basic mathematical concepts and principles, power to absorb and challenge children of vastly differing abilities. In one of his intermediate inventions, "maneuvers on lattices," children explore general rules, laws, and proofs for numbers through a simple table of numbers and a system of arrows variously pointing up, down, to left, to right, and diagonally. With the teacher's sweep of an eraser and scratch of the chalk, a new set of stimuli is on the board before the class. The limits of exploration and invention defy grade barriers. There is something here for children of all ages.

Although there are gross similarities in approach among the several dozen curricular projects now under way, probing reveals marked differences. Mathematics, with an array of projects embracing both elementary and secondary education, again provides an excellent illustration. Is mathematical insight enhanced by the verbalization of concepts? The organization of some projects reveals the careful coordination of mathematical operations and their verbal counterparts. Others, however, are casual in their concern for and approach to this question.

Beberman and his associates of the University of Illinois Committee on School Mathematics maintain that the early, often glib and incorrect, verbalization of mathematical concepts inhibits or distorts insight. They believe that precise verbalization is necessary for purposes of communication and proof, but this verbalization should come *only after* the individual has become thoroughly familiar with the generalization and has had adequate opportunity to test and refine it. "Precise communication is a characteristic of a good textbook and a good teacher; correct *action* is a characteristic of a good learner."

Mayor and his associates of the University of Maryland Mathematics Project seek a close and supporting relationship between the verbal and the operational components of mathematics. Both the sequence of mathematical operations and the appropriate vocabulary for them should be planned side by side and pedagogy designed to promote the simultaneous attainment of both.

Page, in the University of Illinois Arithmetic Project, is impatient with "the hindering verbiage (minuend, dividend, partial product, and the rest)" of conventional arithmetic. He seeks what he calls "new frameworks for mathematical ideas" through which children are challenged to explore mathematics —to develop, invent, and extend. Page avoids technical language in his teaching, encouraging children to invent their own, which, he says, often is better. They will come to the use of precise language soon enough, he thinks, when situations demand appropriate communication.

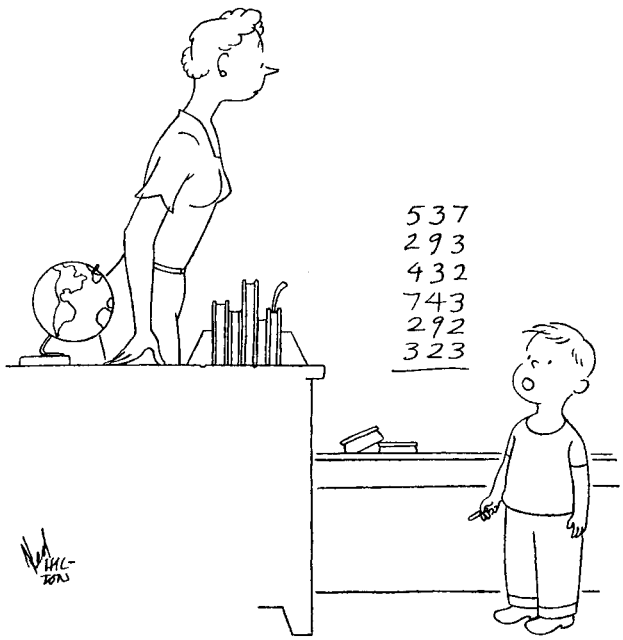
One of the shortcomings of the current curriculum reform movement, running almost uniformly through the projects, is the poverty of data regarding their effectiveness. There are, indeed, gratifying testimonials from teachers and students who have been involved. But are students learning fundamental concepts better than they did in conventional programs? If so, does insight into these concepts provide increased power in dealing with unfamiliar problems? Are all students able to proceed satisfactorily and with satisfaction to themselves in the new mathematics, physics, chemistry, and biology, if allowed adequate time? If so, does this place a solid high school curriculum in these subjects within the reach of all?

Most of the testing to date has compared students in new curricula with students in the old, using test items based on the latter. This is hardly fair to the new ventures. Nonetheless, students in the new curricula have shown up about as well as their counterparts on these conventional achievement tests, except where vocabulary or other specific memory items were called for. In those few instances where students in new curricula have been compared with students in the old using items thought to be more appropriate to the former, students in the old have performed rather poorly.

The scarcity of evaluative data has been defended on the ground that an overwhelming job of curriculum reform had to be accomplished quickly. Time and resources have not yet permitted broad-scale appraisal. The argument has merit. Nonetheless, one must still regret the disproportionate attention to evaluation in projects that sometimes have gobbled up as much as a million dollars a year, not collectively but individually. By and large, the several projects have been conducted apart from the regular teaching and degree-granting structure of universities. Consequently, there have not been the theses and dissertations that might have been stimulated otherwise.

Prospects for the future look somewhat brighter. Several projects have built long-term evaluation into their fiscal and personnel policies. Some have contracted with private testing agencies for the preparation of instruments appropriate to project goals. These provisions, in turn, should force the more precise definition of each project's goals.

The most significant question for the future is whether the current curriculum reform movement, long overdue, has built-in mechanisms to guarantee continuing self-renewal. Are present accomplishments to be enshrined within the covers of textbooks, there to remain (with periodic minor revisions) until some crisis precipitates another massive reform? The answer probably depends on whether or not highly competent,



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dedicated educators can either reproduce their own kind or attract successors of like competence and reputation into the enterprise. This, in turn, depends on the continuing intellectual challenge of that enterprise.

First-rate curriculum development demands the coordination of a vast array of resources: subject matter specialists, experienced teachers, educationists with a broad understanding of the schools, psychologists, programers, film makers, publishers, and skilled managers to get the most out of this talent. Experience has shown that scholars will participate for a few days during the year and for several weeks during the summer. But pre-collegiate curriculum building is not their primary interest. Nor is textbook writing a rewarded activity in universities. Some psychologists are interested in the learning problems involved but the contribution demanded of them usually is of an applied rather than a basic research nature. Most of the problems are of central concern to educationists but their interests usually cut across subject lines. They know only too well the difficulties of putting together all the separate subjects so that a reasonable and realistic curriculum emerges. Further, they are more than a little skeptical about establishing pre-collegiate curriculum building as an ongoing university enterprise in view of their own long-term frustrating efforts to have such activity recognized as important by the academic community. If the current effort is to continue with vigor, it must either become established within the research and development framework of universities or be taken over by new institutions capable of reaching both the resources needed and the schools.

Whether the controlling agencies be universities or other nonprofit institutions, they must exert influence on the education of teachers. Today's teachers came up through the programs which they are now being asked to replace. The college curricula from which they graduated are in need of wholesale reform. To expect these teachers to depart radically from what they know best is expecting a great deal. Many are making the change—and experiencing a sense of adventure in doing so. But the big change in pre-collegiate schooling will come about in twenty years when today's children in changing schools are teachers—provided the present momentum of reform is maintained.

It is fair to say that the current curriculum reform movement has not yet developed effective means for influencing content and pedagogy in those colleges and universities preparing tomorrow's teachers, school leaders, and teachers of teachers. Until it does, it will not provide for continuing self-renewal.

Charles Keller

Continued from page 72

ing. There should be a reduced emphasis on coverage in courses postholed for depth and centered on a few topics. I trust the rethought twelfth grade will be less the frantic period that it now is, as many students are forced to think more about getting into college than getting an education. . . .

Not everyone, of course, agrees with Keller's enthusiasms. His prescription for reform in the social studies (which should be called "history and the social sciences," he maintains) directly challenges the policies and practices advocated by the powerful National Council for the Social Studies. His ardent espousal of recent innovations and his often-stated desire to break ancient patterns in education threaten many vested interests and cozy sinecures. But no one denies his integrity and few challenge his effectiveness.

Charlie Keller has had a powerful ripple effect upon American education. He is a modern gadfly prodding educators and teachers into action. *"Nunc age"* (now act), he demanded recently as he concluded an address to a group of teachers, administrators, and supervisors of Roanoke County, Virginia. And no phrase could better describe the philosophy of this irresistible innovator—an impassioned advocate of quality in public schools.

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Five-Year-Olds

Continued from page 76

grasp of the five-year-old. Is it fair to downgrade subject matter until the five-year-old advances into reading?

The reason subject matter loses out as the main focus is that the five-year-old does not learn in a neat, orderly, adult fashion. This unnerves many people. Learning involves moving out into the community—observing, examining, touching, and meeting the people. This answers and produces questions that lead him on into many inter-related subjects. The five-year-old returns to the classroom and tests out his learnings with noisy enthusiasm by recreating what he has seen. The problems encountered, the exchange and extension of information all lead to real understandings. We cannot expect children to absorb generalizations unless we first give them many experiences. We cannot expect them to benefit from experiences unless we are ready to offer skilful guidance, materials, freedom to move about, and *time*.

THE argument used in advocating extensive reading readiness is that the alert five-year-old of today is far more sophisticated and mature than the child of twenty-five years ago. The argument is valid and points instead to the importance of implementing a broader, richer curriculum.

Let's look at the five-year-old, this sixty-month wonder, who has amassed great lumps of knowledge, a sizable vocabulary, and an eagerness to learn more. He has waited impatiently for the day to arrive when he would be "big" enough to come to school. Appreciate the confusion that sets in after achieving this status, when he hears from parents and older friends that he will have to wait another year before real learning (reading) takes place. He feels cheated and returns to school with the logical question, "When am I going to read?" Some respond to this and say, "Aha! He is ready!" His question only points up the fact that he is not receiving respect and approval from the important people in his life.

What prompts this article is not a wholesale rejection of the skills leading to reading. They are strongly interwoven throughout any good kindergarten program. Rather, it is the deep concern that the kindergarten curriculum may be constricted and distorted into one narrow avenue. We must abandon this myopic view and be ready to offer the five-year-old much more than drill games and workbooks. This calls for creative, highly skilled kindergarten teachers, and it also calls for understanding support from parents.

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Education for the Mature Woman

The following is an excerpt from "American Women," the report of the President's Commission on the Status of Women. The commission was appointed by President Kennedy in December 1961 and was headed by the late Eleanor Roosevelt. It submitted its report to the President on October 11, Mrs. Roosevelt's seventy-ninth birthday anniversary. Copies may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., at $1.25 each. Reports of the commission's committees are also available.

MEN and women are equally in need of continuing education, but at present women's opportunities are more limited than men's. In part, this is because neither the substantial arrangements for advanced training provided by businesses for their executives nor the educational and training programs of the armed services are open to many women. In part, it is because counseling and training are of particular importance at times when new choices are likely to be made, and women's lives are less likely than men's to follow continuous patterns.

The woman who marries and is raising a family has urgent educational needs that have so far been badly neglected. During her intensive homemaking years, she should be encouraged to prepare for at least three decades of life after forty when she will be relatively free to use her abilities and as interestingly as possible. She also needs to continue her education in one form or another in order to provide the assistance, companionship, and stimulation needed by her husband and by her children as they develop.

The education required by mature women is at all levels. While illiteracy and near-illiteracy grow less year by year, almost 4,000,000 adult women, alive in 1960, had had less than five years of schooling. In a society in which literacy is essential, they cannot follow a simple written instruction or fill out a simple form. In a time when automation is displacing workers far more qualified than they, their chances in the job market are slim indeed. Those with young children cannot help prepare them adequately for entry into today's world.

Similarly, over 11,500,000 adult women have started but failed to finish high school; less than half of all women twenty-five and over are high school graduates. Completion of high school would lift many out of the congested competition for declining jobs in unskilled employment.

Most single women work for a large part of their lives. Many young widows and married women from low-income families work outside the home even when they have young children. In 1963, more than half of all women in the 45-to-54-year age bracket were in paid employment. In the schools and out of the schools, a realistic, many-sided vocational program can reduce the tendency for women returning to the labor market, or entering it for the first time, to take the first job that comes along and remain in it. Their capabilities may be well above the level of competence which this job requires. Technical training for clerical, manual, and other skills is especially important to women of minority groups. During their school years they were not trained for fields that are now being opened to them.

Until recently, up to the college level, more young women than young men have stayed in school: in 1962, the median number of years of school completed was twelve for women as against 11.6 for men. Even in 1962, 872,000 in the nation's high school graduating classes were boys as against 966,000 girls.

But once the college level is reached, the girls begin to fall behind. The 437,000 women who enrolled in college in 1962 constituted only about 42 per cent of the entering class. Women are earning only one in three of the B.A.s and M.A.s awarded by American institutions of higher learning, and only one in ten of the Ph.D.s. Today's ratios, moreover, represent a loss of ground as compared with the 1930s, when two out of five B.A.s and M.A.s and one out of seven Ph.D.s were earned by women.

Presentation of higher education in the form in which women with family responsibilities can take advantage of it quite clearly requires new adaptations.

To be usable by the large numbers of young women who marry in their late teens and early twenties, and by the mature woman in general, continuing education must be geographically available where the woman is. If she breaks away from school or college to marry, she is less likely to return after a gap than if practicable means of continued study are immediately at hand. Higher education at a local junior college offers an immediate opportunity. Community colleges are now being founded at the rate of one every two weeks. Restyled correspondence courses and programed learning can be pursued at home. By 1971, the National Educational Television Network is expected to provide credit-carrying courses equivalent to about half an undergraduate program.

The importance of vocational training to parallel academic courses is attested by the fact that increasing numbers of women are going to college and that almost 70 per cent of women college graduates work for part of the second half of their adult lives. Many high schools offer vocational courses suitable for use by their graduates. Four-fifths of the larger junior and community colleges provide technical training under the National Defense Education Act. The opportunity to attain advanced skills to match national scarcities is clear from the very names of the courses: electronics, plastics, nucleonics.

For mature women using educational facilities at any level, part-time study is a likely pattern. Its legitimacy must be recognized both by institutions of higher education in accepting plans of study projected on this basis and by academic and other bodies determining eligiblity for fellowships, scholarships, and loans.

Many current rigidities in regard to admission, academic prerequisites, residence, and the like, as well as scheduling, will have to yield to greater flexibility. For instance, proficiency testing should be widely available as a means of obtaining credit for knowledge acquired outside regular academic courses.

Means of acquiring or continuing education must be available to every adult at whatever point he or she broke off traditional formal schooling. The structure of adult education must be drastically revised. It must provide practicable and accessible opportunities, developed with regard for the needs of women, to complete elementary and secondary school and to continue education beyond high school. Vocational training, adapted to the nation's growing requirement for skilled and highly educated manpower, should be included at all of these educational levels. Where needed and appropriate, financial support should be provided by local, state, and federal governments and by private groups and foundations.

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The Big Strike

Continued from page 22

peared in the last decade in manufacturing, mining, railroads, and other union strongholds.

One reflection of the staidness—some call it stagnation—that currently envelops much of labor's upper echelon has been a slow exodus of disaffected liberal intellectuals from posts as union research directors, educators, and technicians. But the trend has not all been one-way. The United Auto Workers, for example, has just induced two prominent liberals to head its legal staff—Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., national vice-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, as general counsel, and Professor Stephen I. Schlossberg of Georgetown University, formerly special assistant to the director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, as associate general counsel.

The auto union recently opened a full-time leadership training center to recharge the mental batteries of its entire organizing staff. It intends, as part of the program, to offer "internships" to five or six young college graduates each year, their time to be divided between work in the union and study at a Michigan university. However, there is no tidal wave of interest in other unions in trying to bring bright youngsters into union careers.

Despite the intricacy of the new technical problems automation has brought, unions have not overcome the abhorrence of the intellectual that has always been one of their hallmarks. Thus, only 1.4 per cent of the graduates of the New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations at Cornell have gone into unions, as against roughly 70 per cent into industry. Other industrial relations schools have much the same unbalanced statistics to report.

THE general relationship between the intellectuals and labor is likely to keep right on deteriorating, principally as the result of a recent rash of books and articles sharply critical of unionism's present self-contentment. The most perceptive of these—and also the most calculated to infuriate union establishments—are Paul Jacob's *The State of the Unions,* just issued by Atheneum, and B. J. Widick's *Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States,* which Houghton, Mifflin will bring out in January. Both Jacobs and Widick are former union activists, who don't care much for what has become of the movement they joined with such high hopes in the 1930s.

Not too surprisingly, the kindest words for unions in this period are coming from publications with a strong management bent. The May issue of *Fortune,* for instance, has a long and laudatory article by its assistant managing editor, Max Ways, bearing the brave title, "Labor Unions Are Worth the Price." It derides the notion that labor leaders might be corrupted by Lucullan living (an idea assiduously cultivated over the years by *Time* and *Life*, which can be counted on to have a photographic team at every swank resort meeting of labor's bigwigs, ready to record every sign of labor living it up). The basic theme is that strikes are no real problem and that unions are sound allies for industry in resisting the encroachments of centralized government power. Similarly, the August issue of *Nation's Business,* published by the United States Chamber of Commerce, carries an article assuring employers that they can look forward to a steady increase in union cooperation in cutting costs and other measures to meet the challenges of future competition.

If all this reversal of role sounds a bit topsy-turvy, it is chiefly because both labor and management are beginning to be assailed by a mounting sense of the inevitable inadequacy of their efforts to cope with the challenges of automation within the confines of collective bargaining. Unless there are enough jobs in the total economy to provide for those already jobless, the vastly increased numbers of young people pouring into the job market and the tens of thousands being uprooted from their present posts by the onrush of more efficient machinery, the bargaining process is going to be smashed under the impossibility of providing an ever stronger umbrella for an ever shrinking number of protected workers.

The real solutions must come from cooperative action of government, labor, and industry. Otherwise, the swollen army of the have-nots in our society—those living in poverty and exclusion, unneeded and unwanted—will turn their wrath on the institutions they regard as responsible for building walls around the jobs they want so desperately. In that assault the corporations and the unions are sure to be joint targets. The problem is total; the answers must be total, too.

"He's out."

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USA

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to learn the rules as they went along." Other concepts of strategy had to be worked out; the old Jominian plan of concentration of force had to yield to Abraham Lincoln's shrewd observation "that we have the *greater* numbers, and the enemy has the *greater* facility of concentrating forces . . .; that we must fail, unless we can find some way of making *our* advantage an overmatch for his; and that this can only be done by menacing him with superior forces at *different* points, at the *same* time."

Necessarily the role of government had to change, too. For the Union it was hard; for the Confederacy, "a nation which had been created in order to prevent change," it was harder. But both governments almost simultaneously moved to violate state rights and, through conscription, to lay hands on the individual citizen.

Jefferson Davis curtly explained the new order of things to the protesting governor of Georgia: "I cannot share the alarm and concern about state rights which you so evidently feel but which to me seem quite unfounded."

Most of all, the scope and purposes of the war had to alter; the "war for reunion" became "an uncontrollable and undesigned war for human freedom." The rapidity of the shift can be judged by comparing Lincoln's December 1861 message to Congress, expressing his anxiety lest the "conflict . . . degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle," with his preliminary Emancipation Proclamation less than a year later. In short, as Mr. Catton concludes, "The war would be a revolution from now on, and if revolutionary means were needed to win it they would be used."

UNLIKE a good many other writers who speak loosely of the Civil War as the "first total war," Mr. Catton supports his thesis by constant reference to the actual events of 1861-1862, showing how "the war itself, with its imperious demands on all Americans," shaped the actions of Presidents and privates in both the Union and the Confederacy. Skilfully drawing upon both the voluminous printed literature and, at key points, upon hitherto unexploited manuscript collections, Mr. Catton writes with authority as well as with eloquence.

Terrible Swift Sword, then, is a masterly work, freshly researched, freshly conceived, freshly written. When I reviewed the first volume of this series, *The Coming Fury*, I called it "the best book Mr. Catton has ever written." Now I would add that this second volume is even better.

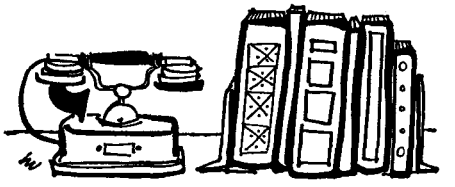
"He's received an invitation to this very nice party but they want him to post a five hundred dollar bond."

The Real Thing

Continued from page 38

matters that the President—any President—had better acquaint himself with if he means to run the country in style. Half the time the premise is perfectly justified, as in Mr. Mailer's prescription for dealing with juvenile delinquency. He suggests that the Peace Corps is not enough. The President must found an Adventurer Corps.

> It is the mark of gentlemen that they are economically and spiritually free to go off on a season of expedition or adventure whenever their soul is stale or their spirit dead. Why should we leave that exceptional privilege to the



> rich in a democracy? The poor have as much right to novelty, to danger, to exploration and surprise. Let Congress commission two hundred yachts for the Adventurer Corps—*they will cost* no more than two hundred jet bombers and will not become obsolete for fifty years.

That has the right Goodmanesque ring; it commends itself to us at once. And like the practical proposals of the Master, it will come, in this society, with the Greek Calends.

But half the time the premise is a bad joke. If I can read English, Norman Mailer thinks it a matter of public concern that Jacqueline Kennedy did not respond to his publicly expressed approval in a manner that might provide a parallel, however remote, with the old Breton tale of Tristan and Yseult. Tough. Whereupon, if I can read English, Mr. Mailer's publicly expressed attitude to the First Lady grew more critical. We are told that to kiss and tell is the act of a bounder. But how are we to qualify this odd case of not-kissing and telling? And why are we supposed to give a damn?

Winding through everything Mr. Mailer prints, including this collection of essays and sketches written since 1959, is a gaudy skein of nonsense. That is true even of two pieces that I think are otherwise superb, the "Open Letter to John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Fidel Castro" and the opening speech of Mr. Mailer's debate with William Buckley. Norman Mailer is a writer one must read for the flashes that come when he is paying attention to his better angel. It's too bad that he will not work for us full-time. I assume the fault is ours. —EMILE CAPOUYA.

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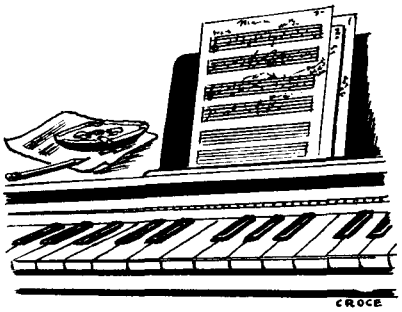
Music to My Ears

Continued from page 55

over, neither the physical presence nor the acting skill to compensate for vocal limitation. And, being a Negro, he has a built-in obstacle to illusion which nothing else about his performance contradicts. Thus, on every count, he is putting his career in reverse by undertaking an assignment for which he is so manifestly unsuited. The substitution of Vladimir Ruzdak for Frank Guarrera in the role of Lescaut offered a voice of more substance for the ensembles, but less aptitude for the dramatic interplay. Anna Moffo's Manon had a modicum more of ease and flexibility than before, but not enough to make her the dependable central support such an opera requires.

When the records for the season are in, the strong possibility is that the year's busiest conductor will be not Leonard Bernstein or even Thomas Schippers, but



Thomas Dunn. His latest appearance in Philharmonic Hall with the Cantata Singers provided an evening of Mozart (*Davidde Penitente*) and Handel (*Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*), which was always shapely, musically valid, and artistically just.

This applies particularly to the Mozart, which brings together the Kyrie and Gloria of the incomplete C minor Mass (K.417) with new arias for soprano and tenor, and some additional choral music, written for a later occasion in Vienna. The whole of it is extraordinarily beautiful, with a striking double chorus embodying some harmonic resources as fresh today as when they were invented in the 1780s.

As always with major vocal Mozart, the challenge in performance is to the soloists. In *Davidde Penitente*, Mozart was writing for the Konstanze and Belmonte of the first *Seraglio* cast, and the difficulties are in keeping with their resources. Neither Maria Ferriero nor Charles Bressler of this performance may be mentioned in such exalted company, but they performed intelligently and with good musical discipline. Ginetta La Bianca, as the additional soprano, offered a light sound that was delightfully suitable.

—Irving Kolodin.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA STUDENT, expecting M.A., seeks position as English teacher in Los Angeles area for spring 1964. Apartment 2, 3033 Deakin, Berkeley, California.

FINISHED KAFKA. Am now ready to go to work. Know books, music and typing. Boston area only. COpley 7-8282, Boston, Massachusetts.

FOR SALE: Wittmayer concert harpsichord—$3,000. Malitskiy, Westminster Choir College, Princeton, N. J.

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GIFTS for modern living! Home, office. Brochure. Creations, Box 187, Brooklyn 12, N.Y.

NOTICE—The undersigned will sell at auction all the right, title and interest of the estate of SAMUEL DASHIELL HAMMETT, late of New York County, to all copyright interests which had not expired at the time of his death, on November 18th, 1963, at offices of O'DWYER & BERNSTIEN, 50 Broad Street, at 9:30 a.m. Terms of sale on file in Surrogates Court New York County, p. 419/1961, and at said attorneys' office. Minimum bid—$5,000.00. L. HELLMAN, Executrix.

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VACATIONS

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(Continued on page 96)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 95)

NEW YORK CHRISTMAS VACATION! Full, exciting week: Important theatre, etc. $90. ALSO: Special weekends—$47. SCHOLA, 353 West 57th, NYC 19.

GOLF WEEK and Island Adventure at a gracious new hostelry on the ocean. Subtropical barrier island offers year-round climate . . . 7 days of unlimited golf, breakfast, dinner and all activities at the inn for $73.00 per person, double occupancy. Don't play golf? There's tennis, moss-hung bridle trails, fishing and 400 years of history to explore. The Adventure Inn, Box S, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1545

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Describing many an old table or bureau (comp.).

B. Lacking the full complement of skilled personnel.

C. Having a yolk.

D. Surgical breaking a bone in order to correct deformity.

E. See Word F.

F. Followed by Words G and E, Cervantes' own epithet for Don Quixote.

G. See Word F (3 wds.).

H. Disgusting muddle (2 wds.).

I. Ring used to hold together a round bulging container, often used as a plaything (2 wds.).

J. British Plantagenet king whose epithet was "Longshanks" (1239-1307; 2 wds.).

K. Place in a detached situation.

L. Daughter of Night who represented the anger of the ancient gods toward the proud, the insolent, and breakers of law.

WORDS

108 79 136 156 206 202 214 24 168 93 68

19

141 74 184 77 130 121 27 17 35 50 109

11

81 59 170 91 66 144 85 106

197 96 190 216 117 87 36 177 185 62 20

138 157 179 114 100 71 64 182 52 43 26

159 183 200 89 15 178

49 198 104 72 125 25 212 134 201 172 162

18 55 142 132 155 92 22 167 175

12 208 173 166 51 47 16 97 65 186

174 153 6 103 188 115 98 80 180 45 14

139 94 218 199 154 111 194

176 29 122 119 63 169 148

DEFINITIONS

M. Young serving lad (from the French, through the Irish).

N. State of having existed but a short time.

O. Having power, capacity, tendency to absorb.

P. Old-fashioned phrase meaning utterly valueless (3 wds. followed by *tinker's dam*).

Q. Period or state of decline (2 wds.).

R. People whose mode of life is of compelling interest to each of us (3 wds.).

S. Commemoration of a deceased person, as by a Mass, twelve months after his death (2 wds.).

T. Specifying the reunion last June of collegians of 1908 (comp.).

U. Not disposed of by will.

V. What one might like about the Eiffel Tower, the Empire State Building, and probably Mount Everest (4 wds.).

W. In Browning's *Meeting At Night*, how the "two hearts" were beating (3 wds.).

WORDS

147 163 101 195 149 187 219

124 5 118 146 39 112 204

99 58 21 145 70 37 126 152 120 67

56 34 171 207 140 32 151 41 7

131 102 193 57 73 78 181

61 2 33 127 46 191 107 8 215 129 90

161

82 95 113 213 210 9 31 60 75

23 203 211 40 209 30 1 150 116 54

83 110 196 48 160 86 205 69 165

4 123 192 164 38 217 13 76 105 88 42

143 158 135

137 3 84 133 189 128 10 44 53 28

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 T	■	2 R	3 W	4 V	5 N	■	6 J	7 P	8 R	9 S	10 W	11 B	■	12 I	13 V	14 J
15 F	■	16 I	17 B	18 H	19 A	20 D	■	21 O	22 H	23 T	24 A	25 G	26 E	■	27 B	28 W	29 L
■	30 T	31 S	32 P	33 R	■	34 P	35 B	■	36 D	37 O	38 V	39 N	■	40 T	41 P	42 V	■
43 E	44 W	45 J	46 R	47 I	48 U	■	49 G	50 B	■	51 I	52 E	53 W	54 T	55 H	56 P	57 Q	58 O
59 C	60 S	61 R	■	62 D	63 L	■	64 E	65 I	66 C	■	67 O	68 A	69 U	■	70 O	71 E	72 G
73 Q	74 B	75 S	■	76 V	77 B	■	78 Q	79 A	80 J	81 C	82 S	■	83 U	■	84 W	85 C	86 U
87 D	88 V	■	89 F	90 R	91 C	92 H	93 A	94 K	95 S	96 D	■	97 I	98 J	■	99 O	100 E	101 M
■	102 Q	103 J	104 G	105 V	106 C	107 R	108 A	109 B	110 U	111 K	112 N	■	113 S	114 E	115 J	■	116 T
117 D	118 N	119 L	120 O	121 B	■	122 L	123 V	124 N	125 G	■	126 O	127 R	128 W	■	129 R	130 B	131 Q
■	132 H	133 W	134 G	■	135 V	136 A	137 W	138 E	139 K	140 P	141 B	142 H	■	143 V	144 C	145 O	146 N
147 M	148 L	■	149 M	150 T	■	151 P	152 O	153 J	154 K	155 H	■	156 A	157 E	158 V	159 F	160 U	■
161 R	162 G	163 M	164 V	165 U	166 I	167 H	■	168 A	169 L	170 C	171 P	172 G	173 I	174 J	175 H	■	176 L
177 D	178 F	179 E	180 J	181 Q	■	182 E	183 F	184 B	■	185 D	186 I	187 M	188 J	189 W	■	190 D	191 R
192 V	■	193 Q	194 K	195 M	196 U	■	197 D	198 G	■	199 K	200 F	201 G	202 A	■	203 T	204 N	■
205 U	206 A	207 P	208 I	209 T	210 S	■	211 T	212 G	213 S	214 A	215 R	216 D	217 V	■	218 K	219 M	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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